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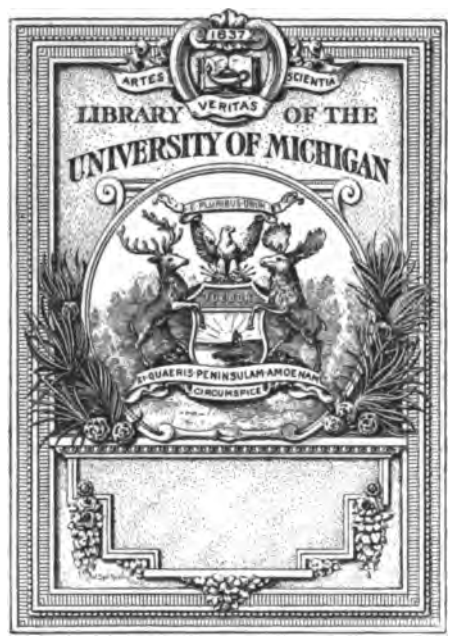
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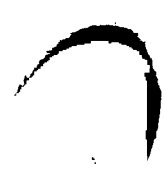
AT THE time Sherrad made his study, this masterpiece hung at Netley Castle. It belongs to the highest class of English historical paintings.



OFFICIAL EDITION

THE

World's Best Essays

FROM THE

EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME

DAVID J. BREWER

EDITOR

EDWARD A. ALLEN WILLIAM SCHUYLER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V.

ST. LOUIS

FERD. P. KAISER

1900

Official Edition

SPECIAL TESTIMONIAL SET

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PUBLISHER

THE WERNER COMPANY
PRINTERS AND BINDERS
AKRON, OHIO

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EPICTETUS

(First to Second Century A. D.)

EPICTETUS, one of the greatest thinkers of the Stoic school, was born at Hierapolis in Phrygia in the first century after Christ. The date of his birth is not known, but it is put by some between 40 and 50 A. D. Little or nothing is known of his life, except that from being a slave in Rome under Nero, he became one of the recognized heads of the Stoic school of philosophy. His first master was Musonius Rufus, whose lectures on philosophy were in high repute at Rome under Nero and Vespasian. Epictetus, however, is more indebted to his own studies of the great thinkers of Greece than to the philosophy of Rome under the emperors. He is, in his own right, a thinker of great breadth and power, not despising authority, but never hesitating to go beyond it in the search for truth. With no creed imposed on him by public opinion or hereditary influences, he set himself to decide the problem of the universe and of life in the universe. What is good and evil? Is it one and the same thing in different forms? Why do we live at all? Why do others live and strive to help us or to hurt us? Why do the gods find pleasure in our lives, and how can we so live as to become ourselves divine? These questions Epictetus answered very simply, and at least as satisfactorily as they have been answered by any one else. To him there is nothing good but God and the will of God. For us happiness and every other incident of the Good depends on our own will. We have in ourselves a part of the Divine nature and we can continually increase its power for good by willing that it shall work in harmony with the Supreme Good. Evil is whatever opposes the will of God which at all times and in all things is the Supreme Good. Whatever separates us from God is evil, but nothing else is. Pain, if it be a protest of higher law against our reaction to a lower life, or if it be a spur to a higher endeavor, may be good in itself, and it is certainly good in its results. So of all other things which make us uncomfortable. Comfort may be a curse — discomfort the greatest blessing, as it stirs us to progress and leads us to tranquil co-operation in carrying out divine purposes. This is the positive part of the view Epictetus takes of the object and conduct of life. He does not wholly free it from negation, however. It is the ineradicable weakness of

Stoicism to tend always to substitute tranquillity for peace, and freedom from perturbation for the satisfaction of efficiency. There is always in it too much faith in repression—too little in expression. But no other Stoic ever came nearer than Epictetus to the sublime simplicity of soul illustrated by those great ones of the race who for their work's sake have forgotten to ask whether they were to be comfortable or uncomfortable, tranquil or disturbed, happy or unhappy.

Epictetus committed nothing to manuscript. His discourses were reported by his celebrated disciple, the historian Arrian, who wrote also "The Enchiridion," a handbook of his teachings.*

W. V. B.

OF PROGRESS OR IMPROVEMENT

He who is making progress, having learned from philosophers that desire means the desire of good things, and aversion means aversion from bad things; having learned too that happiness and tranquillity are not attainable by man otherwise than by not failing to obtain what he desires, and not falling into that which he would avoid; such a man takes from himself desire altogether and defers it, but he employs his aversion only on things which are dependent on his will. For if he attempts to avoid anything independent of his will, he knows that sometimes he will fall in with something which he wishes to avoid, and he will be unhappy. Now if virtue promises good fortune and tranquillity and happiness, certainly also the progress toward virtue is progress toward each of these things. For it is always true that to whatever point the perfecting of anything leads us, progress is an approach toward this point.

How then do we admit that virtue is such as I have said, and yet seek progress in other things and make a display of it? What is the product of virtue? Tranquillity. Who then makes improvement? Is it he who has read many books of Chrysippus? But does virtue consist in having understood Chrysippus? If this is so, progress is clearly nothing else than knowing a great deal of Chrysippus. But now we admit that virtue produces one thing, and we declare that approaching near to it is another thing, namely, progress or improvement. Such a person, says one, is

*See Volume I. of World's Best Essays, where it is given in full.

already able to read Chrysippus by himself. Indeed, sir, you are making great progress. What kind of progress? But why do you mock the man? Why do you draw him away from the perception of his own misfortunes? Will you not show him the effect of virtue that he may learn where to look for improvement? Seek it there, wretch, where your work lies. And where is your work? In desire and in aversion, that you may not be disappointed in your desire, and that you may not fall into that which you would avoid; in your pursuit and avoiding, that you commit no error; in assent and suspension of assent, that you be not deceived. The first things, and the most necessary, are those which I have named. But if with trembling and lamentation you seek not to fall into that which you avoid, tell me how you are improving.

Do you then show me your improvement in these things? If I were talking to an athlete, I should say, Show me your shoulders; and then he might say, Here are my Halteres. You and your Halteres look to that. I should reply, I wish to see the effect of the Halteres. So when you say: Take the treatise on the active powers, and see how I have studied it, I reply, Slave, I am not inquiring about this, but how you exercise pursuit and avoidance, desire and aversion; how you design and purpose and prepare yourself, whether conformably to nature or not. If conformably, give me evidence of it, and I will say that you are making progress: but if not conformably, be gone, and not only expound your books, but write such books yourself; and what will you gain by it? Do you not know that the whole book costs only five denarii? Does then the expounder seem to be worth more than five denarii? Never then look for the matter itself in one place, and progress toward it in another.

Where then is progress? If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turns to his own will to exercise it and to improve it by labor, so as to make it conformable to nature, elevated, free, unrestrained, unimpeded, faithful, modest; and if he has learned that he who desires or avoids the things which are not in his power can neither be faithful nor free, but of necessity he must change with them and be tossed about with them as in a tempest, and of necessity must subject himself to others who have the power to procure or prevent what he desires or would avoid; finally, when he rises in the morning, if he observes and keeps these rules, bathes as a man of fidelity, eats as a mod-

est man; in like manner, if in every matter that occurs he works out his chief principles as the runner does with reference to running, and the trainer of the voice with reference to the voice,—this is the man who truly makes progress, and this is the man who has not traveled in vain. But if he has strained his efforts to the practice of reading books, and labors only at this, and has traveled for this, I tell him to return home immediately, and not to neglect his affairs there; for this for which he has traveled is nothing. But the other thing is something, to study how a man can rid his life of lamentation and groaning, and saying, Woe to me, and wretched that I am, and to rid it also of misfortune and disappointment, and to learn what death is, and exile, and prison, and poison, that he may be able to say when he is in fetters: Dear Crito, if it is the will of the gods that it be so, let it be so; and not to say, Wretched am I an old man; have I kept my gray hairs for this? Who is it that speaks thus? Do you think that I shall name some man of no repute and of low condition? Does not Priam say this? Does not Œdipus say this? Nay, all kings say it! For what else is tragedy than the perturbations of men who value externals exhibited in this kind of poetry? But if a man must learn by fiction that no external things which are independent of the will concern us, for my part I should like this fiction, by the aid of which I should live happily and undisturbed. But you must consider for yourselves what you wish.

What then does Chrysippus teach us? The reply is, to know that these things are not false, from which happiness comes and tranquillity arises. Take my books, and you will learn how true and conformable to nature are the things which make me free from perturbations. O great good fortune! O the great benefactor who points out the way! To Triptolemus all men have erected temples and altars, because he gave us food by cultivation; but to him who discovered truth and brought it to light and communicated it to all, not the truth which shows us how to live, but how to live well, who of you for this reason has built an altar, or a temple, or has dedicated a statue, or who worships God for this? Because the gods have given the vine, or wheat, we sacrifice to them: but because they have produced in the human mind that fruit by which they designed to show us the truth which relates to happiness, shall we not thank God for this?

Lib. I., cap. iv., complete.

ON PROVIDENCE

When you make any charge against Providence, consider, and you will learn that the thing has happened according to reason. Yes, but the unjust man has the advantage. In what? In money. Yes, for he is superior to you in this, that he flatters, is free from shame, and is watchful. What is the wonder? But see if he has the advantage over you in being faithful, in being modest: for you will not find it to be so; but wherein you are superior, there you will find that you have the advantage. And I once said to a man who was vexed because Philostorgus was fortunate: Would you choose to lie with Sura? May it never happen, he replied, that this day should come! Why then are you vexed, if he receives something in return for that which he sells; or how can you consider him happy who acquires those things by such means as you abominate; or what wrong does Providence, if he gives the better things to the better men? Is it not better to be modest than to be rich? He admitted this. Why are you vexed then, man, when you possess the better thing? Remember then always and have in readiness the truth, that this is a law of nature, that the superior has an advantage over the inferior in that in which he is superior; and you will never be vexed.

But my wife treats me badly. Well, if any man asks you what this is, say, My wife treats me badly. Is there then nothing more? Nothing. My father gives me nothing [What is this? My father gives me nothing. Is there nothing else then? Nothing]: but to say that this is an evil is something which must be added to it externally, and falsely added. For this reason we must not get rid of poverty, but of the opinion about poverty, and then we shall be happy.

Lib. III., cap. xvii., complete.

THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE DISTURBED BY ANY NEWS

When anything shall be reported to you which is of a nature to disturb, have this principle in readiness, that the news is about nothing which is within the power of your will. Can any man report to you that you have formed a bad opinion, or had a bad desire? By no means. But perhaps he will report

that some person is dead. What then is that to you? He may report that some person speaks ill of you. What then is that to you? Or that your father is planning something or other. Against whom? Against your will? How can he? But is it against your poor body, against your little property? You are quite safe: it is not against you. But the judge declares that you have committed an act of impiety. And did not the judges make the same declaration against Socrates? Does it concern you that the judge has made this declaration? No. Why, then, do you trouble yourself any longer about it? Your father has a certain duty, and if he shall not fulfill it, he loses the character of a father, of a man of natural affection, of gentleness. Do not wish him to lose anything else on this account. For never does a man do wrong in one thing and suffer in another. On the other side it is your duty to make your defense firmly, modestly, without anger: but if you do not, you also lose the character of a son, of a man of modest behavior, of generous character. Well, then, is the judge free from danger? No; but he also is in equal danger. Why, then, are you still afraid of his decision? What have you to do with that which is another man's evil? It is your own evil to make a bad defense; be on your guard against this only. But to be condemned or not to be condemned, as that is the act of another person, so it is the evil of another person. A certain person threatens you. Me? No. He blames you. Let him see how he manages his own affairs. He is going to condemn you unjustly. He is a wretched man.

Lib. III., cap. xviii., complete.

WHAT IS THE CONDITION OF A COMMON KIND OF MAN AND OF A PHILOSOPHER

THE first difference between a common person and a philosopher is this: the common person says, Woe to me for my little child, for my brother, for my father. The philosopher, if he shall ever be compelled to say, Woe to me, stops and says, "but for myself." For nothing which is independent of the will can hinder or damage the will, and the will can only hinder or damage itself. If, then, we ourselves incline in this direction, so as, when we are unlucky, to blame ourselves and to remember that nothing else is the cause of perturbation or loss of tranquil-

lity except our own opinion, I swear to you by all the gods that we have made progress. But in the present state of affairs we have gone another way from the beginning. For example, while we were still children, the nurse, if we ever stumbled through want of care, did not chide us, but would beat the stone. But what did the stone do? Ought the stone to have moved on account of your child's folly? Again, if we find nothing to eat on coming out of the bath, the pedagogue never checks our appetite, but he flogs the cook. Man, did we make you the pedagogue of the cook and not of the child? Correct the child, improve him. In this way even when we are grown up we are like children. For he who is unmusical is a child in music; he who is without letters is a child in learning; he who is untaught is a child in life.

Lib. III., cap. xix., complete.

HOW EVERYTHING MAY BE DONE ACCEPTABLY TO THE GODS

When some one asked, How may a man eat acceptably to the gods, he answered: If he can eat justly and contentedly, and with equanimity, and temperately and orderly, will it not be also acceptably to the gods? But when you have asked for warm water and the slave has not heard, or, if he did hear, has brought only tepid water, or he is not even found to be in the house, then not to be vexed or to burst with passion, is not this acceptable to the gods? How then shall a man endure such persons as this slave? Slave yourself, will you not bear with your own brother, who has Zeus for his progenitor, and is like a son from the same seeds and of the same descent from above? But if you have been put in any such higher place, will you immediately make yourself a tyrant? Will you not remember who you are, and whom you rule? That they are kinsmen, that they are brethren by nature, that they are the offspring of Zeus? But I have purchased them, and they have not purchased me. Do you see in what direction you are looking, that it is toward the earth, toward the pit, that it is toward these wretched laws of dead men? But toward the laws of the gods you are not looking.

Lib. I., cap. xiii., complete. From Long's translation.

EPICURUS

(*c.* 341–270 B. C.)

OF THE three hundred volumes of treatises and essays attributed to Epicurus, only fragments remain; but these, while insufficient to define his philosophy as fully as Stoicism has been defined by its great authorities, show that he was a man of genius, capable of giving fitting expression to his ideas. What these ideas were we know not only from the fragments of his books, but from his disciples among whom were some of the most celebrated writers of the Greek and Roman decadence. While it is not true that Epicurus taught sensuality; while, indeed, he insisted on a moral life as the only means of attaining tranquillity, he made intellectual comfort the object of existence, and the mind's own sensations the sole test of truth and the only guide of action. He believed in gods, who, however, had no concern in the government of the world and ought not to be appealed to as arbiters of events. He was opposed to those who attributed such natural phenomena as the noise of thunder to the acts of the gods, but he was not less opposed to the attempt to find a scientific explanation for them. He is thus separated from modern materialism, though it has been largely stimulated by the writings of his disciples. His philosophy is now called "Hedonism," and while it may be inaccurate to define it as a system in which the attainment of pleasure is made the object of life, it is not unjust to him to say that he makes self-satisfaction his supreme good rather than achievement.

"*Questi sciaurati che mai non fur vivi*"—

"Wretches who never were alive," Dante calls those who live merely to gratify themselves and "make through vulgarity the great renunciation." In hell, he saw them in a vast multitude stung by wasps and weeping for lost opportunities, with tears which fell at their feet and bred loathsome worms. This metaphor, terrible as it is, does not adequately express the fierceness of the great Florentine's contempt for those who withdraw from the world's struggle and live out the rule of Epicurus as Horace Latinizes it:—

"*Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.*"

("Nor has he badly lived, whate'er his lot,
Who in his life and death is quite forgot.")

Another class of those who follow "Hedonism," Dante will not let into hell at all, "lest the damned should be made to seem respectable by them" (*chè alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.*) But while Dante's view is never likely to fail of sympathizers, among moralists, it ought to be remembered that Epicurus was struggling to find some escape from follies of popular superstition without accepting either cynicism or the scarcely more attractive theory of the Stoics, that the supreme object in life is the cultivation of fortitude, endurance, and of whatever else goes to make up perfect ability to suppress emotion.

Epicurus was born in Samos, *c.* 341 B. C., from an Athenian father. Xenocrates is mentioned as one of his masters in philosophy. In the year 306 B. C. he himself began the life of a professional philosopher by opening a school in a garden at Athens, where he taught until his death in 270 B. C., gathering around him a coterie of friends and admirers of both sexes. To these he taught the theory of Democritus and Leucippus, that life and created matter in all its forms depend on a fortuitous or fated concourse of atoms. As Democritus also invented the famous canon of agnosticism:—"We know nothing, not even if there is anything to know," it is evident that his philosophy, as Epicurus defined and supplemented it, was not less at home in the nineteenth century A. D. than in the fourth and third B. C. W. V. B.

OF MODESTY, OPPOSED TO AMBITION

CONCERNING this great virtue, which is the fourth branch of temperance, there is very little need of saying more than what we have formerly intimated, when we declared it not to be the part of a wise man to affect greatness, or power, or honors in a commonwealth; but so to contain himself as rather to live not only privately, but even obscurely and concealed in some secure corner. And therefore the advice we shall chiefly inculcate in this place shall be the very same we usually give to our best friends. Live private and concealed (unless some circumstance of state call you forth to the assistance of the public), insomuch as experience frequently confirms the truth of that proverbial saying, "He hath well lived who hath well concealed himself."

Certainly, it hath been too familiarly observed that many who had mounted up to the highest pinnacle of honor have been on a sudden, and, as it were, with a thunderbolt, thrown down to

the bottom of misery and contempt; and so been brought, though too late, to acknowledge that it is much better for a man quietly and peaceably to obey, than by laborious climbing up the craggy rocks of ambition to aspire to command and sovereignty; and to set his foot rather upon the plain and humble ground than upon that slippery height, from which all that can be with reason expected is a precipitous and ruinous downfall. Besides, are not those grandees, upon whom the admiring multitude gaze, as upon refulgent comets, and prodigies of glory and honor; are they not, we say, of all men the most unhappy, in this one respect, that their breasts swarm with most weighty and troublesome cares that incessantly gall and corrode their very hearts? Beware, therefore, how you believe that such live securely and tranquilly; since it is impossible but those who are feared by many should themselves be in continual fear of some.

Though you see them to be in a manner environed with power, to have navies numerous enough to send abroad into all seas, to be in the heads of mighty and victorious armies, to be guarded with well-armed and faithful legions; yet, for all this, take heed you do not conceive them to be the only happy men, nay, that they partake so much as of one sincere pleasure; for all these things are mere pageantry, shadows gilded, and ridiculous dreams, insomuch as fear and care are not things that are afraid of the noise of arms, or regard the brightness of gold, or the splendor of purple, but boldly intrude themselves even into the hearts of princes and potentates, and, like the poet's vulture, daily gnaw and consume them.

Beware likewise, that you do not conceive that the body is made one whit the more strong, or healthy, by the glory, greatness, and treasures of monarchy, especially when you may daily observe that a fever doth as violently and long hold him who lies upon a bed of tissue, under a covering of Tyrian scarlet, as him that lies upon a mattress, and hath no covering but rags; and that we have no reason to complain of the want of scarlet robes, of golden embroideries, jewels, and ropes of pearl, while we have a coarse and easy garment to keep away the cold. And what if you, lying cheerfully and serenely upon a truss of clean straw, covered with rags, should gravely instruct men how vain those are who, with astonished and turbulent minds, gape and thirst after the trifles of magnificence, not understanding how few and small those things are which are requisite to a happy

life? Believe me, your discourse would be truly magnificent and high, because delivered by one whose own happy experience confirms it.

What though your house do not shine with silver and gold hatchments; nor your arched roofs resound with the multiplied echoes of loud music; nor your walls be not thickly beset with golden figures of beautiful youths, holding great lamps in their extended arms, to give light to your nightly revels and sumptuous banquets; why yet, truly, it is not a whit less (if not much more) pleasant to repose your wearied limbs upon the green grass, to sit by some cleanly and purling stream, under the refreshing shade of some well-branched tree, especially in the spring-time, when the head of every plant is crowned with beautiful and fragrant flowers, the merry birds entertaining you with the music of their wild notes, the fresh western winds continually fanning your heats, and all nature smiling upon you.

Wherefore, when any man may, if he please, thus live at peace and liberty abroad in the open fields, or his own gardens, what reason is there why he should affect and pursue honors, and not rather modestly bound his desires with the calmness and security of that condition? For, to hunt after glory by the ostentation of virtue, of science, of eloquence, of nobility, of wealth, of attendants, of rich clothes, of beauty, of garb, and the like,—seriously, it is altogether the fame of ridiculous vanity; and in all things modesty exacts no more than this, that we do not, through rusticity, want of a decent garb, or too much negligence, do anything that doth not correspond with civility and decorum. For it is equally vile, and doth as much denote a base or abject mind, to grow insolent and lofty upon the possession of these adjuncts of magnificence as to become dejected, or sink in spirit, at the loss or want of them.

Now, according to this rule, if a wise man chance to have the statues or images of his ancestors, or other renowned persons of former ages, he will be very far from being proud of them, from showing them as badges of honor, from affecting a glory from the generosity of their actions and achievements; and as far from wholly neglecting them, but will place them (as memorials of virtue) indifferently either in his porch or gallery, or elsewhere.

Nor will he be solicitous about the manner or place of his sepulchre, or command his executors to bestow any great cost, or

pomp and ceremony, at his funeral. The chief subject of his care will be, what may be beneficial and pleasant to his successors; being well assured that, as for his dead corpse, it will little concern him what becomes of it. For to propagate vanity even beyond death is the highest madness; and not much inferior thereto is the fancy of some, who in their lives are afraid to have their carcasses torn by the teeth of wild beasts after their death. For if that be an evil, why is it not likewise an evil to have the corpse burned, embalmed, and immersed in honey, to grow cold and stiff under a ponderous marble, to be pressed down by the weight of earth and passengers?

From the «Morals.» Charleton's translation of 1670.

ERASMUS.

After a Copperplate by J. Holloway, 1795.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS

(*c.* 1465–1536)

ERASMUS was a scholar and theologian of profound learning, who, as a rule, condensed his thought either too much or too little to be classed with essayists. His "Adages," which are now more read than his more labored productions, have a reason for their vitality in such vigorous sentences as this: "The people build cities; princes pull them down; the industry of the citizens creates wealth for rapacious lords to plunder; plebeian magistrates pass good laws for kings to violate; the people love peace, but their rulers stir up war." The same spirit governs "The Praises of Folly," — a work in which, while he never completely attains the essayist's method, he opens the way for the most effective work of Swift. The book is a bitter satire in which the Goddess of Folly praises priests, popes, kings, and nobles as her special friends and eulogizes them for all possible virtues. Those who read any chapter of it will understand why Erasmus was called "the glory of the priesthood and the shame." His learning was so great and his refusal to follow Luther so important in the politics of the time, that the incessant attacks made upon him could not be pushed to the last extreme, but he was "one of the best abused men who ever lived," and it is said that his quarrels would fill a volume. He was not a bad-natured man or an ascetic, however, for he loved good red wine and bad puns. Early in his career he attacked the University of Paris because, while a student there, he accumulated vermin from its filthy buildings more easily than learning from its professors, and he illustrated the same habit of fearless and often brutal criticism during his whole life. But he lived in a brutal time which badly needed his work. Hardly any one else has done as much for modern civilization as he. He was born at Rotterdam, probably October 28th, 1465. He was an illegitimate son, and to this disadvantage the disadvantage of poverty was added to compell him to greatness. His father, Gerhard de Praet, died when Erasmus was thirteen years old, and the provision left for the boy's education was embezzled by his guardians. Having no other means of getting an education, he began to study for the priesthood; and the Bishop of Cambray sent him to the University of Paris. He became the leading classical scholar of Northern Europe, and he used his knowledge with high intelligence to force northern Europe away from

a barbarism which, as it distinguished the general life of the people, was, even then, only a few removes from the primitive conditions of Gothic and Teutonic heathenism. After a tempestuous life of the highest usefulness, Erasmus died July 12th, 1536. The effect of his work on civilization can never be lost. It will attest for all time the supreme value of "the scholar in politics," when he really knows what to say at the right time, and is not afraid to say it.

W. V. B.

THE GODDESS OF FOLLY ON THE LUCK OF FOOLS

THE history of that prince of fools, Timotheus, affords, as you must know, a striking illustration of my text. His very name is viewed as a talisman, and, as to his successes, they were so singularly fortuitous that from them originated the familiar proverb, "Although the fool sleeps, yet his net gets full of fish!" Him and such as him we colloquially speak of as "lucky birds!" And lucky birds indeed they are. But what of the wise? What are the proverbial sayings that apply most appropriately to them? Why, when we speak of a wise man we proverbially describe him as one who has been "born under an evil star," one whose "horse will never carry him to the front," and whose "gold is all of the Toulouse (to lose) kind!" I might quote numerous other familiar adages to the same effect, but I forbear, lest I should seem to have been pilfering them from the collection of my friend Erasmus.

To go on, however, with my remarks. I was saying just now that Fortune favors fools. I repeat the assertion. She favors, I maintain, harebrained, slap-dash fools—idiotic fellows fond of rushing into all kinds of risks, and who fearlessly trust their success to the turn of a die. Wisdom, on the other hand, renders men nervously timid of bold adventures, and therefore deters them from all sorts of projects which would result in their gain. The consequence is that, as a rule, you find wise men eking out a miserable existence in poverty, starvation, and squalor, neglected, unhonored, and disliked; whereas you see fools rolling in riches, promoted to offices of state, and flourishing in every manner conceivable!

And here let me ask you a plain question. Do any of you consider it a desirable thing to win the good graces of the noble, and to be received into the society of the jeweled magnates of

the court? No doubt, you do. Well, then, let me tell you this —they are all votaries of mine, and whoever wishes to commend himself to them can possess nothing more useless than wisdom, nothing more absolutely damning to all his prospects of success!

Again, some of you, probably, would like to get rich. Let me assure you, then, that no trader will ever get rich who puts faith in the sentiments of wisdom. Wisdom says, Avoid perjury, blush to tell a lie, commit no petty thefts, scorn dishonest gains. Such balderdash scruples must be scattered to the winds!

Again, perhaps, some of you may be fired with an ambition to get advanced in the church, and to obtain some portion of the spoils and honors that fall to the share of ecclesiastics. Steer clear of wisdom, then, my friends—steer clear of wisdom, or assuredly you will have the mortification to behold many a stupid dolt of a fellow, as witless as a jackass, and with a voice like a bull, passing you on the road to preferment!

Some of you, again, it may be, have formed an intention of entering at some time or another of your lives into the condition of matrimony. And a very good intention too. However, a needful caution I must impart to you, and it is this: If you wish to get a wife, mind above all things that you beware of wisdom; for the girls, without exception, are heart and soul so devoted to fools, that you may rely upon it a man who has any wisdom in him they will shun as they would a vampire!

But, finally, whoever you are, and whatever may be your plans for the future, you will assuredly all of you regard a life of jollity as an object worthy of your seeking. Keep away then, above everything, from all contact with the wise; never mind what mere low degraded animals the people you consort with may be—prefer them to men of wisdom!

And now—to sum up much in a few words. Go amongst what classes of men you will; go amongst popes, princes, judges, magistrates, friends, foes, great men, little men, and you will not fail to discover that a man with plenty of money at his command has it in his power to obtain everything that he sets his heart upon. A wise man, however, despises money. And what is the consequence? Every one despises him!

From «The Praise of Folly.»

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

EVELYN'S "Sylva," though perhaps not interesting for its matter except to those who have the great good fortune to love the woods, contains notable examples of the quaintest elaboration of style in essay writing. His celebrated "Diary," while its style is much looser, shows that he knew the secret of handling facts and incidents so as to give them their greatest possible interest. Critics are divided on their theories of his methods as a diarist. Some assert with confidence that "he had no thought of publication"; others are equally confident that after having found the advantage of the diary as a literary subterfuge, he wrote essays, descriptions, and anecdotes, and dated them to suit the subjects dealt with. In any event, the "Diary" is a landmark in English literature. Evelyn was born at Wotton in Surrey, October 31st, 1620. After ending his studies at Oxford and in the Temple, he traveled over continental Europe, returning in 1647 to side with the king against Cromwell. When the Royal cause became hopeless, he accepted the situation and retired to Wotton to study the life of the woods and fields. After the Restoration he was a court favorite, and used his influence to promote the work of the Royal Society and for similar purposes, indicating his benevolence and liberality. Besides the "Diary" and the "Sylva," he wrote "The State of France," "The Character of England," "Fumifugium," "The Garden Calendar," "The Complete Gardener," and other works which show that he had as an actual and practical fact of his every-day life the tranquillity of soul which philosophers say is the highest object of existence. He died at Wotton, February 27th, 1706.

IN AND AROUND NAPLES

THE next day, being Saturday, we went four miles out of town on mules, to see that famous volcano, Mount Vesuvius. Here we pass a fair fountain, called Labulla, which continually boils, supposed to proceed from Vesuvius, and thence over a river and bridge, where, on a large upright stone, is engraven a notable inscription relative to the memorable eruption in 1630.

Approaching the hill, as we were able with our mules, we alighted, crawling up the rest of the proclivity with great difficulty, now with our feet, now with our hands, not without many untoward slips which did much bruise us on the various colored cinders with which the whole mountain is covered, some like pitch, others full of perfect brimstone, others metallic, interspersed with innumerable pumices (of all which I made a collection), we at the last gained the summit of an excessive altitude. Turning our faces towards Naples, it presents one of the goodliest prospects in the world; all the Baiæ, Cuma, Elysian Fields, Capreæ, Ischia, Prochyta, Misenus, Puteoli, that goodly city, with a great portion of the Tyrrhene Sea, offering themselves to your view at once, and at so agreeable a distance, as nothing can be more delightful. The mountain consists of a double top, the one pointed very sharp, and commonly appearing above any clouds, the other blunt. Here, as we approached, we met many large gaping clefts and chasms, out of which issued such sulphureous blasts and smoke, that we durst not stand long near them. Having gained the very summit, I laid myself down to look over into that most frightful and terrible *vorago*, a stupendous pit of nearly three miles in circuit, and half a mile in depth, by a perpendicular hollow cliff (like that from the highest part of Dover Castle), with now and then a craggy prominency jetting out. The area at the bottom is plane, like an even floor, which seems to be made by the winds circling the ashes by its eddy blasts. In the middle and centre is a hill, shaped like a great brown loaf, appearing to consist of sulphureous matter, continually vomiting a foggy exhalation, and ejecting huge stones with an impetuous noise and roaring, like the report of many muskets discharging. This horrid barathrum engaged our attention for some hours, both for the strangeness of the spectacle and the mention which the old histories make of it, as one of the most stupendous curiosities in nature, and which made the learned and inquisitive Pliny adventure his life to detect the causes, and to lose it in too desperate an approach. It is likewise famous for the stratagem of the rebel, Spartacus, who did so much mischief to the State, lurking amongst, and protected by, these horrid caverns, when it was more accessible and less dangerous than it is now; but especially notorious it is for the last conflagration, when, in anno 1630, it burst out beyond what it had ever done in the memory of history; throwing out huge stones and fiery pumices in such quantity, as not only environed

the whole mountain, but totally buried and overwhelmed divers towns and their inhabitants, scattering the ashes more than a hundred miles, and utterly devastating all those vineyards, where formerly grew the most incomparable Greco; when, bursting through the bowels of the earth, it absorbed the very sea, and, with its whirling waters, drew in divers galleys and other vessels to their destruction, as is faithfully recorded. We descended with more ease than we climbed up, through a deep valley of pure ashes, which at the late eruption was a flowing river of melted and burning brimstone, and so came to our mules at the foot of the mountain.

On Sunday, we with our guide visited the so much celebrated Baiæ, and natural rarities of the place adjacent. Here we entered the mountain Pausilypus, at the left hand of which they showed us Virgil's sepulchre erected on a steep rock, in form of a small rotunda, or cupolated column, but almost overgrown with bushes and wild bay trees. At the entrance is this inscription:—

Stanisi Cencovius.

1589.

Qui cineres? Tumuli hæc vestigia, conditur olim
Ille hoc qui cecinit Pascua, Rura, Duces.
Can Ree MDLIII.

After we were advanced into this noble and altogether wonderful crypt, consisting of a passage spacious enough for two coaches to go abreast, cut through a rocky mountain near three quarters of a mile (by the ancient Cimmerii as reported, but as others say by L. Cocceius, who employed a hundred thousand men on it), we came to the midway, where there is a well bored through the diameter of this vast mountain which admits the light into a pretty chapel hewn out of the natural rock, wherein hang divers lamps, perpetually burning. The way is paved under foot, but it does not hinder the dust, which rises so excessively in this much-frequented passage, that we were forced at midday to use a torch. At length, we were delivered from the bowels of the earth into one of the most delicious plains in the world: the oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually green trees; for the summer is here eternal, caused by the natural and adventitious heat of the earth, warmed through subterranean fires, as was shown us by our guide,

who alighted, and, cutting up a turf with his knife, and delivering it to me, it was so hot I was hardly able to hold it in my hands. This mountain is exceedingly fruitful in vines, and exotics grow readily.

We now came to a lake, of about two miles in circumference, environed with hills; the water of it is fresh and sweet on the surface, but salt at bottom; some mineral salt conjectured to be the cause, and it is reported of that profunditude in the middle that it is bottomless. The people call it Lago d'Agnano, from the multitude of serpents which, involved together about the spring, fall down from the cliffy hills into it. It has no fish, nor will any live in it. We tried the old experiment on a dog in the Grotto del Cane, or Charon's Cave; it is not above three or four paces deep, and about the height of a man, nor very broad. Whatever having life enters it, presently expires. Of this we made trial with two dogs, one of which we bound to a short pole to guide him the more directly into the further part of the den, where he was no sooner entered, but—without the least noise, or so much as a struggle, except that he panted for breath, lolling out his tongue, his eyes being fixed—we drew him out dead to all appearance; but immediately plunging him into the adjoining lake, within less than half an hour he recovered, and, swimming to shore, ran away from us. We tried the same on another dog, without the application of the water, and left him quite dead. The experiment has been made on men, as on that poor creature whom Peter of Toledo caused to go in; likewise on some Turkish slaves, two soldiers, and other foolhardy persons, who all perished, and could never be recovered by the water of the lake, as are dogs; for which many learned reasons have been offered, as Simon Majolus in his book of the Canicular-days has mentioned (Colloq. 15). And certainly the most likely is the effect of those hot and dry vapors which ascend out of the earth, and are condensed by the ambient cold, as appears by their converting into crystalline drops on the top, whilst at the bottom it is so excessively hot that a torch being extinguished near it, and lifted a little distance, was suddenly re-lighted.

Near to this cave are the natural stoves of St. Germain, of the nature of sudatories, in certain chambers partitioned with stone for the sick to sweat in, the vapors here being exceedingly hot, and of admirable success in the gout, and other cold distempers of the nerves. Hence, we climbed up a hill, the very high-

way in several places even smoking with heat like a furnace. The mountains were by the Greeks called Leucogæi, and the fields Phlegræan. Hercules here vanquished the Giants, assisted with lightning. We now came to the Court of Vulcan, consisting of a valley nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth, the margent environed with steep cliffs, out of whose sides and foot break forth fire and smoke in abundance, making a noise like a tempest of water, and sometimes discharging in loud reports, like so many guns. The heat of this place is wonderful, the earth itself being almost unsufferable, and which the subterranean fires have made so hollow, by having wasted the matter for so many years, that it sounds like a drum to those who walk upon it; and the water thus struggling with those fires bubbles and spouts aloft into the air. The mouths of these spiracles are bestrewed with variously colored cinders, which rise with vapor as do many colored stones, according to the quality of the combustible matter, insomuch as it is no little adventure to approach them. They are, however, daily frequented both by sick and well; the former receiving the fumes have been recovered of diseases esteemed incurable. Here we found a great deal of sulphur made, which they refine in certain houses near the place, casting it into canes, to a very great value. Near this we were showed a hill of alum, where is one of the best mineries, yielding a considerable revenue. Some flowers of brass are found here; but I could not but smile at those who persuade themselves that here are the gates of purgatory (for which it may be they have erected, very near it, a convent, and named it St. Januarius), reporting to have often heard screeches and horrible lamentations proceeding from these caverns and volcanoes; with other legends of birds that are never seen, save on Sundays, which cast themselves into the lake at night, appearing no more all the week after.

We now approached the ruins of a very stately temple, or theatre, of one hundred and seventy-two feet in length, and about eighty in breadth, thrown down by an earthquake not long since; it was consecrated to Vulcan, and under the ground are many strange meanders; from which it is named the Labyrinth. This place is so haunted with bats, that their perpetual fluttering endangered the putting-out our links.

Hence, we passed again those boiling and smoking hills, till we came to Pozzolo, formerly the famous Puteoli, the landing place of St. Paul, when he came into Italy, after the tempest

described in the Acts of the Apostles. Here we made a good dinner, and bought divers medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, of the country people, who daily find such things amongst the very old ruins of those places. This town was formerly a Greek colony, built by the Samians, a reasonable commodious port, and full of observable antiquities. We saw the ruins of Neptune's Temple, to whom this place was sacred, and near it the stately Palace and gardens of Peter de Toledo, formerly mentioned. Afterwards, we visited that admirably built Temple of Augustus, seeming to have been hewn out of an entire rock, though indeed consisting of several square stones. The inscription remains thus: "L. Calphurnius L. F. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D. D."; and under it: "L. Coccejus L. C. Postumi L. Auctus Architectus." It is now converted into a church, in which they showed us huge bones, which they affirmed to have been of some giant.

We went to see the ruins of the old haven, so compact with that bituminous sand in which the materials are laid, as the like is hardly to be found, though all this has not been sufficient to protect it from the fatal concussions of several earthquakes (frequent here) which have almost demolished it, thirteen vast piles of marble only remaining; a stupendous work in the bosom of Neptune! To this joins the bridge of Caligula, by which (having now embarked ourselves) we sailed to the pleasant Baiæ, almost four miles in length, all which way that proud Emperor would pass in triumph. Here we rowed along towards a villa of the orator Cicero, where we were showed the ruins of his Academy; and, at the foot of a rock, his Baths, the waters reciprocating their tides with the neighboring sea. Hard at hand rises Mount Gaurus, being, as I conceived, nothing save a heap of pumices, which here float in abundance on the sea, exhausted of all inflammable matter by the fire, which renders them light and porous, so as the beds of nitre, which lie deep under them, having taken fire, do easily eject them. They dig much for fancied treasure said to be concealed about this place. From hence, we coasted near the ruins of Portus Julius, where we might see divers stately palaces that had been swallowed up by the sea after earthquakes. Coming to shore, we pass by the Lucrine Lake, so famous heretofore for its delicious oysters, now producing few or none, being divided from the sea by a bank of incredible labor, the supposed work of Hercules; it is now half choked up

with rubbish, and by part of the new mountain, which rose partly out of it, and partly out of the sea, and that in the space of one night and a day, to a very great altitude, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1538, after many terrible earthquakes, which ruined divers places thereabout, when at midnight the sea retiring near two hundred paces, and yawning on the sudden, it continued to vomit forth flames and fiery stones in such quantity, as produced this whole mountain by their fall, making the inhabitants of Pozzolo to leave their habitations, supposing the end of the world had been come.

From the left part of this we walked to the Lake Avernus, of a round form, and totally environed with mountains. This lake was feigned by the Poet for the gates of hell, by which Æneas made his descent and where he sacrificed to Pluto and the Manes. The waters are of a remarkable black color,— but I tasted of them without danger,— hence they feign that the river Styx has here its source. At one side stand the handsome ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo, or rather Pluto, but it is controverted. Opposite to this, having new lighted our torches, we enter a vast cave, in which having gone about two hundred paces, we pass a narrow entry which leads us into a room of about ten paces long, proportionably broad and high; the side walls and roof retain still the golden mosaic, though now exceedingly decayed by time. Here is a short cell, or rather niche, cut out of the solid rock, somewhat resembling a couch, in which they report that the Sibylla lay and uttered her Oracles; but it is supposed by most to have been a bath only. This subterranean grot leads quite through to Cuma, but is in some places obstructed by the earth which has sunk in, so as we were constrained back again, and to creep on our bellies, before we came to the light. It is reported Nero had once resolved to cut a channel for two great galleys that should have extended to Ostia, one hundred and fifty miles distant. The people now call it Licola.

From hence we ascended to that most ancient city of Italy, the renowned Cuma, built by the Grecians. It stands on a very eminent promontory, but is now a heap of ruins. A little below stands the Arco Felice, heretofore part of Apollo's Temple, with the foundations of divers goodly buildings; amongst whose heaps are frequently found statues and other antiquities by such as dig for them. Near this is the Lake Acherutia and Acheron. Returning to the shore, we came to the Bagni de Tritoli and

Diana, which are only long narrow passages cut through the main rock, where the vapors ascend so hot, that, entering with the body erect, you will even faint with excessive perspiration; but, stooping lower, as sudden a cold surprises. These sudatories are much in request for many infirmities. Now we entered the haven of the Baiæ where once stood that famous town, so called from the companion of Ulysses here buried; not without great reason celebrated for one of the most delicious places that the sun shines on, according to that verse of Horace:—

"*Nullus in Orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis*";

though, as to the stately fabrics, there now remain little save the ruins, whereof the most entire is that of Diana's Temple, and another of Venus. Here were those famous poles of lampreys that would come to hand when called by name, as Martial tells us. On the summit of the rock stands a strong castle garrisoned to protect the shore from Turkish pirates. It was once the retiring place of Julius Cæsar.

Passing by the shore again, we entered Bauli, observable from the monstrous murder of Nero, committed on his mother Agrippina. Her sepulchre was yet showed us in the rock, which we entered, being covered with sundry heads and figures of beasts. We saw there the roots of a tree turned into stone, and are continually dropping.

Thus having viewed the foundations of the old Cimmeria, the palaces of Marius, Pompey, Nero, Hortensius, and other villas and antiquities, we proceeded towards the promontory of Misenus, renowned for the sepulchre of Æneas's Trumpeter. It was once a great city, now hardly a ruin, said to have been built from this place to the promontory of Minerva, fifty miles distant, now discontinued and demolished by the frequent earthquakes. Here was the villa of Caius Marius, where Tiberius Cæsar died; and here runs the Aqueduct, thought to be dug by Nero, a stupendous passage, heretofore nobly arched with marble, as the ruins testify. Hence, we walked to those receptacles of water called Piscina Mirabilis, being a vault of five hundred feet long, and twenty-two in breadth, the roof propped up with four ranks of square pillars, twelve in a row; the walls are brick, plastered over with such composition as for strength and posture resembles white marble. 'Tis conceived to have been built by Nero, as a

conservatory for fresh water; as were also the Centi Camerelli, into which we were next led. All these crypta being now almost sunk into the earth, show yet their former amplitude and magnificence.

Returning towards the Baiæ we again pass the Elysian Fields, so celebrated by the poets, nor unworthily, for their situation and verdure, being full of myrtles and sweet shrubs, and having a most delightful prospect towards the Tyrrhene Sea. Upon the verge of these remain the ruins of the Mercato di Saboto, formerly a circus; over the arches stand divers urns, full of Roman ashes.

Having well satisfied our curiosity among these antiquities we retired to our felucca, which rowed us back again towards Pozzolo, at the very place of St. Paul's landing. Keeping along the shore, they showed us a place where the sea water and sands did exceedingly boil. Thence to the island Nesis, once the fabulous Nymph; and thus we leave the Baiæ, so renowned for the sweet retirements of the most opulent and voluptuous Romans. They certainly were places of uncommon amenity, as their yet tempting site and other circumstances of natural curiosities easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with, as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful abodes.

From Evelyn's «Diary,» February 7th, 1645.

THE LIFE OF TREES

For their preservation, nature has invested the whole tribe and nation (as we may say) of vegetables with garments suitable to their naked and exposed bodies, temper, and climate. Thus some are clad with a coarser [skin], and resist all extremes of weather; others with more tender and delicate skins and scarfs, as it were, and thinner raiment. *Quid foliorum describam diversitates?* What shall we say of the mysterious forms, variety, and variegation of the leaves and flowers, contrived with such art, yet without art; some round, others long, oval, multangular, indented, crisped, rough, smooth, and polished, soft, and flexible at every tremulous blast, as if it would drop in a moment, and yet so obstinately adhering, as to be able to contest against the fiercest winds that prostrate mighty structures! There it abides

till God bids it fall: for so the wise Disposer of things has placed it, not only for ornament, but use and protection both of body and fruit; from the excessive heat of summer, and colds of the sharpest winters, and their immediate impressions; as we find it in all such places and trees, as, like the blessed and good man, have always fruit upon them, ripe, or preparing to mature; such as the pine, fir, arbutus, orange, and most of those which the Indies and more southern tracts plentifully abound in, where nature provides this continual shelter, and clothes them with perennial garments.

Let us examine with what care the seeds (in which the whole and complete tree, though invisible to our dull sense, is yet perfectly and entirely wrapped up) exposed, as they seem to be, to all those accidents of weather, storms, and rapacious birds, are yet preserved from avolation, diminution, and detriment, within their spiny, armed, and compacted receptacles; where they sleep as in their causes, till their prisons let them gently fall into the embraces of the earth, now made pregnant with the season, and ready for another burden: for at the time of year she fails not to bring them forth. With what delight have I beheld this tender and innumerable offspring repullulating at the feet of an aged tree, from whence the suckers are drawn, transplanted and educated by human industry, and, forgetting the ferity of their nature, become civilized to all his employments.

Can we look on the prodigious quantity of liquor, which one poor wounded birch will produce in a few hours, and not be astonished? Is it not wonderful that some trees should, in a short space of time, weep more than they weigh? And that so dry, so feeble, and wretched a branch as that which bears the grape should yield a juice that cheers the heart of man? That the pine, fir, larch, and other resinous trees planted in such rude and uncultivated places, amongst rocks and dry pumices should transude into turpentine, and pearl out into gums and precious balms?

From «Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees.»

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

(1831–)

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, the celebrated English pulpit orator, has long been a favorite contributor to English reviews, but perhaps his best work as an essayist was done in "Woman's Work in the Home," an admirable series of essays in the mode of Samuel Smiles, which deserve their extensive popularity in England and America. He was born at Bombay, India, August 7th, 1831. Educated for the English Church at Oxford and Cambridge, he was ordained in 1854. Twenty years later, after notable work as a pulpit orator and public educator, he was appointed Canon of Westminster, and in 1895 Dean of Canterbury. Besides his essays, he has written several novels and a number of theological works. His "Life of Christ" has been widely circulated and much admired.

SOME FAMOUS DAUGHTERS

FEW things shock us more in the records of history than the mention of bad daughters. Happily they are not numerous.

It is inexpressibly painful to find among them two at least of the daughters of Milton — Mary and Anne, the two elder. The third daughter, Deborah, seems to have been better than her unnatural sisters, and spoke of her father with affection after his death.

There is too much reason to fear that heredity, as well as the many unhappy circumstances which surrounded that ill-starred family, may account for a relationship so disastrous. Miss Powell, whom Milton married, was the daughter of a rowdy, impecunious, and broken-down cavalier. It would have been impossible for him to select a young lady less suited to be at the head of a sober Puritan household. There are strong grounds for the belief that she treated him shamefully — far more shamefully than is usually suspected. And though, in his consummate magnanimity, he forgave her and received her back into his home,

and also gave shelter to her endangered and broken-down relatives, it is hardly likely that their union ever produced much happiness. Her daughters seem to have resembled her. No doubt Milton made mistakes in the too scanty intellectual training which he alone was able to give to those shallow natures. His ideal of womanhood was not ignoble, as we see in what he writes of Eve —

> "She as a veil down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
> As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
> Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best received.
> For contemplation he, and valor formed;
> For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
> He for God only, she for God in him.

But this Hebrew and Puritan ideal required to be colored with some of the hues of chivalry. Milton adored his second wife, and we hear the sobs which sound through his sonnet on his "late espoused saint," after her too early death. When he was old and blind, and could no longer court for himself, his third wife was chosen for him by his friend Dr. Paget. This lady, Elizabeth Minshull, who was much younger than Milton, seems to have been of a retiring and self-respecting character. In his last conversation with his brother Christopher, he spoke of her as "his loving wife." But it was impossible for her to live with the daughters of Milton and Mary Powell. She wisely persuaded Milton to have all three "sent to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver." The maid-servant who gave evidence about Milton's will tells us that when the second daughter, Mary, was told that her father was to be married, "she said that was no news, but if she should hear of his death, that was something."

It is difficult to pardon their frightful and unnatural Philistinism, and Milton felt it deeply. The worst was that they were guilty of petty purloinings, cheated him, and actually sold his books, forcing him to feel an anguish more acute than that caused by his blindness. He would leave them nothing but what was supposed to belong to their mother, "because," he said, "they have been very undutiful to me." "My children have been unkind to

me," as he often told his brother, "but my wife has been very kind and careful of me." It may be a palliation, not an excuse, that they had to read to him in eight languages, not one of which they understood, because, he would often say in jest, that "one tongue was enough for a woman." Doubtless they felt a rebellious dissatisfaction at the dullness of their lives in that sad home, with nothing about them except books, which they loathed.

Perhaps some of the bitterness of Milton's disappointments in his experience of womanhood breathes through the lines of "Paradise Lost":—

> "For that fair female troup thou saw'st, that seemed
> Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
> Yet empty of all good wherein consists
> Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
> Bred only, and completed to the taste,
> Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
> To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye."

But I will conclude with the picture of a model daughter, of one whose name shines out on the page of history as a supreme example of daughterly affection,— Margaret Roper, the favorite child of Sir Thomas More.

Some writers imagine that learning and advanced education in the children tend to diminish affection towards the parents. History does not bear out the suspicion. Margaret Roper is one conspicuous instance to the contrary. She, the best and most loving of daughters, was one of the most learned women of her day. She wrote Latin with such elegance as to excite the astonishment and admiration of the accomplished Cardinal Pole. She wrote an essay in Latin on the "Four Last Things," which her father, the great and learned chancellor of England, preferred to one which he himself had composed on the same subject. She was capable of discussing with her father some of the gravest questions of theology and politics. Another remarkable proof that learning interferes in no way with the domestic affections is Lady Jane Grey—

> "Girl never breathed to rival such a rose,
> Rose never blew that equaled such a bud."

She was so devoted to learning that, at the age of sixteen, as Roger Ascham tells us, she preferred studying Plato's "Phædo"

with Roger Ascham to joining the youths and maidens in the exhilarating diversion of the chase. Yet she was a model of loving obedience to her parents, and of devotion to her husband. And this was the case although her parents educated her with the astonishing and atrocious cruelty which was in those days deemed necessary to success in education. Fuller may well say that her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, treated "with more severity than needed to so sweet a temper" their lovely child, who at thirteen was writing Greek, and at fifteen was also learning Hebrew, Latin, Italian, and French, and corresponding with the learned Bullinger, while she could also embroider beautifully, and had many feminine accomplishments. Yet here, taken from Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster," is the account she gave him of the way in which she was trained: "When I am in presence either of father or mother; whether I speake, or keepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merrie or sad, be sowying, playing, dauncing, or doing anie thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfitelie as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presentlie sometimes with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, without measure misordered, that I thinke myselfe in hell."

But to return to Margaret Roper, the passages which describe her relation to her father are very beautiful:—

"When he had remained with great cheerfulness about a month's space in the Tower, his daughter Margaret, longing sore to see her father, made earnest suit, and at last got leave to go to him; at whose coming, after they had said together the seven psalms and litanies, among other speeches he said thus unto her: 'I believe, Megg, that they who have put me here think they have done me a high displeasure, but I assure thee, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife, and you my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room as this, and straiter too.'"

Here is the famous description of the last parting of father and daughter by his great-grandson, Cresacre More:—

"When Sir Thomas was come now to the Tower-wharf, his best-beloved child, my Aunt Roper, desirous to see her father . . . to have his last blessing, gave her attendance to meet him; whom, as

soon as she espied, after she had received upon her knees his fatherly blessing, she ran hastily unto him, and without consideration of care of herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who, with bills and halberds compassed him round, there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but 'Oh, my father! Oh, my father!' He liking well her most natural and dear affection to him, gave her his fatherly blessing, telling her that, whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God, counseling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for her loss. She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with her former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the press of people about him, suddenly turned back and ran hastily to him, took him about the neck, and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping; . . . yet, at last, with a full, heavy heart, she was severed from him.»

The day before his execution he wrote a letter to her with a coal, the use of pen and ink being still denied him, in which he expressed a great affection for all his children, and a grateful sense of her filial piety and tenderness when she took leave of him in the street. He sent her also his whip and shirt of hair.

To any who know how deep and rich may be the blessings and life compensations of a happy Christian home — to any who have breathed the air of that paradise — it must be saddening to read that the emancipation of womanhood from many trammels which this age has witnessed is said to have culminated in a «revolt of the daughters.» I can imagine many fatal errors in the training of daughters and of sons. I can imagine that the daughters of women of fashion, who are that and nothing more, may think their own aims at least as noble and as little reprehensible as that of any mother who would sell their happiness into the gilded servitude of a «great» or a «wealthy» marriage with some decrepit millionaire or titled debauchee. I can imagine, too, that many mothers may make the mistake about their daughters which so many fathers make about their sons, in expecting that their children ought to be like themselves, and have similar views and similar aspirations. Every human soul is an island, and it is surrounded by an unvoyageable sea. It does

not, by any means, follow that the child will reflect either the character or the ideal of its parents. It may even revert by atavism to some far distant type wholly alien from that of its immediate progenitors; and, in any case, our children, like all other human beings, are — as someone has said — simply the summed-up totals of innumerable double lines of ancestors which go back to our first parents, Adam and Eve. A Commodus, who is a monster of brutalism and vulgarity, is the son of a Marcus Aurelius, who is the «bright consummate flower» of all pagan morality. An Agrippina the younger, whose name was stained with so many infamies, was the daughter of the virtuous wife of Germanicus, who set an example of stainless purity in an evil and adulterous age. If there be any general «revolt of the daughters,» which I do not believe, there must be some deep underlying germ of disease in our modern civilization. It can hardly occur when parents are wise and loving, and when, for the fussiness of wearisome restraints and incessant interferences, they substitute the firm control of gentleness and love.

From «Woman's Work in the Home.»

OWEN FELLTHAM

(*c.* 1602–1668)

OWEN FELLTHAM had Bacon for a master, and in brevity and wit he is a worthy pupil of that greatest of English moralists. He owes to Bacon as much as Earle and Fuller do to Theophrastus,— but no more, however, for his is one of those rare intellects whose thronging imaginations impel expression without any other effort than that of limitation and direction. Hallam, who has attacked Felltham, illustrates in his own style and literary methods a wholly different school of essay writers,— a school whose excellencies, high and frequent as they are, do not detract from, but rather enhance, grateful appreciation of the concise sentences, the clearly defined metaphors, the frequent illustrations, and the never-to-be-too-much-admired brevity of the school of which Felltham is an ornament. Hallam, Gibbon, and Dr. Samuel Johnson are very largely responsible by their combined examples for the interminable length of the critical reviews and political disquisitions of the nineteenth century.

If, as has been said, the whole art of eloquence consists of saying enough and stopping, no one who concludes that Felltham's methods are the best possible for his purposes, need be ashamed of admiring him now, as warmly as he was admired by his contemporaries. His admirable essay on "Loquacity and Tediousness in Discourse," says all that needs to be said to avenge, if not to vindicate him, when the faults of his style are measured against those of the writers who pile up clause on clause, until the average mind can no longer endure the burden of the accumulated load. Felltham is pedantic, but he is simple. He is given to preaching, but the longest of his sermons will give no man a chance to nod for weariness. He is "full of affectation," but it is the affectation of a mind like that of Shakespeare —a mind into which the whole visible world crowds itself until he cannot but know the subtle relations and resemblances which to others seem strange and unreal. He has the unmistakable marks of genius. Talent we have always with us, but it is not often in the course of the centuries that young writers, or old ones either, can get rid of the perpetual self-consciousness which shuts out the influx of such varied knowledge of the realities of things as Felltham shows in his "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political,"— a work written, it is said, in his eighteenth year. Little is known of his history. He was

born at Mutford, in Suffolk, probably in 1602, and his middle life was involved in the quarrel between King and Parliament, in which he sided warmly with the King. He died in Northamptonshire in 1668. Aside from its own interest, his prose is so obviously a result of the same forces which evolved the Shakespearean cycle of poets, that on this account, if no other, he would deserve the most careful study. But for those who have listened long to the "tumult of discourse" from great nineteenth-century apostles of higher criticism, Fellthams highly moral method of getting at, around, and to the end of his subject when he moralizes cannot fail to be a relief and a refreshment.

W. V. B.

OF LOQUACITY AND TEDIOUSNESS IN DISCOURSE

A PRATING barber came to trim King Archelaus, and said to him, "How will you please to have me cut your hair?"—Said the king, "Silently." And, certainly, though a man has nothing to do, but to hear and answer, yet a boundless tongue is a strange unbridled beast to be worried with. And the misery is, that those who speak much seldom speak well: it is a sign of ignorance not to know that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, are the torture of the hearer. Horace, I think, was to be pitied when he was put into a sweat, and almost slain in the *Via Sacra*, by the accidental detention of a prating tongue. There is nothing tires one more than words, when they clatter, like a loose window shaken by the wind. A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely, nature did not guard the tongue with the double fence of teeth and lips, without meaning that it should not move too nimbly. When a scholar full of words applied to Isocrates for instruction, the latter demanded of him a double fee: one, to teach him to speak well; another, to teach him to hold his peace. Those who talk too much to others, I fear, seldom speak enough with themselves; and then, for want of acquaintance with their own bosoms, they may well be mistaken and exhibit foolishness when they think they are displaying wisdom. Loquacity is the fistula of the mind,—ever running and almost incurable. Some are blabbers of secrets, and these are traitors to society; they are vessels unfit for use, for they are bored in their bottoms.

There are others, again, who will cloy you with their own inventions, and this is a fault of poets. He who in his epigram invited his friend to supper made him promise that he

——« no verses would repeat.»

Some will preamble a tale impertinently, and cannot be delivered of a jest, till they have traveled an hour in trivials; as if they had taken the whole particulars in shorthand, and were reading from their notes:—thus they often spoil a good dish with improper sauce and unsavory farcements. Some are addicted to counseling, and will pour it in, even till they stop the ear. Tedious admonitions stupefy the advised, and make the giver contemptible. It is the short reproof which stays like a stab in the memory, that tells; and oftentimes three words do more good than an idle discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of stories, even to the wearing out of an auditor; and this is frequently the grave folly of old persons, whose unwatched tongues stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. There are others also who have a leaping tongue, to jig into the tumult of discourse; and unless you have an Aristius to take you off, you are in great danger of a deep vexation. A rook yard in a spring morning is not a greater nuisance than one of these. Doubtless, the best is to be short, plain, and material. Let me hear one wise man sentence it, rather than twenty fools, garrulous in their lengthened tattle.—*Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid; nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.* (Hug. Vict.) There is a time when we ought to be silent, and there is a time when we may speak; but there is no time in which all things should be spoken.

Complete. From « Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF IDLE BOOKS

IDLE books are the licensed follies of the age. Some are simple; and these, though they render the author ridiculous, seldom hurt the reader more than by loss of time; for, if he hath any sense, he will grow wiser by the folly that is presented to him: as drunkards are often cured by seeing the beastliness of

others who are so. The least caution is necessary to be given of such books; for man will no more dwell in one of these than a traveler of quality will lodge in an alehouse or a booth. It was Cicero who said, *Lectionem sine ulla delectatione negligo*,—he hated reading where no pleasure dwelt. There is another kind of books which are wanton and licentious, and these like rank flesh unsalted carry a taint which poisons. It is true, wit is in general readier at such productions than at any other; yet, the best are never obscene. Vicious or vulgar is his character, at best, who deals in licentious thoughts and expressions. Decency is the corrective of manners; and even although such works be refined in point of language, yet are they then but as unsavory breaths perfumed; there is only a more precious stink, which certainly shows either what the conversation hath been, or what the inclination is, for the pen is more the mind's interpreter than speech. Yet, as it regards society, writings which are scandalous are worse. They are a kind of barbarousness in death unto the dead; for printing gives perpetuity and carries to future ages both the author's malice and the infamy of the party that is traduced. It is unworthy to traduce the absent, even though provoked by passion; but to display a man's malice in writing is deliberate wickedness; to which (with his own disgrace) he sets his hand and seal, and does an injury for which he cannot make amends sufficient; for admit he does retract in public, he is not sure that all who saw his first book shall come to read his last. A spiteful pen picks out only the vices and corruptions of men, and leaves their virtues buried and untouched, which, if justly attended to, might be found to balance all their failings. But, above all, to abuse the dead is most deadly. The dead is as the fatherless and widow, whose cause, because they want defenders, God himself will vindicate. How much below the gallantry of man is it to tyrannize over the defenseless! The brave soul scorns advantages. Is it reasonable in arms to fight against the naked? To meet my enemy without a weapon is his protection, if I be provided. The dead are tamely passive; and, should the dishonor of them be tolerated, what fame could rest unblasted in the grave? When Agesilaus was presented Lysander's treasonable letters, and was about to read them at the head of his army, he was told Lysander was dead; and this made him abandon his purpose. Next to scandalous books are heretical; these fill the world with tares, which like ill plants in a good ground, if they be let grow

to seed, they sow themselves, and perpetuate their corruptions to future generations. The heretic must needs be obstinate and arrogant; for by presuming on his own sense, he grows incorrigible. He is the highest papal man in the world; for he sets himself up above the church and all her doctors. While he cries down others for infallible, he acts as if he were so. His presumption must needs be vast, who builds more on his own tenet than upon the mature judgment of all the successive fathers; as if God had revealed more to him than to all the pillars and propagators of his church. St. Augustin tells us that he is an heretic, *qui pro alicujus temporalis commodi, et maxime gloriæ principatusque sui gratia, falsas ac novas opiniones gignit, aut sequitur;* who for some temporal profit, and for his own pre-eminence, either authors or persists in some new and false opinions. Usually, it is for private ends and interest; and then how infinitely does he offend who will bias God's truths and accommodate them to his corrupted benefit? He raises himself above God, under the pretense of serving him, and sins more in his grave, and dead, than when he was alive; for he poisons from generation to generation;—and, which is worst of all, he offends till the world's end, in a book which cannot repent. But, above all, profane works are to be avoided. The very reading of them is an unhappiness, but a second perusal guilt and reprobation. The heretic misunderstands religion, but the profane one scorns it. Such, the very heathen admitted not to sacrifice. The profane is he, *qui nihil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat, conculcat;* who has nothing of religion in him, but neglects, destroys, and spurns all that is sacred. He is, indeed, the practical atheist, who condemning heaven, hath, more than the mere pagan, forgot himself to be man. If man, made up of infirmities, be so jealous of his honor, that, with the hazard of his life, he dares duel him that stains it, how will God, who made man with this jealousy, be zealous of his own honor, by punishing such as wildly despise it? Shall the clay grow insolent against the potter, or the worm affect to hold up its head at the face of man? Beware of the profane and scorner. He who neglects God will make no scruple of betraying man. If he sit loose to heaven he will never hold firm to earth; but for himself will forsake his friends, having done so already as to God, to whom he is indebted for all he has.

The vicious author cannot offend alone. A corrupt book is an amphisbæna: a serpent headed at both ends, one of which

bites him that reads, the other stings him that writes; for if I be corrupted by his pen the guilt grows his, as well as mine. I will not write so as to hurt myself and posterity. I will not read so as to hurt myself and predecessors. A foolish sentence dropped upon paper sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF VIOLENCE AND EAGERNESS

THE too eager pursuit of a thing hinders enjoyment; for it makes men take indirect ways, which, though they sometimes prosper, are never blessed. The covetous man, being mad for riches, practices injurious courses, which, God cursing, brings him to a speedy poverty. Oppressions will bring a consumption upon thy gains. Wealth amassed by unjust and improper means, like a rotten sheep, will infect thy healthful flock. We think by wrong to secure ourselves from want, when it is that only which unavoidably brings it on us. He that longs for heaven with such impatience as to kill himself, that he may be there the sooner, may by that act be excluded thence; nay, though we be in the right way, our haste will make our stay the longer. He that constantly rides upon the spur tires his horse ere his journey ends, and so is there the later for making such unusual speed. He is like a giddy messenger, who runs away without his errand, and so loses time notwithstanding his nimbleness. When God has laid out man a way, in vain he seeks a nearer one. We see the things we aim at, as travelers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near, at the eye's end, because we do not see the valleys and the brook that interpose. So, thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about through ignorance and incredulity. We go surest when we do not post precipitately. Sudden risings have seldom sound foundations. We might toil less and avail more. What jealous and envious furies gnaw the burning breast of the ambitious fool! What fears and cares affright the starting sleeps of the covetous! If anything happen to warrant them, it crushes him ten times more heavily than it would do the mind of the well-tempered man. All who affect things over-violently do over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Whatsoever I

wish for I will pursue easily, though I do it assiduously. And if I can, the diligence of the hand shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart. So, if it happen well, I shall have more content, as coming less expected. Those joys clasp us with a friendlier arm which steal upon us when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my mind not being set on it will teach me patience under the saddening want. I will cozen pain by not caring for it; and plump my joys by letting them surprise me. As I would not neglect a good when it offers, so I would not fury myself in the search of one.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

THAT SUFFERANCE CAUSETH LOVE

IN NOBLE natures, I never found it fail that those, who suffered for them, they ever greatly loved. Nothing indeed attaches us more strongly to our friend than his having smarted for our sake, or having freely borne the burden which was ours. He has, in a manner, made a purchase of thy life by saving it; and though he forbears to call for it, yet I believe thou owest it him. There is a sympathy of souls, which makes men sensible of each other's sufferances. I know not by what hidden way it is, but I find that love increases by adversity. Ovid confesses it:—

«*Adverso tempore crevit amor.*»

«Love heightens by depression.»

To make two friends entire, we need but plot to make one suffer for the other's sake. For this is always the case with a worthy mind; it grieves more at the misfortune of a friend than it can do for its own. Men often know how to manage a trouble in themselves, how to entertain it; but in another, they are uncertain how it may work. In courtesies rendered us, it is most noble to prize them after the author's intention, if they be mean; but after their effect, if they be great: and when we render them to others, to value them only, as the result may prove them to be beneficial to the receiver.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF DETRACTION

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent: so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues; or, if those virtues be, like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honor than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would show that we loved what we commended; while the latter tells the world we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man, to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely show ourselves more nobly virtuous than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbor, in his absence, is most unseemly conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbor's errors, than in any way expose them. The counsel in the satire I much approve: —

Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

— *Hor.* Sat. I. 4.

"He who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or when attacked by others don't defend;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise;

Of things he never saw, who tells his tale;
And Friendship's secrets knows not to conceal;
This man is vile; here fix your mark;
His soil is black, as his complexion's dark.»

And for the most part, he is as dangerous in another vice as in this. He that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him, can flatter thee as unworthily when thou must hear him. It is usual with him to smooth it in the chamber, who keeps a railing tongue for the hall; besides, it implies a kind of cowardice to speak against another when he is not present to defend himself. The valiant man's tongue, though it never boasteth vainly, yet it is ever the greatest coward in absence; but the coward is never valiant, but then. There is nothing argues Nature more degenerate than her secretly repining at another's merits. Indeed, it is difficult to speak of a man truly, as he is: but, at any rate, I would not detract from the fame of the absent. It is then a time for praise, rather than for reprehension. Let praise be sounded to the spreading air; but chidings whispered in the kissed ear: which teaches us, even while we chide, to love.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF POETS AND POETRY

WORDS are rather the drossy part of poetry; imagination the life of it. The name which the Grecians gave to poets shows how much they honored their art; they called them Makers. And if some of them had had the power to give a reality to their conceits, how nearly would they have come to Deity! Poets who treat of human virtues by proposing things above us, kindle on their readers both wonder and imitation. And certainly such poets Plato never meant to banish. His own practice proves that he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his verses when all the herd had left him; and he himself wrote tragedies and other pieces. There is another name of honor which poets had, and that was *Vates*. I know not how to distinguish between the prophets and the poets of Israel. What are Jeremiah's Lamentations but a kind of sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems, but songs, and raptures of a flaming spirit. One thing recommends poetry

above oratory:—it is ever acceptable to the sharpest wits. He is the best orator who pleases everybody. But that poetry must be poor which all should approve of. If the learned and ingenious like it, let the throng bray. They when it is best will admire it the least. Two things are commonly blamed in poetry, and these are lies and flattery; but it is only to the shallow understanding that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory, or a moral fable, than in a bare narration; and as to flattery, no man should take poetry in its literal sense. Its higher and imaginary descriptions rather show what men should be, than what they are; hyperboles in poetry, not only carry a decency, but even a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in poetry is, that it sometimes corrupts the mind and inflames the passions. To prevent this, let the poet strive to be chaste in his lines, and never profane, immoral, or licentious. When this is attended to, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slack pace of prose. Long poems some cannot admire; and, indeed, they pall upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short, and changing soon their subjects; as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two Comœdians. Poetry should be rather like a coranto, short and nimbly-lofty, than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it be but flat, if distended; when it is good, it concentrates the powers of the mind, and seizes on the spirit of things. Foolish poetry is, of all writing, the most ridiculous. When a goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is a sport alike. He is twice an ass, who is a rhyming one; and he is something the less unwise, who is unwise in prose. If the subject be history, or contexted fable, then I hold it better to put it in prose, or blank verse; for ordinary discourse never shows so well in metre, as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in: the merit consists in doing it to the life. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself, who can play the poet; he can give vent to his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of the weight of them, and in his raptures he often experiences a delight which no man can perceive but himself. Surely, Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he wrote his «Tristia.» I would not follow poetry as a profession, and I would not want it as a recreation.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF WISDOM AND SCIENCE

LEARNING falls far short of wisdom. Nay, so far, that you shall scarcely find a greater fool than is sometimes a mere scholar; he will speak Greek to an ostler, and Latin familiarly to women who understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind; but discretion is the key to it, without which it is useless. The practical part of wisdom is the best. A native genius is beyond industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance; no, not to the greatest clerks. Men commonly write more formally than they practice; and conversing only with books, they fall into affectation and pedantry. He who is made up of the press and the pen shall be sure to be ridiculous. Company and conversation are the best instructors for a noble behavior. What we learn in the study is mostly from imagination and fancy. And how airy must they needs be, who are composed wholly of the fumes, perhaps, of distempered brains! For if they have not judgment enough to amend their conversation, they may well want judgment to choose the worthiest authors. I grant they may know much; and I think any man may do so who hath but memory, and bestows some time in a library. There is a free nobleness of mind which some men are graced with, which far outshines the notions of the formal student; and some men speak more excellently even from nature's self than can the scholar by all the strains of art. How fond and untunable are a freshman's brawls, when we meet with him out of his college! — oftentimes with a long recited sentence quite out of the way; arguments about nothing, or at best niceties; as one would be of Martin's religion, another of Luther's, and so quarrel about their faith. How little invention is required to put false matter into a true syllogism: — *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimisimus? Disputationes istæ, utinam tantum non prodessent; nocent.* O most childish follies! is it for these we knit our brows, and stroke our beards? Would to God these disputations only did not profit us; they are hurtful. In discourse, give me a man who speaks reason rather than authors; sense, rather than a syllogism; his own, rather than another's. He who is continually quoting from others argues a barrenness in himself which forces him to be ever a-borrowing; in the one, a man shows judgment; in the other, reading: and in my opinion it is a greater commendation to say that one is wise than that one is well read. So far I will honor knowl-

edge, as to think that when it meets with an able nature in the mind it is of great advantage. Any man shall speak the better, when he knows what others have said; and sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge gives a confidence to his outward behavior which is, of all other things, the best to grace a man in his carriage.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE EXTENSIVELY GOOD

THE good man's goodness lies not hid in himself alone; he endeavors to strengthen his weaker brother. Good works and good instructions are the productive acts of the soul, out of which spring new posterity to the Church and Gospel. And I am persuaded that to be a means of bringing more to heaven is a desire inseparable from a mind which is rightly disposed. Good men wish all whom they converse with to be like themselves. How ungratefully he slinks away out of life who has done nothing to reflect a glory to heaven! What a barren tree he is that lives and spreads and cumbers the ground, and leaves not one seed, not one good work, to generate after him! I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering to their means. They are dead and withered grains of corn, out of which there does not one ear spring. The physician who hath a sovereign receipt, and dies without revealing it, robs the world of many blessings which might multiply after his death; and leaves this as a truth to all survivors, that he did good to others, but to himself a greater. But how contrary is this to Christianity and the nature of expanded love! I appeal to those minds where grace hath sown more charity. Virtue is distributive, and had rather benefit many, with injury to itself, than bury benefits that may do good to a multitude. I doubt whether he will ever find the way to heaven, who desires to go thither alone. They are envious favorites, that wish their kings to have no loyal subjects but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labor to do what I can.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF JUDGING CHARITABLY

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love; nor any one so good, but some have thought him vile, and hated him. Few are so thoroughly wicked as not to be estimable to some; and few are so just, as not to seem to some unequal: ignorance, envy, and partiality enter much into the opinions that we form of others. Nor can a man, in himself, always appear alike to all. In some, nature has made a disparity; in some, report has blinded judgment; and in others, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate; or, if not these, the variation of the body's humors; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions and attachments, she knows not why. There are impulsive instincts, which urge us to a liking; as if there were some hidden beauty of a more magnetic force than what the eye can see; and this, too, is more powerful at one time than at another. The same man that has now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, at another time has left me unsaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection, and have found it to proceed not from an intended neglect, but from an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion rules the motions of the stirring mind: Like men who walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there are some who vary their behavior out of pride, and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish; for there is no disposition but has a varnished vizor, as well as an unpenciled face. Some people deceive the world; are bad, but are not thought so; in some, the world is deceived, believing them ill, when they are not. I have known the world at large, to fall into an error. Though report once vented, like a stone cast into a pond, begets circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank that bounds it: yet fame often plays the cur, and opens when she springs no game. Why should I positively condemn any man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, art, report, may all fail; yea, oftentimes even probabilities. There is no certain way to discover man, but by time and conversation. Every man may be said in some sort, to have two souls; one, the internal mind; the other, the outward face, and body's gesture. And how infinitely in some do they differ! I

have known a wise look hide a fool, and a merry face conceal a discontented soul. Every man, if it pleases him, can keep his mind in a labyrinth. The heart of man, to man is inscrutable. Again, one man shows himself to me; to another he is shut up. No man can either like all, or be liked of all. God himself doth not please all. Nay, as men are, I think it may stand with Divinity to say he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find him; if I hear he has acted ill to others, I will beware of him, but not condemn him, till I hear his own apology.

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus est.
—*Sen.* Med. 2.

"Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good justicer."

The nature of many men is abstruse, and not to be found out at once. I will not be too ready to believe the reports of others, nor will I censure any man whom I know not internally, but with sparingness and caution.

Complete. From "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political."

THAT A WISE MAN MAY GAIN BY ANY COMPANY

As there is no book so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something for his benefit; so is there no company so bad, but a wise man may learn from it something to make himself better. Vice is of such a toady complexion, that she naturally teaches the soul to hate her. So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of man, that even the sight of vice in others is like a warning arrow shot to make us take heed. When she thinks by publishing herself to procure a train of followers, God, by his secret working, makes her turn her weapons against herself, and strongly plead for her adversary, Virtue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foul acts keep virtue from the charms of vice.

I confess I learn by nothing more to correct faults in myself than by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who can help thinking what a nasty beast he would be in drunkenness, that hath seen how disgustful it has made another? Who will

not abhor a choleric passion, and saucy pride in himself, who sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them? Can I be so besottedly blind as to believe others should not spy those vices in me, which I can behold in them? Though the bad man be the worse for having vice before his eyes, yet the good man is the better for it,—for all that he sees is ill. It is certain, neither example nor precept (unless in matters wholly religious), can be absolute guides to the truly wise man. It is only a knowing, and a practical judgment of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life; in the bustle of the world; in the twitches and the twirls of human affairs. Example and precept may help us in generals, but cannot be sufficient in particulars. No man can leave his successor rules for severals, because he knows not how the times will be. He that lives always by book rules shall show himself affected and a fool. I will do that which I see comely (so it be not dishonest), rather than what a grave philosopher commands me to the contrary. I will take what I see is fitting, from any; but I think there was never any one man that lived to be a perfect guide of perfection. We feed not the body with the food of one dish only; nor does the sedulous bee gather from one flower's single virtues. She takes the best from many; and, together, she makes them serve, working that to honey which the putrid spider would convert to poison. Thus should the wise man do. This, however, rather teaches him to love the good than to avoid that which is offensive. Those who are thoroughly skilled in navigation are as well acquainted with the coasts as the ocean; with the flaws, the sands, the shallows, and the rocks, as the secure depths in the safest channel. And those who are perfect men (I speak of perfection since the Fall), must as well know the bad, that they may avoid it, as the good, that they may embrace it. Surely we shall know Virtue the better, by seeing that which she is not. If we could pass the world, without meeting Vice, then, the knowledge of virtue would alone be sufficient; but it is not possible to live, and not encounter her. I wish no man to know her either by use, or by intrusion; but being unwittingly thrown in her way, let him observe her warily for his own more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou can'st make another man's vices steps for thee, to climb to heaven by. The wise physician makes a poison medicinable. Even the mud of the world, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to useful fuel. If I light on good

company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirm me in my liked old good habits. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their faults, correct those I myself have, or shun those that I might have. As the mariner who hath sea room can make any wind serve, to set him forward in his voyage, so a wise man may take advantage from any company, to set himself forward in the course of virtue. Vice is subtle, and designing, for her own preferment; why should not Virtue be plotting for her's? It requires policy to grow good, as well as great. There is an innocent providence, as well as the slyness of a vulpine craft. There are vices to be displaced, which would stop us in the way of our rise. There are parties to be made on our side, to uphold us when we are declining, through the undue arts of our unjust maligners. There is a king to be pleased, who may protect us against the shock of the envious plebeians, the reigning humors of the times which plead custom and not reason. We must have intelligencers abroad, to learn what practices, our enemy, Sin, has on foot against us; and beware what suits we entertain, lest we dishonor ourselves in their grant. Every good man is an embassador here for heaven; and he must be wise and circumspect, to render vain the artful designs of those who would undo him. And, as those who are so for the kingdoms of the earth will gain something from all societies that they may fall into, so those who are so for the higher empire of the other world may gather something beneficial from all whom they shall converse with, either for prevention or confirmation, either to strengthen themselves or confound their opposers.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF SUSPICION

SUSPICIONS are sometimes founded in judgment. He who knows the world bad cannot but suspect it will be so still; but suspicion, for the most part, proceeds from a self-defect,—and then gnaws the mind. He knows he deserves not to be considered ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so? We may observe how a man is disposed by gathering what he doubts in others. St. Chrysostom has given the rule: *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: sic difficile aliquem*

suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est. As the good man is not inclined to think evil of another, so the bad man is not disposed to think well of him. — Nero would not believe but all men were lascivious. By suspecting that to be which we see not, we intimate to the world either what our own lives have been, or what our dispositions are. Jealousy is the worst kind of madness. We seek for that which we would not find; or, if we do, what is it we get but matter of vexation? which we come so basely by, that we are ashamed to own it. So we are forced to keep it boiling in our breasts like new wine to the hazard of the hogshead, for want of venting. Jealousy is a gin which we set to catch serpents, and which, as soon as we have caught them, they sting us. Are we not mad, who being at peace, must needs go in search of discontentments? So far should we be from seeking them, that, generally speaking, we ought to be careless of those we find. Neglect kills an injury sooner than revenge. When Socrates was told that one railed at him, Let him, said he, beat me too; so I be absent I care not. He that will question every unpleasant word which he hears spoken of him shall have few friends, has but little wit, and will have much trouble. When Chrysippus was informed that his friend reproached him privately, he replied, Aye, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in public. We are all sure to meet with vexation enough which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves sorrow so well as, in his discretion, to invite it to dwell in his heart. Did not Pompey do well to commit those letters to the fire before he read them, in which he expected to find the cause of his grief? I will never unworthily try to come at a knowledge of that which can only occasion me trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that which we are ashamed to be caught in doing? If I hear anything by accident which may benefit me, I will, if I can, profit by it: but I will never lie in wait for my own abuse or for the abuse of others, which concerns me not; nor will I flame at every vain tongue's puff. He has a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind; nay, though I were told them, I would not know the author, for by this I may mend myself without revenging myself upon the person.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF FEAR AND COWARDICE

THOSE who are of fearful dispositions, of all others would seem the least beholden to nature. I know not anything wherein they can be more unfortunate. They enjoy nothing without an affrighted mind; no, not so much as their sleep; they doubt what they have done, lest it may hurt them; they tremble at the present; and evils which are but merely possible, they anticipate and bring upon them. It were well if they only feared more miseries than other people; but it is plain that the coward really meets more evils. Every base nature will be ready to offer injuries, where they think they will not be resented. He will often beat a coward who would not dare to strike him if he thought him to be possessed of spirit. When the passenger gallops by, as if his fear made him speedy, the cur will eagerly follow him with an open mouth; let him but walk by in a confident ease, and the dog will not stir at him. Fear greatly deceives us, as well in making us falsely believe we avoid dangers by flying, as in representing everything to us in an unfavorable view. All diseases are belied by fear; and we know there are some, who out of the fear of death have died. In a battle we often see the valiant man escape in safety by steadily keeping his rank; while the coward, by shifting to avoid danger, runs into many. *Multos in summa pericula misit venturi timor ipse mali.* Certainly I have studied in vain to find out what a coward is good for. I never heard of any act becoming virtue that ever came from him. All the noble deeds which have been achieved through successive ages have proceeded from men of courage. And I believe their confidence has oftentimes been their security. An unappalled look will, of itself, daunt a base attempter; and, if a man has nothing but a courageous eye, it will frequently protect him. The brave soul knows no trembling. Cæsar spake like Cæsar when he bade the mariners fear nothing, for that they carried him and his fortunes. And, indeed, valor casts a kind of honor upon God; for it shows that we believe in his goodness, while we trust ourselves, in danger, to his care only; whereas the coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting whether God will bring him off;—so unjustly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own savior and become his own confounder: for when man mistrusts God, it is just with

God to leave man. Themistocles compared a coward to the sword-fish, which has a weapon, but wants a heart; and then what use can the quaking hand put it to? Nay, when he would fly, cowardice hinders him from playing the coward; he would run away, but fear arrests him with a senseless amazement, and betrays him into the hands of the foe. No armor can defend a fearful heart. It may be observed of other passions that they are grounded upon things which are: as envy upon happiness, rage upon injury, love upon beauty, and so of the rest; but fear is founded upon things which are not. It coins mischiefs which neither exist, nor can exist. Thus, having no object to bound it, it runs on *ad infinitum* and cannot be checked by any condition of life. Let the coward have a guard, and he fears that; let him have none, and he will be fearful for want of it. I have known some who ought to have been as happy as the world could make them; and their own needless apprehensions have made their lives more bitter than his who was in want of almost every earthly advantage. How much are they to be pitied, who, through a weak, vexatious, and unprofitable passion, quite destroy the blessings of a fair estate! Some things I may doubt, and endeavor to shun; but I would never fear them to servility. If I can keep but reason lord, fear will serve and benefit me: but when fear gets the rule, it will domineer insultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undaunted with some troubles, than a pulse still beating with fear in the flush of prosperity.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF ILL COMPANY

CERTAINLY if there be any Delilah under heaven, it is to be found in bad society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good, who is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be ill, will not thy life be so too? Even waters change their qualities, by running through a different vein of earth. No man but hath good and bad in his nature, either of which gain strength, as they meet with their like, or decline, as they find their opposite. When vice runs in a single stream, it is then a passable shallow; but when many streams shall fall into

one, they swell into a deeper channel, and we are drowned in them. Good and wise associates are like princes in defensive leagues; one defends the other against the devices of the common foe. Vicious ones are like the treacherous lantern in 1688, which, under pretense of guiding us, will draw us into danger, and betray us into the hands of our enemies. The fiction of the sirens, may, in its moral, be considered as meant to show the blandishing arts by which sinful men entice others to destruction. I know physicians may converse with sick persons and themselves remain uninfected, but then they must have stronger antidotes than their own nature gives them One rotten apple will infect the store; the putrid grape corrupts the whole sound cluster. Though I am no hermit, and desire not to sit away my days in a dull cell, yet I would rather choose to have no companion than a bad one. If I have found any good ones, I will cherish them as the choicest of men, or as angels, which are sent as guardians to me; if I have any bad ones I will study to lose them, lest by keeping them I lose myself in the end.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF THE TEMPER OF AFFECTIONS

EVERY man is a vast and spacious sea; his passions are the winds which make him swell and foam; sometimes the west of pleasure fans him with luxurious gales; sometimes the moist south makes him sorrowful and full of tears; sometimes the sharp east pierces him with a testy spleen; sometimes the violent and blustering north swells his cheek with anger's boiling blood. Any of these, in extremes, makes the waters become unnavigable, and full of danger to the vessel which shall sail upon them. When these winds are too loud, it is perilous; but when again they are all laid in the stillness of a quiet calm, it is useless; and though such a state of weather is, in itself, less dangerous than any other, yet it is far from availing, to the profit of a voyage, and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, than coast it over, for the advantage of their mart. Surely the man who is always still and reposed in his own thoughts is at best but a piece of deadened charity. I care not

for the insensible stoic, there is a sect between him and the epicure. An unmoved man is but a living statue, harmless and unprofitable. Fury, however, is a worse extreme than passiveness; for, besides the trouble it brings on others, it always leads the author into successive mischiefs: —

Caret eventu nimius furor.
— *Claudian.*

"Rage knows not when, nor how to end."

I neither like a devouring stork, nor a Jupiter's log. Man is not fit for conversation when his passions hurry him into an odious violence, nor when they are all laid asleep in a silent and unstirring calm. The sea is best in a pleasant gale; and so is man, when his passions are alive without raging. God implanted passions in the soul, as he gave his talents in the Gospel; neither to be lavished impetuously, nor to be buried in a napkin. We may warm ourselves at these fires, though we burn not. Man without any is no better than a speaking stone. Cato's best emperor was, *qui potuit imperare affectibus;* he does not say, *deponere.* Moderate passions are the most affable expressions of humanity, without which the soul finds nothing like itself to love. A horse too hot and fiery is the danger of his rider, one too dull is his trouble; and as the first will not endure any man, so the last will be endured by no man. The one will suffer none to back him, the other admits every child to abuse him. A good temper is a sure expression of a well-composed soul. Our wild passions are like so many lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the bar. Discretion is the lord keeper of man, who sits as judge and moderates their contentions. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature: it advances his height, but renders him more liable to falls. The flat sole walks more surely, though it takes from the gracefulness of the wearer; yet, being too low, it is apt to bemire the foot. A little elevation is the best mediocrity; it is both raised from the earth, and sure. I will neither walk so lifted as to occasion falling, nor so dejected as at every step to take soil. As I care not to be the cap of the company, so I would not be earth, or the fool's football

Complete. From "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political."

THAT RELIGION IS THE BEST GUIDE

NO MAN can live conveniently unless he propounds something to himself that may bound the whole course of his actions. There must be something for him to fly to beyond the reach of his caviling senses and corrupted reason; otherwise, he will waver in his ways and ever be in a doubtful unsettledness. If he takes policy, that is both endless and uncertain, and oftentimes depends more upon circumstances than upon the main act. What to-day is good is to-morrow unsaving; what benefits one may be the undoing of another. Besides, policy is not a flower which grows in every man's garden. All the world is not made up of wit and stratagem. If it were, policy would then be but a fight of wit, a brain war; and in all wars how doubtful, and how unsure is victory! The cunning of Œdipus in resolving the Sphinx's riddle only betrayed him into the fatal marriage of his mother. Though Palamedes discovered the feigned madness of Ulysses, yet Ulysses afterwards, by hidden gold and forged letters, found means to have him stoned, even while he pretended to defend him. No man has an exclusive monopoly of craft. Again, craft in private individuals is infinitely limited both in respect of means and lawfulness. Even those who have allowed deceit to be lawful in princes have yet condemned it as sinful in private persons. And if a man take Nature for his guide, she is obscure and insufficient; nor, if she were sufficient, could we have her pure. Custom hath so mingled her with art that we can hardly separate the one from the other. Nature and policy are but sinking floors, which will fail us when our weight is on them. Reason is contradicting, and so is nature; and so is religion, if we measure it by either of these; but faith, being the rule of it, places it above the cavils of imagination, and so subjects both the others to it. This being above all, is that only, which, setting limits to all our actions, can confine us to a settled rest. Policy governs the world; nature, policy; but religion, all. The first two I may use as counselors, hear what they say, and weigh it; but the last must be my sovereign. They are to religion what the Apocrypha is to the Bible; they are good things, and may be bound up and read with it; but must be rejected when they cross the canonical text. God is the summit of man's happiness; and religion is the way to it. Till we arrive at him, we are but vapors, tossed about by inconstant winds.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF THE SOUL

CICERO is there divine, where he says, *Credo Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora;* and where he further says, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cum exissent ex iis, emori.* I could never think souls live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart from them. Seneca raises the idea still higher, and asks, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem?* What other canst thou think it, but God dwelling in the flesh of man? Conscience, the character of a god stamped in it, and the apprehension of eternity, all prove it to be a shoot of everlastingness. Those who say that the soul is not immortal, yet that it is good for men to think it so, thereby to awe them from vice, and incite them to virtue, even by that argument reason against themselves. Let those who believe not in its immortality be plunged in the horrors of a wounded conscience, and then let them tell me whether they believe in it or not. It is certain, man has a soul; and as certain that it is immortal. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it, I confess my human reason could never inform me, so as fully to explain it to my own apprehension. O my God! what a clod of moving ignorance is man! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himself is; when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it! Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very inwards of obscured nature; he is yet to seek how to define this inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder; this ray of thee, this emanation of thy Deity! Let it then be sufficient for me that God has given me a soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it; though he be not accountable to make me understand either how I had it, or what it is. Why should I strive to know that which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an atom? Can he grasp a flame, or lay hold of lightning? I am sure I have a soul, and am commanded to keep it from sin. O thou, the God of that little god within me, my soul! let me do that, and I know thou art not such an enemy to ignorance in man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets than his search of them.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

A FRIEND AND ENEMY,—WHEN MOST DANGEROUS

I WILL take heed both of a speedy friend and a slow enemy. Love is never lasting which flames before it burns; and hate, like wetted coals, throws a fiercer heat when fire gets the mastery. As quick wits have seldom sound judgments which should make them continue, so friendship kindled suddenly is rarely found to consist with the durability of affection. Enduring love is ever built on virtue, which no man can see in another at once. He that fixes upon her shall find a beauty which will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that love which, by a soft ascension, by degrees possesses itself of the soul. As for an enemy who is long a-making, he is much the worse for being ill no sooner. He hates not without cause who is unwilling to hate at all.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

OF PREACHING

THE defect of preaching has made the pulpit slighted; I mean the much bad oratory we find come from it. It is a wonder to me how men can preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter,—as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason why so high a princess as Divinity is should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he who speaks from the Father of Languages should deliver his embassage in an ill one. A man can never speak too well while he speaks not obscurely. Long and diffusive sentences are both tedious to the ear and difficult to retain. A sentence well couched takes both the senses and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches, which are longer than the memory of man can fathom. I see not but that divinity, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry. They are sermons, but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. He answered well that, after often asking, said still, that action was the chief part of an orator. Surely that oration is most powerful where the tongue is eloquent, and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the

mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion: Fit words are better than fine ones: I like not those which are injudiciously employed, but such as are expressively pertinent,—which lead the mind to something beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus must not look to speak thus every day. A kembed oration will cost both labor and the rubbing of the brain. And kembed I wish it, not frizzled or curled. Divinity should not be wanton. Harmless jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern than the majesty of the temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. I admire the valor of some men who, before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains than they have done in their library. But having done this, I wonder not that they there spend sometimes three hours, only to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines that, like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor is matter all, nor gesture; yet, together they are. It is very moving in an orator when the soul seems to speak as well as the tongue. St. Augustine says Tully was admired more for his tongue than his mind, Aristotle more for his mind than his tongue, but Plato for both. And surely nothing is more necessary in an oration than a judgment able well to conceive and utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things to confound the wise: yet I see not but, in all times, attention has been paid to language. And even the Scriptures (though not the Hebrew) I believe are penned in a tongue of deep expression, wherein almost every word has a metaphorical sense, which illustrates by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch! How philosophical Job! How massy and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs! How grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes; that in the world there is not such another dissection of the world as it! How were the Jews astonished at Christ's doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the bar; in disputation how subtle! And he who reads the Fathers shall find them as if written with a fine pen. . . . I wish no man to be too dark and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain; and some have found it. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain if he has none to hear him but a nonintelligent. They that speak to children assume a pretty lisping. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue which can charm even the rude and untaught. Eloquence is a bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the

monster of the world, the people. The affections of the hearer depend upon the tongue of the speaker.

Flet, si flere jubes; gaudet, gaudere coactus:
Et te dante, capit Judex quum non habet iram.
—*Lucan.*

"Thou may'st give smiles, or tears which joys do blot;
Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not."

I grieve that anything so excellent as divinity should fall into a sluttish handling. Surely, though other obstructions do eclipse her, yet this is a principal one. I never yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it. I will honor her in her plain trim; but I would desire her in her graceful jewels,—not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is thereby rendered more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot overlove, I can well endure that art which is a means to heighten liking.

Complete. From "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political."

ON MAN'S SELF

THERE was never a sounder truth than *Nemo læditur nisi a se ipso.* Had we the command of our own passions and affections, outward occasions might exercise our virtues, but could not injure them. There is a way to be wise and good, in spite of occasions. We cannot be drawn into evil courses, if we help not ourselves forward. It is our inside that undoes us. When men strive to entrap and ensnare us, they do but second our own inclinations; and if they did not see a kind of encouragement from ourselves they would never dare to attempt it. When men fall upon things which go against the genius of the mind, they then work in vain; but when the flatteries of others shall join with the great flatterer, a man's self, he is then in the way to be wrought upon. It is true there is sometimes a self-constancy which is not to be tempted. In Athens there may be one Phocion to refuse the gold of Harpalus and Alexander; but this indeed is rare, and worthy of being magnified. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens.* But generally we are the authors of our own ruin; if not totally, yet primarily. A man's

own heart is as arch a traitor as any he can meet with: we trust it too much, and know it too little; and while we think it sure-footed, it slides, and does deceive us. The wise man should ever therefore maintain a double watch: one, to keep his heart from extravagancies; the other, to keep the enemy from approaching it. If they keep asunder, the harm is prevented; or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt whether the offense be punishable, though the act be committed. It is no fault to let the thief have our purse, when we cannot help it. In the old law the ravished woman was to be freed; for, says the text, There is in her no cause of death. *Qui volens injuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* It is not the necessitated, but the willing ill that stains. Even actual sins have so far a dependency on the heart's approbation, as that alone can vitiate or excuse the act. While we keep the heart steady, our enemies can much less hurt us. The reason of which is, that it is not in man to compel it. The mind of man, from man, is not capable of a violation. Whom then can I tax for my own yielding, but myself? No man has power over my mind, unless I myself give it him. So that this I think certain, that no man falls by free action, but is faulty in something; at least in some circumstance, though excusable in the most important. I know calumny and conjecture may injure innocence itself. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge should make us give a certain judgment; for fame and air are both too weak foundations for truth to build upon. All the precepts of wisdom we meet with are given us to guard against ourselves; and, undoubtedly, he who can do it is rising towards Deity. Listen to the harp of Horace:—

Latius regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.
—Lib. II., Ode ii.

«By virtue's precepts to control
The thirsty cravings of the soul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine.»

One eye I will sure have for without; the other I will cast within me; and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my prayer that I may ever be delivered from myself. *A me, me salva, Domine!* shall be one petition I will add to the litany of my beseechings.

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

ON INSULT

IT IS not safe to insult over any one: for as there is no creature so little but may do us a mischief, so there is no man so low but he may occasion our smart. The spider can poison, the ant can sting; even the fly can trouble our patience. Nature has put a kind of a vindictive justice into all sensitive creatures by which in some measure they can return an injury. If they do not always, it is only because they are not able. Man has both a more able and more impatient soul; and though reason teaches him not to be furious, yet it nevertheless teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of injury often awake extremities of revenge,—especially if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in ourselves; for despair will make a coward bold and daring. Nor is it inconsistent with reason that great patience urged beyond itself should turn into fiercest rage. The bow which is hardest to bend sends out an arrow with most force. Neglect an enemy, but condemn him not. Contempt unbridles fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So Lipsius has it: *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, et efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas, et tentes.* It is not good too far to pursue a victory. Sigismund says truly, He hath conquered well who hath made his enemies fly: we may beat them to a desperate resistance which may ruin us. He is, the wrong way, high, who scorns a man below him for his lowness. Man cannot be so much above man as that his superiority should legitimate his scorn. Thou knowest not what may show itself when thy contempt awakens the lion of a sleeping mind. Greatness in any man makes not his injury more lawful, but the greater. Man is, *animal generosissimum:* and though he be content to subject himself to another's commands, yet he will not endure his braves. A lash given to the soul will provoke more than the body's cruel torture. Derision makes the peasant brave the prince. When

Augustus saw one like himself, and asked him in a scoff if his mother was never at Rome? the boy answered, No; but my father was. When Julian mockingly asked the reverend and aged blind Ignatius why he went not into Galilee to recover his sight, his reply was, I am contented to be blind, that I may not see such a tyrant as thou art. We are all here fellow-servants; and we know not how our grand master will brook insolencies in his family. How darest thou that art but a piece of earth which heaven has blown into arrogate to thyself the impudent usurpation of a Majesty unshaken? Thou canst not sit upon so high a cog but it may, in turning, prove the lowest in the wheel; and therefore thou wouldst do well to think of the measure that thou wouldst then have given thee. If we have enemies, it is better we deserve to have their friendship than to despise or irritate them. No man's weakness shall occasion a greater weakness in me; that of proudly condemning him. The bodies and souls of both of us have the same original nature: If I have anything beyond another, it is not my merit, but God's goodness to me; and he, by time and means, may have as much or more than I. Why should one man despise another man because he is better furnished with that which is none of his own?

Complete. From «Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.»

FÉNELON.

After the Portrait by Vivien

THIS portrait of **Fénelon** is a work of genius full of the inspiration of his character. The singular sweetness which shows in the face, especially in the eyes, belongs to his life in all that he did, wrote, or said. That such an intellect should have been developed in the most dissolute age of France is one of the contradictions which make the history of the French intellect at once so attractive and so hard to understand.

FRANCOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

(1651–1715)

FÉNELON was born at the Château de Fénelon, Dordogne, France, August 6th, 1651, in a century which produced the most famous pulpit orators of modern times. Fénelon himself belonged to the group of great preachers who made the French pulpit of the age of Louis XIV. illustrious, but he is even more celebrated for his "Telemachus" and other writings than for his oratory. Among his important prose works are "Telemachus," "Dialogues of the Dead," "Treatise on the Education of Girls," "Lives of the Philosophers," "Dialogues on Eloquence," and "The Existence of God." He wrote his "Dialogues of the Dead," as well as the more celebrated "Telemachus," for the education of the young Duke of Burgundy. In 1695 he was appointed Archbishop of Cambrai, but the dignity did not deprive him of the sweetness of disposition which characterized his life, as it does his writings. He died January 7th, 1715. His style as a prose writer is so greatly admired by his countrymen that for French prose he is said to be what Racine is among the writers of French verse.

MEMORABILIA OF DIOGENES

DIOGENES the Cynic, son of Isecius, a banker, was born about the ninety-first Olympiad, in Sinope, a city of Paphlagonia. He was accused of having forged money in concert with his father; and Isecius was arrested and died in prison.

Alarmed at the fate of his father, Diogenes fled to Athens. On arriving in that city, he inquired for Antisthenes; but the latter having resolved never to receive a scholar, repulsed him and beat him off with his stick. Diogenes was by no means discouraged at this treatment. "Strike, fear not," said he to him, bowing his head; "you shall never find a stick hard enough to make me run off so long as you continue to speak." Overcome at length by his importunity, Antisthenes yielded, and permitted him to become his scholar.

Banished from his native country, and without resources, Diogenes was reduced to great indigence. Perceiving a mouse one day running briskly up and down, without any fear of being surprised by the approach of night, without any anxiety about a lodging place, and even without thinking of food, this reconciled him to his misery. He thereupon resolved to live at his ease and without constraint, and to dispense with everything which was not absolutely necessary for the preservation of life; he accordingly doubled his cloak, that, by rolling himself upon it, it might serve the twofold purpose of a bed and a coverlet.

His movables consisted of a bag, a jug, and a staff; and wherever he went, he always carried his furniture along with him. His stick, however, he used only when he went to the country, or on some emergency; persons really lame, he said, were neither the deaf nor the blind, but those who had no bag.

He always went barefoot, nor did he wear sandals even when the ground was covered with snow; he endeavored also to accustom himself to eat raw flesh, but this was a point of perfection to which he could never arrive.

He entreated a person of his acquaintance to afford him some little hole in his lodging, to which he might occasionally retire; but, as he was dilatory in giving him a positive answer, he took possession of an earthen tub, which he always carried about with him, and which was the only house he ever had. . . .

He ate, and slept, and spoke without the slightest regard to circumstances, wherever chance placed him. Pointing one time to Jupiter's porticoes, he exclaimed: "What an excellent dining room have the Athenians there built for me!"

He sometimes made this remark: "When I consider the rulers, the physicians, the philosophers that the world contains, I am tempted to think man considerably elevated by his wisdom above the brutes; but when, on the other hand, I behold augurs, interpreters of dreams, and people who can be inflated with pride on account of their riches or honors, I cannot help looking upon him as the most foolish of all animals."

In taking a walk one day, he noticed a child drinking from the hollow of his hand, and became quite angry with himself at the sight. "What!" he exclaimed, "do children know better than I with what things a man should be contented?" Upon which he took his jug from the bag and instantly broke it in pieces as a superfluous article. . . .

Diogenes was one day discoursing on a very serious and important subject, when every one passed by without giving himself the least concern about what he was saying; upon this he began to sing, and the people then crowding about him he at once seized the opportunity to give them a severe reprimand, that they would flock around him and attend with eagerness to a mere trifle, while they would not for a moment listen to things of the greatest consequence.

He expressed his astonishment at the folly of critics, in tormenting themselves so much to discover all the woes which Ulysses had suffered, while for their own miseries they had not the slightest concern.

He blamed musicians for taking so much pains to adjust and tune their instruments, while they never once thought of regulating their own minds, with which they should have begun.

He censured mathematicians for amusing themselves with contemplating the sun, moon, and stars, when they were at the same time ignorant of things at their feet. He no less severely inveighed against the orators, who paid great attention to speaking well, but gave themselves very little concern about acting well.

He bitterly reproved those misers who make great pretenses to disinterestedness, and even praise those who despise riches, while their only object is to amass money. . . .

Plato was one day entertaining some friends of Dionysius the tyrant. Diogenes entering, fell upon his knees on a beautiful carpet with which the floor was covered: "I kneel," said he, "to the pride of Plato." "Yes," replied the latter, "you do, Diogenes, but it is from another species of pride."

A sophist, wishing to display to Diogenes the subtility of his parts, thus addressed him: "You are not what I am. I am a man; and, consequently, you are not a man." "This reasoning would have been perfectly just," replied Diogenes, "had you begun with saying that you are not what I am; for then you must have concluded that you are yourself no man."

He was asked in what part of Greece he had seen wise men. "In Lacedæmonia," said he, "I have seen children, but never could discover any men."

Walking out one day at noon, with a lighted torch in his hand, he was asked what he was in search of: "I am seeking," said he, "for a man"; and on another occasion, he called out in the middle of the street, "Ho! men, men." A great many peo-

ple assembling round him, Diogenes beat them away with his stick, saying, "I was calling for men."

Demosthenes, as he was dining one day in a tavern, observed Diogenes passing, upon which he endeavored to conceal himself; but Diogenes perceiving him, said: "Do not try to conceal yourself; for the more you secrete yourself in a tavern, the further you penetrate into it." On another occasion he saw some strangers who had come on purpose to see Demosthenes "There!" said Diogenes, going straight up to them, and with a sneer pointing him out, "there he is! observe — mark him well; this is the great orator of Athens."

He one day entered, half shaven, into a company of young people who were enjoying themselves. After receiving a sound beating, he thought it prudent to retire; but, to revenge himself, he wrote on a small piece of paper the names of those who had beaten him, and, attaching it to one of his shoulders, went out into the streets to expose them, and bring them into contempt.

A very bad man one day reproached him for his poverty: "I never saw any one punished," said he, "for being poor, but I have seen many hanged for being villains."

He used to remark that things of the greatest value were often least esteemed; that while a statue, for example, cost three thousand crowns, a bushel of flour might be had for twenty pence. When ready to go into a bath one day he found the water very dirty: "Where," said he, "are we to wash after bathing here?"

Diogenes was once taken prisoner by the Macedonians, near Chæronea, and being brought to Philip, he asked him what he was: "I am," he replied, "the witness of your insatiable greed." The king was so pleased with this answer that he gave him his liberty, and allowed him to return.

Diogenes considered that the wise could never be in want of anything, and that the whole world was at their disposal "Everything," said he, "belongs to the gods; the wise are the friends of the gods; but among friends all things are common: consequently, all things belong to the wise." Whenever, therefore, he stood in need of anything, he used to say that he demanded it for a friend of the gods.

Alexander, passing through Corinth, had a curiosity to see Diogenes, who happened to be there at the time; he found him basking in the sun in the grove of Craneum, where he was mending his tub. "I am," said he to him, "the great king Alexander."

«And I,» replied the philosopher, «am the dog Diogenes.» «Are you not afraid of me?» continued Alexander. «Are you good or bad?» asked Diogenes. «Good,» rejoined Alexander. «And who need be afraid of one that is good?» answered Diogenes.

Alexander admired the penetration and freedom of Diogenes; and after some conversation he said to him: «I see, Diogenes, that you are in want of many things, and I shall be happy to serve you; ask of me what you will.» «Retire, then, a little to one side,» replied Diogenes; «you are depriving me of the sun.»

It is no wonder that Alexander stood astonished at seeing a man so completely above every human concern. «Which of the two is richer,» continued Diogenes: «he who is content with his cloak and his bag, or he for whom a whole kingdom does not suffice, and who is daily exposing himself to a thousand dangers in order to extend it?» The courtiers of the king were indignant that so great a monarch should thus honor such a dog as Diogenes, who did not even rise from his place. Alexander perceived it, and, turning about to them, said: «Were I not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes.»

As Diogenes was one day going to Ægina, he was taken by pirates, who brought him to Crete and exposed him to sale. He did not appear to be in the least disconcerted, nor to feel the slightest uneasiness on account of his misfortune; but seeing one Xeniades, a corpulent and well-dressed man, «I must be sold to that person,» he exclaimed, «for I perceive he needs a master. Come, child,» said he to Xeniades, as he was advancing to examine him, «come, child, buy a man.»

Being asked what he could do, he said he had the talent of commanding men. «Crier,» said he, «call out in the market, If any one needs a master, let him come here and purchase one.» The person selling him desired him not to sit. «Why, what matters it?» said Diogenes; «people buy fish in any posture; and it is very surprising that, though one will not buy even a pot without ringing it to know whether it be good metal, he will buy a man upon simply seeing him.» When the price had been fixed, he said to Xeniades: «Though I am now your slave, you must prepare to obey my will; for whether I serve you as physician or steward, as a slave or freeman, it matters not, my will must be done.»

Xeniades confided to him the instruction of his children, a trust which Diogenes discharged with great fidelity. He made

them commit to memory the finest passages of the poets, and also an abridgment of his own philosophy, which he drew up on purpose for them; he saw that they exercised themselves in running, wrestling, hunting, and horsemanship, and in the use of the bow and the sling; accustomed them to a very plain fare, and in their ordinary meals to drink nothing but water; had their heads closely shaven, and brought them with him into the streets carelessly dressed, and frequently without sandals or tunics. These children had a great affection for their teacher, and took particular care to recommend him to their parents.

While Diogenes was in slavery, some of his friends used their interest to procure him his liberty. «Fools!» said he, «you are jesting; do you not know that the lion is not the slave of those who feed him? They who feed him are his slaves.» . . .

He was reproached by one for having coined base money. «It is true,» said Diogenes, «that the time was when I was what you are now; but the time will never come that you will be what I am now.»

Aristippus fell in with him one day when he was washing his herbs. «Diogenes,» said he to him, «if you knew how to make yourself agreeable to kings, you would not give yourself the trouble to wash herbs.» «And,» replied Diogenes, «if you knew the pleasure there is in washing herbs, you would not give yourself the trouble to please kings.»

On another occasion he went into the school of a master who had very few scholars, but a great many figures of the muses and other divinities; «Counting the gods,» said Diogenes to him, «you have a goodly number of scholars.»

«To what country do you belong?» inquired one of him. «I am,» replied he, «a citizen of the world»; hinting by this that a wise man should have no predilection for any particular country.

Seeing a spendthrift passing, he asked him for a mina. «Why,» said the other, «do you ask a mina of me, when you are content with an obolus from another?» «Because,» said he, «they will give me something again; but it is very doubtful whether you will have it a second time in your power.»

He was asked whether death were an evil. «Impossible!» he said, «seeing we do not feel it even when present.»

Seeing an awkward fellow draw his bow, he immediately ran in before him: the person demanding of him why he did it, «For fear you should hit me,» he replied.

Antisthenes being dangerously ill, Diogenes went to see him. "Do you need a friend?" said he to him; signifying by this that it is especially in affliction that true friends are wanted, for Diogenes knew that Antisthenes bore his distress with impatience.

He went to him at another time with a poniard under his cloak. "Ah!" said Antisthenes to him on this occasion, "ah! what will deliver me from these excruciating pains?" "This," exclaimed Diogenes, holding out the weapon. "I wish to be delivered from my malady," said Antisthenes, "not to be deprived of my life."

Diogenes was told that a great many people made him the object of their ridicule. "What matters it?" he replied; "suppose they do; and so asses, when they show their teeth and grin, and seem to laugh, probably intend to ridicule them." "But," it was rejoined, "they give themselves no trouble about the asses." "Neither do I," he said, "give myself any trouble about them."

He was one day asked why every one called him a dog. "Because," said he, "I flatter those who give me something, bark at those who give me nothing, and bite the wicked."

Being asked at another time to what species of the dog he belonged, "When hungry," said he, "I partake of the nature of a greyhound, and caress everybody; but when my belly is full I belong to the mastiff kind, and bite everybody I meet."

Diogenes observing the rhetorician Anaximenes passing by, who was very fat and portly, "Give me," said he to him, "a little of your redundant flesh; it will greatly oblige me, and ease you of a most uncomfortable burden." When reproached for eating in the streets and market places he replied, "I am seized with hunger there as well as in other places."

Returning from Lacedæmonia to Athens, he was asked from whence he came. "I have come," said he, "from among men, and I am going among women." . . .

The whole world, he said, was in slavery; that, while slaves obey their masters, the masters themselves are slaves to their passions.

He was one day asked where he chose to be buried after his death. "In an open field," he replied. "How!" said one; "are you not afraid of becoming food for birds of prey and wild beasts?" "Then I must have my stick with me," said Diogenes, "to drive them away when they come." "But," resumed the other "you will be devoid of all sensation." "If that be the

case," he answered, "it is no matter whether they eat me or not, seeing I shall be insensible to it."

Some say that, having arrived at the age of ninety, his death was occasioned by indigestion from eating a neat's foot raw, others that, feeling himself burdened by age, he put an end to his life by holding his breath. His friends discovering him the next day muffled up in his cloak doubted at first whether he were not asleep; but being soon convinced that he was dead, there arose a great dispute among them as to who should bury him, and it was on the point of breaking out into open violence, when the magistrates and old men of Corinth opportunely arrived and appeased the disturbance.

Diogenes was buried by the side of the gate lying towards the isthmus, and there was placed on his tomb a dog of Parian marble.

The death of this philosopher happened in the first year of the one hundred and fourteenth Olympiad, and on the same day that Alexander died at Babylon.

Diogenes was honored with several statues, accompanied by suitable inscriptions.

REASON THE SAME IN ALL MEN, OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES

Two men who never saw or heard of one another, and who never entertained any correspondence with any other man that could give them common notions, yet speak at two extremities of the earth, about a certain number of truths, as if they were in concert. It is infallibly known beforehand in one hemisphere, what will be answered in the other upon these truths. Men of all countries and of all ages, whatever their education may have been, find themselves invincibly subjected and obliged to think and speak in the same manner. The Master who incessantly teaches us makes all of us think the same way. Whenever we hastily judge, without hearkening to his voice, in diffidence of ourselves, we think and utter dreams full of extravagance. Thus what appears most to be part of ourselves, and our very essence, I mean our reason, is least our own, and what, on the contrary, ought to be accounted most borrowed. We continually receive a reason superior to us, as we incessantly breathe the

air, which is a foreign body; or as we incessantly see all the objects near us by the light of the sun, whose rays are bodies foreign to our eyes. That superior reason over-rules and governs, to a certain degree, with an absolute power all men, even the least rational, and makes them all ever agree, in spite of themselves, upon those points. It is she that makes a savage in Canada think about a great many things, just as the Greek and Roman philosophers did. It is she that made the Chinese geometricians find out much of the same truths with the Europeans, whilst those nations so very remote were unknown one to another. It is she that makes people in Japan conclude, as in France, that two and two make four; nor is it apprehended that any nation shall ever change their opinion about it. It is she that makes men think nowadays about certain points, just as men thought about the same four thousand years ago. It is she that gives uniform thoughts to the most jealous and jarring men, and the most irreconcilable among themselves. It is by her that men of all ages and countries are, as it were, chained about an unmovable centre, and held in the bonds of amity by certain invariable rules, called first principles, notwithstanding the infinite variations of opinions that arise in them from their passion, avocations, and caprices, which over-rule all their other less clear judgments. It is through her that men, as depraved as they are, have not yet presumed openly to bestow on vice the name of virtue, and that they are reduced to dissemble, being just, sincere, moderate, benevolent, in order to gain one another's esteem. The most wicked and abandoned of men cannot be brought to esteem what they wish they could esteem, or to despise what they wish they could despise. It is not possible to force the eternal barrier of truth and justice. The inward master, called reason, intimately checks the attempt with absolute power, and knows how to set bounds to the most impudent folly of men. Though Vice has for many ages reigned with unbridled licentiousness, Virtue is still called Virtue; and the most brutish and rash of her adversaries cannot yet deprive her of her name. Hence it is that vice, though triumphant in the world, is still obliged to disguise itself under the mask of hypocrisy or sham honesty, to gain the esteem it has not the confidence to expect, if it should go barefaced. Thus, notwithstanding its impudence, it pays a forced homage to Virtue, by endeavoring to adorn itself with her fairest outside, in order to receive the honor and respect

she commands from men. It is true virtuous men are exposed to censure; and they are, indeed, ever reprehensible in this life, through their natural imperfections; but yet the most vicious cannot totally efface in themselves the idea of true virtue. There never was yet any man upon earth that could prevail either with others, or himself, to allow, as a received maxim, that to be knavish, passionate, and mischievous, is more honorable than to be honest, moderate, good-natured, and benevolent.

Section 56 of "The Existence of God" complete.

WONDERS OF THE MEMORY AND BRAIN

THERE are two wonders equally incomprehensible. The first, that my brain is a kind of book that contains a number almost infinite of images and characters ranged in an order I did not contrive, and of which chance could not be the author. For I never had the least thought either of writing anything in my brain, or to place in any order the images and characters I imprinted in it. I had no other thought but only to see the objects that struck my senses. Neither could chance make so marvelous a book: even all the art of man is too imperfect ever to reach so high a perfection, therefore what hand had the skill to compose it?

The second wonder I find in my brain is to see that my mind reads with so much ease, whatever it pleases, in that inward book; and read even characters it does not know. I never saw the traces or figures imprinted in my brain, and even the substance of my brain itself, which is like the paper of that book, is altogether unknown to me. All those numberless characters transpose themselves, and afterwards resume their rank and place to obey my command. I have, as it were, a divine power over a work I am unacquainted with, and which is incapable of knowledge. That which understands nothing, understands my thought and performs it instantly. The thought of man has no power over bodies: I am sensible of it by running over all nature. There is but one single body which my bare will moves, as if it were a Deity; and even moves the most subtle and nicest springs of it, without knowing them. Now, who is it that united my will to this body, and gave it so much power over it?

Section 49 of "The Existence of God" complete.

THE IDEAS OF THE MIND ARE UNIVERSAL, ETERNAL, AND IMMUTABLE

OH, HOW great is the mind of man! He carries within him wherewithal to astonish, and infinitely to surpass himself: since his ideas are universal, eternal, and immutable. They are universal: for when I say it is impossible to be and not to be; the whole is bigger than a part of it; a line perfectly circular has no straight parts; between two points given the straight line is the shortest; the centre of a perfect circle is equally distant from all the points of the circumference; an equilateral triangle has no obtuse or right angle: all these truths admit of no exception. There never can be any being, line, circle, or triangle, but according to these rules. These axioms are of all times, or to speak more properly, they exist before all time, and will ever remain after any comprehensible duration. Let the universe be turned topsy-turvy, destroyed, and annihilated; and even let there be no mind to reason about beings, lines, circles, and triangles: yet it will ever be equally true in itself, that the same thing cannot at once be and not be; that a perfect circle can have no part of a straight line; that the centre of a perfect circle cannot be nearer one side of the circumference than the other. Men may, indeed, not think actually on these truths, and it might even happen that there should be neither universe nor any mind capable to reflect on these truths: but, nevertheless, they are still constant and certain in themselves, although no mind should be acquainted with them; just as the rays of the sun would not cease being real, although all men should be blind, and nobody have eyes to be sensible of their light. By affirming that two and two make four, says St. Augustine, man is not only certain that he speaks truth, but he cannot doubt that such a proposition was ever equally true, and must be so eternally. These ideas we carry within ourselves have no bounds, and cannot admit of any. It cannot be said that what I have affirmed about the centre of perfect circles is true only in relation to a certain number of circles; for that proposition is true, through evident necessity, with respect to all circles *ad infinitum*. These unbounded ideas can never be changed, altered, impaired, or defaced in us, for they make up the very essence of our reason. Whatever effort a man may make in his own mind, yet it

is impossible for him ever to entertain a serious doubt about the truths which those ideas clearly represent to us. For instance, I never can seriously call in question, whether the whole is bigger than one of its parts, or whether the centre of a perfect circle is equally distant from all the points of the circumference. The idea of the infinite is in me like that of numbers, lines, circles, a whole, and a part. The changing our ideas would be, in effect, the annihilating reason itself. Let us judge and make an estimate of our greatness by the immutable infinite stamp within us, and which can never be defaced from our minds. But lest such a real greatness should dazzle and betray us, by flattering our vanity, let us hasten to cast our eyes on our weakness.

Section 52 of «The Existence of God» complete.

WEAKNESS OF MAN'S MIND

THAT same mind that incessantly sees the infinite, and, through the rule of the infinite, all finite things, is likewise infinitely ignorant of all the objects that surround it. It is altogether ignorant of itself, and gropes about in an abyss of darkness. It neither knows what it is, nor how it is united with a body; nor which way it has so much command over all the springs of that body, which it knows not. It is ignorant of its own thoughts and wills. It knows not, with certainty, either what it believes or wills. It often fancies to believe and will what it neither believes nor wills. It is liable to mistake, and its greatest excellence is to acknowledge it. To the error of its thoughts it adds the disorder and irregularity of its will and desires; so that it is forced to groan in the consciousness and experience of its corruption. Such is the mind of man, weak, uncertain, stinted, full of errors. Now, who is it that put the idea of the infinite, that is to say of perfection, in a subject so stinted and so full of imperfection? Did it give itself so sublime, and so pure an idea, which is itself a kind of infinite in imagery? What finite being distinct from it was able to give it what bears no proportion with what is limited within any bounds? Let us suppose the mind of man to be like a looking-glass, wherein the images of all the neighboring bodies imprint themselves. Now what being was able to stamp within us the image of the infinite, if the infinite never existed? Who can put

in a looking-glass the image of a chimerical object which is not in being, and which was never placed against the glass? This image of the infinite is not a confused collection of finite objects, which the mind may mistake for a true infinite. It is the true infinite of which we have the thought and idea. We know it so well that we exactly distinguish it from whatever it is not; and that no subtlety can palm upon us any other object in its room. We are so well acquainted with it that we reject from it any propriety that denotes the least bound or limit. In short, we know it so well that it is in it alone we know all the rest, just as we know the night by the day, sickness by health. Now, once more, whence comes so great an image? Does it proceed from nothing? Can a stinted limited being imagine and invent the infinite, if there be no infinite at all? Our weak and short-sighted mind cannot of itself form that image, which, at this rate, should have no author. None of the outward objects can give us that image: for they can only give us the image of what they are, and they are limited and imperfect. Therefore, from whence shall we derive that distinct image which is unlike anything within us, and all we know here below, without us? Whence does it proceed? Where is that infinite we cannot comprehend, because it is really infinite; and which, nevertheless, we cannot mistake, because we distinguish it from anything that is inferior to it? Sure it must be somewhere, otherwise how could it imprint itself in our minds?

Section 53 of «The Existence of God» complete.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE

(1762–1814)

THE beauty of Fichte's style is often striking, and, in or out of Germany, he is seldom equaled in coherency of expression. The charge so often brought against other German philosophers, that in their anxiety to express thought with accuracy they frequently become uncouth, does not lie against him, for the earnestness of his love for truth, his depth of admiration for the sublime and beautiful in morals and in nature, molds his sentences into harmony, and adds to his metaphysics the great power of eloquence. His metaphysical treatises and philosophical essays are the work of a poet and an orator, deeply moved by his own thought and by the anxious hope of persuading others to accept it as a means of helping themselves to attain higher modes of existence and of usefulness.

He was born at Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, May 19th, 1762, in the humblest circumstances. His father was a poor ribbon-weaver, but the family seems to have had, as an inheritance, the traits of intellectuality which Fichte displayed at a very early age. Fortunately for the world, they were developed in his case by the education he was enabled to acquire by his acquaintance with Freiherr Von Miltitz, a German nobleman who immortalized himself by helping the ribbon-weaver's son to prepare himself for the university. On the death of his patron, Fichte, supporting himself by teaching and writing, continued to strive for higher education until after many hardships and vicissitudes he won, in 1794, the recognition of appointment to the chair of Philosophy in the University of Jena. This, which carried with it authority in the entire world of learning, was hastened by the admiration Kant had publicly expressed for Fichte's first published philosophical work,—the "Kritik aller Offenbarung." In 1799 he was forced out of his position at Jena on a charge of unorthodoxy, and in the same year he went to Berlin, where he made his home until his death, January 27th, 1814. During the latter part of his life, 1809–14, he filled the chair of Philosophy in the University of Berlin. He delivered a series of lectures at Erlangen and visited Copenhagen, but Berlin which received when Jena rejected him is entitled to the credit of his work more fully than any other city in Germany. It is in a Berlin churchyard that he lies buried, and

on the monument which marks his grave is inscribed the highest tribute any man can receive from those he leaves behind him:—

> «The Teachers shall shine
> As the Brightness of the Firmament,
> And they that turn many to righteousness,
> As the stars forever and ever.»

W. V. B.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF TRUE LIFE

The religious man is forever secured from the possibility of doubt and uncertainty. In every moment he knows distinctly what he wills, and ought to will; for the innermost root of his life — his will — forever flows forth from the Divinity, immediately and without possibility of error; its indication is infallible, and for that indication he has an infallible perception. In every moment he knows assuredly that in all eternity he shall know what he shall will, and ought to will; that in all eternity the fountain of Divine Love which has burst forth in him shall never be dried up, but shall uphold him securely, and bear him onward forever. It is the root of his existence; it has now arisen upon him clear and bright, and his eye is fixed upon it with unspeakable love: — how could that fountain ever be dried up, how could that leader and guardian ever turn aside? Whatever comes to pass around him, nothing appears to him strange or unaccountable; — he knows assuredly, whether he understand it or not, that it is in God's world, and that there nothing can be that does not directly tend to good.

In him there is no fear for the future, for the absolute fountain of all blessedness eternally bears him on towards it; — no sorrow for the past, for in so far as he was not in God he was nothing, and this is now at an end, and since he has dwelt in God he has been born into life; while in so far as he was in God, that which he has done is assuredly right and good. He has never aught to deny himself, nor aught to long for; for he is at all times in eternal possession of the fullness of all that he is capable of enjoying. For him all labor and effort have vanished; his whole outward existence flows forth, softly and gently, from his inward being, and issues out into reality without difficulty or hindrance. To use the language of one of our great poets: —

«Ever pure and mirror-bright and even,
Light as zephyr-breath of Heaven,
Life amidst the Immortals glides away.
Moons are waning, generations wasting,—
Their celestial youth blooms everlasting,
Changeless 'midst a ruined world's decay.»

Thus much have I desired to say to you, concerning the True Life and its Blessedness. It is true that we might say much more on this subject; and that, in particular, it would be very interesting, now that we have learned to know the moral-religious man in the central point of his being, to accompany him thence out into common life, and even into the most ordinary concerns and circumstances of his existence, and there to contemplate him in all his admirable serenity and loveliness. But, without a fundamental knowledge of that first central-point, such a description might become, to the hearer, either empty declamation, or else a mere air castle, producing, indeed, for the moment an æsthetic pleasure, but containing within itself no true ground of persistence; — and this is the reason why we rather choose to abstain from this prolongation of our subject.

From «The Way towards the Blessed Life,» Lecture 10.

THE GLORY AND BEAUTY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Bodily sufferings, pain and sickness, should such befall me, I cannot avoid feeling, for they are incidents of my nature, and I am and remain natural here below. But they shall not trouble me. They affect only the Nature, with which I am, in some strange way, connected; not myself, the being which is elevated above all Nature. The sure end of all pain, and of all susceptibility of pain, is death; and of all which the natural man is accustomed to regard as evil, this is the least so to me. Indeed, I shall not die for myself, but only for others, for those that remain behind, from whose connection I am severed. For myself, the hour of death is the hour of birth to a new and more glorious life.

Since my heart is thus closed to all desire for the earthly, since, in fact, I have no longer any heart for the perishable, the universe appears to my eye in a transfigured form. The dead,

inert mass which but choked up space has vanished; and instead thereof flows, and waves, and rushes the eternal stream of life, and power, and deed; — of the original life, of thy life, O Infinite! For all life is thy life, and only the religious eye pierces to the kingdom of veritable beauty.

I am related to Thee, and all that I behold around me is related to me. All is quick, all is soul, and gazes upon me with bright spirit-eyes, and speaks in spirit-tones to my heart. Most diversely sundered and severed, I behold, in all the forms without me, myself again, and beam upon myself from them, as the morning sun, in thousand dewdrops diversely refracted, glances toward itself.

Thy life, as the finite can apprehend it, is a willing which shapes and represents itself by means of itself alone. This life, made sensible in various ways to mortal eyes, flows through me and from me downward, through the immeasurable whole of nature. Here it streams, as self-creating, self-fashioning matter, through my veins and muscles, and deposits its fullness out of me, in the tree, in the plant, in the grass. One connected stream, drop by drop, the forming life flows in all shapes and on all sides, wherever my eye can follow it, and looks upon me, from every point of the universe, with a different aspect, as the same force which fashions my own body in darkness and in secret. Yonder it waves free, and leaps and dances as self-forming motion in the brute; and, in every new body, represents itself as another separate, self-subsisting world; — the same power which, invisible to me, stirs and moves in my own members. All that lives follows this universal attraction, this one principle of all movement, which conducts the harmonious shock from one end of the universe to the other. The brute follows it without freedom. I, from whom, in the visible world, the movement proceeds (without, therefore, originating in me), follow it freely.

But pure and holy, and near to thine own essence as aught, to mortal apprehension, can be; this thy life flows forth as a band which binds spirits with spirits in one; as air and ether of the one world of Reason, inconceivable and incomprehensible, and yet lying plainly revealed to the spiritual eye. Conducted by this light stream, thought floats unrestrained and the same from soul to soul, and returns purer and transfigured from the kindred breast. Through this mystery the individual finds, and understands, and loves himself only in another; and every spirit detaches itself only

from other spirits; and there is no man, but only a Humanity;—no isolated thinking, and loving, and hating, but only a thinking, and loving, and hating in and through one another. Through this mystery the affinity of Spirits, in the invisible world, streams forth into their corporeal nature, and represents itself in two sexes, which, though every spiritual band could be severed, are still constrained, as natural beings, to love each other. It flows forth into the affection of parents and children, of brothers and sisters; as if the souls were sprung from one blood as well as the bodies;—as if the minds were branches and blossoms of the same stem. And from thence it embraces, in narrower or wider circles, the whole sentient world. Even the hatred of spirits is grounded in thirst for love; and no enmity springs up, except from friendship denied.

Mine eye discerns this eternal life and motion, in all the veins of sensible and spiritual nature, through what seems to others a dead mass. And it sees this life forever ascend and grow, and transfigure itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The universe is no longer to me that circle which returns into itself, that game which repeats itself without ceasing, that monster which devours itself in order to reproduce itself as it was before. It is spiritualized to my contemplation, and bears the peculiar impress of the spirit: continual progress toward perfection, in a straight line which stretches into infinity.

The sun rises and sets, the stars vanish and return again, and all the spheres hold their cycle dance. But they never return precisely such as they disappear; and in the shining fountains of life there is also life and progress. Every hour which they bring, every morning and every evening sinks down with new blessings on the world. New life and new love drop from the spheres, as dewdrops from the cloud, and embrace nature, as the cool night embraces the earth.

All death in Nature is birth; and precisely in dying, the sublimation of life appears most conspicuous. There is no death-bringing principle in Nature, for Nature is only life, throughout. Not death kills, but the more living life, which, hidden behind the old, begins and unfolds itself. Death and birth are only the struggle of life with itself to manifest itself in ever more transfigured form, more like itself.

And my death,—can that be anything different from this? I, who am not a mere representation and copy of life, but who

bear within myself the original, the alone true, and essential life? It is not a possible thought that Nature should annihilate a life which did not spring from her; Nature, which exists only for my sake, not I for hers.

But even my natural life, even this mere representation of an inward invisible life to mortal eyes, Nature cannot annihilate; otherwise she must be able to annihilate herself. She who exists only for me and for my sake, and who ceases to exist, if I am not. Even because she puts me to death she must quicken me anew. It can only be my higher life unfolding itself in her, before which my present life disappears; and that which mortals call death is the visible appearing of a second vivification. Did no rational being, who has once beheld its light, perish from the earth, there would be no reason to expect a new heaven and a new earth. The only possible aim of Nature, that of representing and maintaining Reason, would have been already fulfilled here below, and her circle would be complete. But the act by which she puts to death a free, self-subsisting being is her solemn,—to all Reason apparent,—transcending of that act, and of the entire sphere which she thereby closes. The apparition of death is the conductor by which my spiritual eye passes over to the new life of myself, and of Nature for me.

Every one of my kind who passes from earthly connections, and who cannot, to my spirit, seem annihilated, because he is one of my kind, draws my thought over with him. He still is, and to him belongs a place.

While we, here below, sorrow for him with such sorrow as would be felt, if possible, in the dull kingdom of unconsciousness, when a human being withdraws himself from thence to the light of earth's sun;—while we so mourn, on yonder side there is joy, because a man is born into their world; as we citizens of earth receive with joy our own. When I, sometime, shall follow them, there will be joy for me; for sorrow remains behind in the sphere which I quit.

It vanishes and sinks before my gaze, the world which I so lately admired. With all the fullness of life, of order, of increase, which I behold in it, it is but the curtain by which an infinitely more perfect world is concealed from me. It is but the germ out of which that infinitely more perfect shall unfold itself. My faith enters behind this curtain, and warms and quickens this

germ. It sees nothing definite, but expects more than it can grasp here below, than it will ever be able to grasp in time.

So I live and so I am; and so I am unchangeable, firm, and complete for all eternity. For this being is not one which I have received from without; it is my own only true being and essence.

From «The Destiny of Man.»

THE DESTINY OF MAN

When I contemplate the world as it is, independently of any injunction, there manifests itself in my interior the wish, the longing, no! not a longing merely,—the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance at the relations of men to each other and to Nature, at the weakness of their powers, at the strength of their appetites and passions. It cries to me irresistibly from my innermost soul: «Thus it cannot possibly be destined always to remain. It must, Oh! it must all become other and better!»

I can in nowise imagine to myself the present condition of man as that which is designed to endure. I cannot imagine it to be his whole and final destination. If so, then would everything be dream and delusion, and it would not be worth the trouble to have lived and to have taken part in this ever-recurring, unproductive and unmeaning game. Only so far as I can regard this condition as the means of something better, as a point of transition to a higher and more perfect, does it acquire any value for me. Not on its own account, but on account of something better for which it prepares the way, can I bear it, honor it, and joyfully fulfill my part in it. My mind can find no place, nor rest a moment, in the present; it is irresistibly repelled by it. My whole life streams irrepressibly on toward the future and better.

Am I only to eat and to drink that I may hunger and thirst again, and again eat and drink, until the grave, yawning beneath my feet, swallows me up, and I myself spring up as food from the ground? Am I to beget beings like myself, that they also may eat and drink and die, and leave behind them beings like themselves, who shall do the same that I have done? To what

purpose this circle which perpetually returns into itself; this game forever recommencing, after the same manner, in which everything is born but to perish, and perishes but to be born again as it was? This monster which forever devours itself, that it may produce itself again, and which produces itself that it may again devour itself?

Never can this be the destination of my being and of all being. There must be something which exists because it has been brought forth, and which now remains and can never be brought forth again, after it has been brought forth once. And this that is permanent must beget itself amid the mutations of the perishing, and continue amid those mutations, and be borne along unhurt upon the waves of time.

As yet our race wrings with difficulty its sustenance and its continuance from opposing Nature. As yet the larger portion of mankind are bowed down their whole life long by hard labor, to procure sustenance for themselves and the few who think for them. Immortal spirits are compelled to fix all their thinking and scheming, and all their efforts, on the soil which bears them nourishment. It often comes to pass as yet, that when the laborer has ended, and promises himself, for his pains, the continuance of his own existence and of those pains; that then hostile elements destroy in a moment what he had been slowly and carefully preparing for years, and delivers up the industrious painstaking man, without any fault of his own, to hunger and misery. It often comes to pass as yet, that inundations, storm winds, volcanoes, desolate whole countries, and mingle works which bear the impress of a rational mind, as well as their authors, with the wild chaos of death and destruction. Diseases still hurry men into a premature grave, men in the bloom of their powers, and children whose existence passes away without fruit or result. The pestilence still stalks through blooming states, and leaves the few who escape it, bereaved and alone, deprived of the accustomed aid of their companions; and does all in its power to give back to the wilderness the land which the industry of man had already conquered for its own.

So it is, but so it cannot surely have been intended always to remain. No work which bears the impress of reason, and which was undertaken for the purpose of extending the dominion of reason, can be utterly lost in the progress of the times. The

sacrifices which the irregular violence of Nature draws from reason must at least weary, satisfy, and reconcile that violence. The force which has caused injury by acting without rule cannot be intended to do so more in that way; it cannot be destined to renew itself; it must be used up, from this time forth and forever, by that one outbreak. All those outbreaks of rude force, before which human power vanishes into nothing,— those desolating hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanoes, can be nothing else but the final struggle of the wild mass against the lawfully progressive, life-giving, systematic course to which it is compelled, contrary to its own impulse. They can be nothing but the last concussive strokes in the formation of our globe, now about to perfect itself. That opposition must gradually become weaker, and at last exhausted, since, in the lawful course of things, there can be nothing that should renew its power. That formation must at last be perfected, and our destined abode complete. Nature must gradually come into a condition in which we can count with certainty upon her equal step, and in which her power shall keep unaltered a determinate relation with that power which is destined to govern it, that is, the human. So far as this relation already exists, and the systematic cultivation of Nature has gained firm footing, the workmanship of man, by its mere existence and its effects, independent of any design on the part of the author, is destined to react upon Nature, and to represent in her a new and life-giving principle. Cultivated lands are to quicken and mitigate the sluggish, hostile atmosphere of the eternal forests, wildernesses, and morasses. Well-ordered and diversified culture is to diffuse through the air a new principle of life and fructification; and the sun to send forth its most animating beams into that atmosphere which is breathed by a healthy, industrious, and ingenious people. Science, awakened, at first, by the pressure of necessity, shall hereafter penetrate deliberately and calmly into the unchangeable laws of Nature, overlook her whole power, and learn to calculate her possible developments; —shall form for itself a new Nature in idea, attach itself closely to the living and active, and follow hard upon her footsteps. And all knowledge which reason has wrung from Nature shall be preserved in the course of the times, and become the foundation of further knowledge, for the common understanding of our race. Thus shall Nature become ever more transparent and pen-

etrable to human perception, even to its innermost secrets. And human power, enlightened and fortified with its inventions, shall rule her with ease, and peacefully maintain the conquest once effected. By degrees, there shall be needed no greater outlay of mechanical labor than the human body requires for its development, cultivation, and health. And this labor shall cease to be a burden; for the rational being is not destined to be a bearer of burdens.

But it is not nature, it is liberty itself, that occasions the most numerous and the most fearful disorders among our kind. The direst enemy of man is man. . . . It is the destination of our race to unite in one body, thoroughly acquainted with itself in all its parts, and uniformly cultivated in all. Nature, and even the passions and vices of mankind, have, from the beginning, drifted towards this goal. A large part of the road which leads to it is already put behind us, and we may count with certainty that this goal, which is the condition of further, united progress, will be reached in due season. Do not ask History whether mankind, on the whole, have grown more purely moral! They have grown to extended, comprehensive, forceful acts of arbitrary will; but it was almost a necessity of their condition that they should direct that will exclusively to evil.

Neither ask History whether the æsthetic education and the culture of the understanding, of the fore-world, concentrated upon a few single points, may not have far exceeded, in degree, that of modern times. It might be that the answer would put us to shame, and that the human race would appear, in this regard, not to have advanced, but to have lost ground.

But ask History in what period the existing culture was most widely diffused and distributed among the greatest number of individuals. Undoubtedly, it will be found that from the beginning of history down to our own day, the few light-points of culture have extended their rays further and further from their centres, have seized one individual after another, and one people after another; and that this diffusion of culture is still going on before our eyes.

And this was the first goal of Humanity, on its infinite path. Until this is attained, until the existing culture of an age is diffused over the whole habitable globe, and our race is made capable of the most unlimited communication with itself, one nation, one quarter of the globe must await the other, on their common

path, and each must bring its centuries of apparent stationariness or retrogradation, as a sacrifice to the common bond, for the sake of which, alone, they themselves exist.

When this first goal shall be attained, when everything useful that has been discovered at one end of the earth, shall immediately be made known and imparted to all, then Humanity, without interruption, without cessation, and without retrocession, with united force, and with one step, shall raise itself up to a degree of culture which we want power to conceive. . . .

When selfish aims no longer divide mankind, and their powers can no longer be exercised in destroying one another in battle, nothing will remain to them but to turn their united force against the common and only adversary which yet remains,—resisting, uncultivated Nature. No longer separated by private ends, they will necessarily unite in one common end, and there will grow up a body everywhere animated by one spirit and one love. Every disadvantage of the individual, since it can no longer be a benefit to any one, becomes an injury to the whole, and to each particular member of the same; and is felt in each member with equal pain, and with equal activity redressed. Every advance which one man makes, human nature, in its entireness, makes with him.

Here, where the petty, narrow self of the person is already annihilated by the Polity, every one loves every other one truly, as himself, as a component part of that great Self, which alone remains to his love, and of which he is nothing but a component part that only through the Whole can gain or lose. Here the conflict of evil with good is done away, for no evil can any longer spring up. The contest of the good with each other, even concerning the good, vanishes, now that it has become easy to them to love the good for its own sake, and not for their sakes, as the authors of it;—now that the only interest they can have is that it come to pass that truth be discovered, that the good deed be executed; not by whom it is accomplished. Here every one is prepared to join his power to that of his neighbor, and to subordinate it to that of his neighbor. Whoever, in the judgment of all, shall accomplish the best, in the best way, him all will support, and partake with equal joy in his success.

This is the aim of earthly existence which Reason sets before us, and for the sure attainment of which Reason vouches. It is not a goal for which we are to strive merely that our faculties

may be exercised on great objects, but which we must relinquish all hope of realizing. It shall and must be realized. At some time or other this goal must be attained; as surely as there is a world of the senses, and a race of reasonable beings in time, for whom no serious and rational object can be imagined but this, and whose existence is made intelligible by this alone. Unless the whole life of man is to be considered as the sport of an evil Spirit, who implanted this ineradicable striving after the imperishable in the breasts of poor wretches, merely that he might enjoy their ceaseless struggle after that which unceasingly flees from them, their still repeated grasping after that which still eludes their grasp, their restless driving about in an ever-returning circle; — and laugh at their earnestness in this senseless sport: — unless the wise man, who must soon see through this game, and be tired of his own part in it, is to throw away his life, and the moment of awakening reason is to be the moment of earthly death; — that goal must be attained. Oh! it is attainable in life and by means of life; for Reason commands me to live. It is attainable, for I am.

From «The Destiny of Man.»

HENRY FIELDING

(1707–1754)

FIELDING'S best work as an essayist was done, no doubt, in the Covent Garden Journal, a periodical of the school of the Spectator and Whig Examiner which he himself founded in January, 1752. This was not his first experience in periodical literature, for he was a professional journalist, as well as a professional lawyer, a professional playwright, and a professional novelist. In 1745 he had issued the True Patriot, and in December, 1747, the Jacobite Journal, neither of which was long-lived. Steadiness of purpose was not one of the gifts which made him the first great English novelist, and the Covent Garden Journal, edited by Sir Alexander Drawcansir, of Great Britain, did not outlive the year in which it was founded. It would not have lived in vain, however, if the sole end of its existence had been to bring into the world one such essay as that of its tenth number on "Reading for Amusement." It is by no means the only one in which Fielding shows his genius, but unfortunately the Covent Garden Journal, though correct in its intentions and highly moral in its purposes, does not always employ a "terminology" which more modern taste can approve. Fielding's most elaborate effort as an essayist, "An Essay on Conversation," is characterized by passages of striking brilliancy, but in sustained strength it does not equal the best of his shorter essays.

He was born near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, England, April 22d, 1707. His father, who represented a younger branch of the aristocratic Denbigh family, noticed by Gibbon as descended from the same ancestry with the Hapsburgs, was by no means over wealthy, and it is supposed that when he sent his son to be educated at Leyden for the English bar it was because life at German universities was cheaper than at English. Fielding studied law at the Middle Temple after his return from Germany, and was admitted to the bar, but he soon became a prolific playwright, then a journalist and finally a novelist. His early training for the bar may have helped him when he was appointed a magistrate in latter life, but he did not increase his fortune greatly by it, as he writes with pride that he had managed to reduce his magistrate's fees of "the dirtiest money on earth" from £500 to £300 a year. For "Tom Jones," written during this

period, he received £600 and for "Amelia" £1,000, so that by "inventing the modern novel" he certainly did better financially than it is likely he ever could have done at the London bar or as the most exacting of country 'squires. His last work, "The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," was written in 1754,—the year in which he died at Lisbon, where he had gone for his health. When Fielding was born in 1707, De Foe, who lived until 1731, was forty-six years old. "Robinson Crusoe" appeared in 1719, "The Life and Adventures of Duncan Campbell" in 1720, and "Captain Singleton" in the same year. Richardson's "Pamela" appeared in 1741, and a year later Fielding entered fiction with "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Andrews," his parody on "Pamela," which showed him his strength and led him to write "Tom Jones," in 1749. The evolution of the modern novel from De Foe through Richardson is thus apparent, but it is within bounds to call "Tom Jones" the first modern novel, as is so often done, for though it was preceded in English literature by several of the best stories in any modern language, it is the first love story in which the characters move through the whole plot with definite and distinct individualities towards a conclusion, planned in advance as carefully as the climax of a drama, and developing by apparent necessity from every act, even the most trivial, of all the characters whose lives are a part of the destiny of the book. The room for art in such a microcosm as this is as infinite as the power of genius to take hold on nature, and Fielding was the first to realize it in English prose fiction. W. V. B.

ON READING FOR AMUSEMENT

"*At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et*
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati."

"In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown."

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jackpuddings, whose business it is only

to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says, "should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule, indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humor are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of "Clarissa" says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men: but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not, indeed, for that wit and humor alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavored, with the utmost force of their wit and humor, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries. I would not be thought to confine wit and humor to these writers. Shakespeare, Moliere, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that, had the consecration of their labors been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers and of their works, their

design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph, must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart, if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? How much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet!

How differently did Horace think of the study from our modern readers!

> "*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:*
> *Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.*"

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use."

The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he were a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, Will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both

(the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth, I am afraid, is that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; those who have endeavored to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in showing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who, of all men, seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavored to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. «All men,» says Cicero, «have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even with-

out the help of arts.» This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no further than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavor to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the meanwhile, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

«Evil communications corrupt good manners» is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.

Complete. Covent Garden Journal, No. 10.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

As CONVERSATION is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If, therefore, there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend, the author of «An Inquiry into Happiness») that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again, if society require that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go further and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honorable poet —

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.»

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives to all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of «An Inquiry,» etc., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a periwig maker; no, nor even by the dancing master himself. According to the

idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend, therefore, no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, *viz.*, in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in Scripture: Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? And whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If, therefore, men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so it is particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see, then, a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former that it hath been called, and with the ap-

pearance at least of propriety, artificial good nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace: —

> "*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
> *Ultra quam satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.*"

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offense to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says: *in omnes superbia (quæ crudelitate gravior est bonis) grassatus.* He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself. If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies for no other reason but to show in their gesture and behavior the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murderous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the

teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offenses given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good breeding be what we have endeavored to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behavior be! and can any man call a duke or a duchess who wears it well bred? Or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the Earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive — we must be profitable servants to each other; we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My Lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, "My lord," is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain "Sir" fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labors undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labor of their whole lives well employed in procuring? We are therefore to adapt our behavior to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

From the essay on "Conversation."

KUNO FISCHER

(1824–)

ERNST KUNO BERTHOLD FISCHER, one of the most distinguished German thinkers of the nineteenth century. was born at Sandewalde, Silesia, July 23d, 1824. His «History of Modern Philosophy,» 1852–77, won him the respect of thinkers both in Europe and America. It is a work of deep and varied learning, especially notable among books of its class for the lucidity of its style and the clearness of its definitions,—illustrated when he defines the desire for salvation as «the desire for freedom from our own worldly and selfish nature» and identifies it as the master motive both of philosophy and religion. His earliest work as a philosophical teacher was done at Heidelberg, but in 1853 he was «silenced» by the authorities of that university. He taught at Berlin and Jena until 1872, when he generously accepted an invitation from Heidelberg to return and fill its chair of Philosophy. Among his writings are «Diotima, the Idea of the Beautiful,» «Lessing's 'Nathan, the Wise,'» and «Spinoza's Life and Character.» His greatest work, «The History of Modern Philosophy,» is notable in its art of construction as in its style. It is a series of «monographs» or essays, each complete individually, while all support and complement each other.

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM OF THE WORLD'S LIFE

WE OURSELVES are the world. Our natural love of self and our natural understanding are also the world; they are fundamentally powers of the world, since without them there is no world which we conceive or desire. And just this world which is identical with ourselves, which we ourselves are in a certain sense, is, in the ideal of the Stoics, Epicureans, Skeptics, so little overcome that it is rather deified in it. To get rid of this world, of this our own nature which is of the world, which is indeed experienced as evil, to free ourselves thoroughly from it, to fling away and break through this self that takes us prisoner and holds us down,—this is now the problem of philos-

ophy and, at the same time, the longing of all who are sensible of the calamities of the time, and the deep inner ruin of man. This ardent desire for freedom from our own worldly and selfish nature is the desire for salvation; and so it is an absolutely religious motive which now animates philosophy; and urges it directly towards human redemption. It seeks the way to this goal; it aims itself to be the means of salvation; it announces itself as a doctrine of salvation. In this spirit and in this motive must we judge its conceptions and its effects. Its problem is the last of antiquity,—the salvation of the world. What it would call into life is a world religion; and it seeks to attain it, first, through a purification of the old faith in the gods; and second, through a restoration of it. With this thought it prepares for, and goes to meet, Christianity, contends and struggles with it for the victory, which it finally loses. But the idea of a world-saving religion was received in, and nourished by, the consciousness of the Grecian world; and when aspiring Christianity broke through the limits of Judaism to work for the salvation of the world, it found here the most fruitful soil.

That desire for salvation which animated the last philosophy of antiquity, and determined its mode of thought, consists in the effort of man to get rid of the world, to escape from the world, or, what is the same thing, to unite himself with a Being who is entirely aloof from the world of the senses, free from its limits and evils. The standpoint of this philosophy, therefore, requires, in the strictest sense of the word, the oppositeness of God to the world. To satisfy this desire of human salvation, God cannot be transcendent enough, or enough opposed to the world. Exactly because of his aloofness from the world, exactly because he is free from everything from which man desires to be free, does he become an object of religious aspiration. And exactly for this reason is there in the conception of a great chasm between God and the world a religious satisfaction. God must be so conceived that man can say to himself: "If I were with him I should be happy. In his presence there is nothing of that which disturbs and oppresses me." The dualistic mode of conception is, therefore, a characteristic of this philosophy, and the fundamental cause of it is absolutely religious. God here stands opposite the world, not as the principle of order in the presence of chaos, not as the moving purpose in the presence of the moved cosmos, but as the principle of blessedness in opposition to the principle of

evil. He is not a principle for the explanation of things, but the ideal of man striving for salvation. Religious aspiration widens to the uttermost the chasm between God and the world; at the same time it desires their union. But how is this union possible? Certainly not by natural, therefore only by supernatural means: on the part of God by supernatural revelation; on the part of man by supernatural intuition,— by inner, mysterious, illumination. The highest state possible to man is now regarded not as self-sufficiency or independence, but enthusiasm, a being filled by God. This state has nothing in common with the natural reason, and is not attainable by it. It is mysterious, and the philosophy which seeks this state is mystical. It is a wonderful exaltation in which philosophy now participates, and which tears it away from its natural consciousness,— a state of ecstasy which cannot arise by natural means, but rather suddenly comes and vanishes like a moment of divine illumination. Of himself, man cannot produce this state; he can only experience it, and, so far as in him lies, make himself ready to receive it by a constant purification of his life, a continued renunciation of the world, and control the natural desires, even to the extremest abstinence. . . .

The Platonic conception of the archetypal world includes the human archetype as the intelligible ground of our existence, and the goal of our becoming. In the presence of this archetype, we can only understand our earthly existence, our embodiment in the material world, as a fall of the soul, which is guilty of desire, and our return to that archetype is only possible by means of a purification, which overcomes desire in our minds. But if this is the goal of man, should it not also be the goal of the world,— this salvation of man from the world? Here the Platonic philosophy appears in its religious significance; and, from this point, it gives rise to, and explains, the religious state of mind and mode of thought which characterized Greek philosophy in the last centuries of its existence. The logos now appears as the world-saving principle, as the divine thought of the salvation of the world, in which the secret, *i. e.*, the inmost purpose of creation is contained, as the real motive of creation, as the creative word of God. The word is realized in man who overcomes the world, or restores in himself the pure archetype of man.

Now the Grecian and Jewish problems of salvation come in contact, and show in very many kindred conceptions their religious affinity. That rests in the thought of the logos, this in the

conception of the Messiah. The logos is a universally conceived principle of the world, and seeks personification: the Messiah is an ideal of a people conceived as a person, and seeks universalization. Both trends of thought need to supplement and penetrate each other; this supplement is sought on the Jewish side. To introduce Platonism into Judaism is to think the logos idea into the conception of the Messiah. This problem, already adumbrated in the Jewish-Alexandrian book of wisdom, is solved by Philo, who makes the logos-Messiah the central point of his philosophy, the Mediator and Savior of the world.

The problem of salvation demands a personal solution. It is solved if a man appears who actually overcomes the world in himself, who, in the deeper meaning of the word, is truly free from the world, in whom humanity recognizes its archetype, and in whom it, therefore, believes as the Savior of the world. This is the only possible form in which the solution of the religious problem of the world can be effected. A person must appear, who saves himself from the world, and, through faith in him, the world itself; a person of whom one can say that in him salvation has taken place, the idea has appeared, the logos has become flesh, God has become man. Only through faith in such a person can the desire of men for salvation be satisfied.

From the point of view of the logos idea, as this was developed in the consciousness of Greek philosophy, this man was not to be found, for this idea had no reference whatever to a particular individual, to an actual man: it gave to the faith which animated no direction whatever towards a person. From the logos to man there was an impassable chasm, a chasm that could not be bridged by any conceivable number of orders of divine beings. The logos idea sought personification, but it was utterly incompatible with the natural life of man. The thought of salvation was inconsistent with human nature. It remained on the other side of reality, something universal and inanimate; and so under this conception the desire of salvation was without expectation and without hope.

The Jewish desire for salvation, on the other hand, was filled with a definite expectation and hope. An ideal of their people was given to it in the person of the Messiah. It waited patiently for this Savior who was to come to be the deliverer of a people, a people whom God had chosen and preserved to rule the world. This world-ruling Messiah, whom the prophets beheld in

the future of Israel, was the object of the highest hopes of the faith of the Jews. Now, when a Messiah appeared who became a savior, not in the Jewish sense, but the Grecian, a savior from the world, the conditions were fulfilled under which the religious problem of the world received its solution. Its starting point lay in the centre of the Jewish people. Their Messianic ideal gave the personal direction which the idea of the logos lacked. The desire for salvation had, therefore, to accept this ideal in order to reach its goal, in which, as a phenomenon of history, the logos was believed to have become flesh, God to have become man. Faith had at first no path from the logos to man; but there was a path from man to the Messiah, and from this Messiah, who was not a deliverer in the Jewish worldly sense, to the logos. Historical development took this path, a roundabout one indeed, but the shortest one, because it led to the goal; and, as Lessing has said in the «Education of the Human Race,» «It is not true that a straight line is always the shortest way.»

Chapter ii. of «The History of Modern Philosophy.»

CAMILLE FLAMMARION

(1842–)

FLAMMARION is, no doubt, the most popular scientific writer of his generation,—a distinction he owes to the poetical quality of detached essays with which he loves to relieve his astronomical writings. These essays, though they are often prose poems of great beauty, are generally governed by scientific generalizations rather than by the poetic imagination. At times, however, Flammarion gives free rein to his imagination, as when he promoted in the scientific and unscientific world an elaborate discussion of the possibility of communicating with the possible inhabitants of the planet of Mars. He was born at Montigny-le-Roi, France, February 25th, 1842, and educated for the Church, but he has devoted his life to astronomy, writing a large number of books which have been widely read in both hemispheres. Among them are «The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds»; «Worlds, Imaginary and Real»; «The Wonders of the Heavens,» 1865; and «The World before the Creation of Man.»

THE REVELATIONS OF NIGHT

«O nuit! que ton langage est sublime pour moi!»

O NIGHT, how sublime is thy language to me! . . . Where are the souls to whom the spectacle of starry night is not an eloquent discourse? Where are those who have not been sometimes arrested in the presence of the bright worlds which hover over our heads, and who have not sought for the key of the great enigma of creation? The solitary hours of night are in truth the most beautiful of all our hours, those in which we have the faculty of placing ourselves in intimate communication with great and holy Nature. Far from spreading a veil over the universe, as is sometimes said, they only efface those which the sun produces in the atmosphere. The orb of day conceals from us the splendors of the firmament; it is during the night that the panoramas of the sky are open to us. «At the hour of midnight the heavenly vault is strewn with stars,

like isles of light in the midst of an ocean extending over our heads. Who can contemplate them and bring back his looks to the earth without feeling sad regrets, and without longing for wings in order to take flight and be blended with them, or be lost amid their immortal light?"

In the midst of darkness our eyes gaze freely on the sky, piercing the deep azure of the apparent vault, above which the stars shine. They traverse the white constellated regions, visiting distant regions of space, where the most brilliant stars lose their brightness by distance; they go beyond this unexplored expanse, and mount still higher, as far as those faint nebulæ whose diffused brightness seems to mark the limits of the visible. In this immense passage of sight, Thought with rapid wings accompanies the forerunning visual ray, carried away by its flight and wonderingly contemplating these distant splendors. The purity of the heavenly prospect awakens that eternal predisposition to melancholy which dwells in the depths of our souls, and soon the spectacle absorbs us in a vague and indefinable reverie. It is then that thousands of questions spring up in our minds, and that a thousand points of interrogation rise to our sight. The problem of creation is a great problem! The science of the stars is an immense science; its mission is to embrace the universality of created things! At the remembrance of these impressions, does it not appear that the man who does not feel any sentiment of admiration before the picture of the starry splendor, is not yet worthy of receiving on his brow the crown of intelligence?

Night is, in truth, the hour of solitude, in which the contemplative soul is regenerated in the universal peace. We become ourselves; we are separated from the factitious life of the world, and placed in the closest communion with nature and with truth.

Of all the sciences, Astronomy is the one which can enlighten us best on our relative value, and make us understand the relation which connects the Earth with the rest of creation. Without it, as the history of past centuries testifies, it is impossible for us to know where we are or who we are, or to establish an instructive comparison between the place which we occupy in space and the whole of the universe; without it we should be both ignorant of the actual extent of our country, its nature, and the order to which it belongs. Inclosed in the dark meshes of ignorance, we cannot form the slightest idea of the general

arrangement of the world; a thick fog covers the narrow horizon which contains us, and our mind remains incapable of soaring above the daily theatre of life, and of going beyond the narrow sphere traced by the limits of the action of our senses. On the other hand, when the torch of the Science of the Worlds enlightens us, the scene changes, the vapors which darkened the horizon fade away, our mistaken eyes contemplate in the serenity of a pure sky the immense work of the Creator. The Earth appears like a globe poised under our steps; thousands of similar globes are rocked in ether; the world enlarges in proportion as the power of our examination increases, and from that time universal creation develops itself before us in its reality, establishing both our rank and our relation with the numerous similar worlds which constitute the universe.

The silence and profound peace of a starry night present an appropriate scene to our contemplative faculty, and no time is more propitious for the elevation of the soul toward the beauties of the heavens. But the poetry of the sight of these appearances will be soon surpassed by the magnificence of the reality. And it is on this point that we must first insist, in order to get rid of all delusions caused by the senses. It seems to me right to remove the causes of error which may leave false impressions on our minds; it is completely useless, if not dangerous, to devote the first part of an astronomical discourse to describing apparent phenomena, which will afterward have to be proved false. Let us not follow this troublesome road; let us keep away from the ordinary path, and begin, on the contrary, by raising the veil, in order to allow the reality to shine. Poetry, whose harmonious breath has just hushed our suspended souls, will not vanish on that account; it will rather regain a fresh aspect and new life, and, above all, a greater energy. Fiction can never be superior to truth; the latter is a source of inspiration to us, richer and more fruitful than the former.

Complete. «The Wonders of the Heavens,» Book I., Chap. i.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS

THERE are truths before which human thought feels itself humiliated and perplexed, which it contemplates with fear, and without the power to face them, although it understands their existence and necessity: such are those of the infinity of space and eternity of duration. Impossible to define, for all definition could only darken the first idea which is in us,—these truths command and rule us. To try and explain them would be a barren hope; it suffices to keep them before our attention in order that they may reveal to us, at every instant, the immensity of their value. A thousand definitions have been given; we will, however, neither quote nor recall one of them. But we wish to open space before us and employ ourselves there, in trying to penetrate its depth. The velocity of a cannon ball from the mouth of the cannon makes swift way, 437 yards per second. But this would be still too slow for our journey through space, as our velocity would scarcely be 900 miles an hour. This is too little. In nature there are movements incomparably more rapid,—for instance, the velocity of light. This velocity is 186,000 miles per second. This will do better; thus we will take this means of transport. Allow me, then, by a figure of speech, to tell you that we will place ourselves on a ray of light and be carried away on its rapid course.

Taking the earth as our starting point, we will go in a straight line to any point of the heavens. We start. At the end of the first second we have already traversed 186,000 miles; at the end of the second, 372,000. We continue. Ten seconds, a minute, ten minutes have elapsed—111,600,000 miles have been passed. Passing, during an hour, a day, a week, without ever slackening our pace, during whole months, and even a year, the time which we have traversed is already so long that, expressed in miles, the number of measurement exceeds our faculty of comprehension, and indicates nothing to our mind: they would be trillions, and millions of millions. But we will not interrupt our flight. Carried on without stopping by this same rapidity of 186,000 miles each second, let us penetrate the expanse in a straight line for whole years, fifty years, even a century. . . . Where are we? For a long time we have gone beyond the last starry regions which are seen from the earth, the last that the telescope has

visited; for a long time we travel in other regions, unknown and unexplored. No mind is capable of following the road passed over; thousands of millions joined to thousands of millions express nothing: at the sight of this prodigious expanse the imagination is arrested, humbled. Well! this is the wonderful point of the problem: we have not advanced a single step in space. We are no nearer a limit than if we had remained in the same place; we should be able again to begin the same course starting from the point where we are, and add to our voyage a voyage of the same extent; we should be able to join centuries on centuries in the same itinerary, with the same velocity, to continue the voyage without end and without rest; we should be able to guide ourselves in any part of space, left, right, forward, backward, above, below, in every direction; and when, after centuries employed in this giddy course, we should stop ourselves, fascinated, or in despair before the immensity eternally open, eternally renewed, we should again understand that our secular flights had not measured for us the smallest part of space, and that we were not more advanced than at our starting point. In truth, it is the infinite which surrounds us, as we before expressed it, or the infinite number of worlds. We should be able to float for eternity without ever finding anything before us but an eternally open infinite.

Hence it follows that all our ideas on space have but a purely relative value. When we say, for instance, to ascend to the sky, to descend under the earth, these expressions are false in themselves, for being situated in the bosom of the Infinite, we can neither ascend nor descend: there is no above or below; these words have only an acceptation relative to the terrestrial surface on which we live.

The universe must, therefore, be represented as an expanse without limits, without shores, illimited, infinite, in the bosom of which float suns, like that which lights us, and earths like that which poises under our steps. Neither dome, nor vaults, nor limits of any kind; void in every direction, and in this infinite void an infinite number of worlds.

«The Wonders of the Heavens,»
Book I., Chap. ii.

Both the preceding selections were translated by Mrs. Norman Lockyer.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

(1842–)

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO, the Italian poet and novelist, was deeply moved by the poetry of the idea which inspired Evolution as a scientific hypothesis. Like St. George Mivart, he acknowledged fully the authority of the Roman Catholic Church in matters spiritual, but he wrote a notable series of essays intended to demonstrate that the idea of perpetual improvement going on throughout all nature as a result of a supreme law of goodness, operating even through what appears to be evil, is in itself a necessary deduction from the fundamental ideas of Christianity. With Mivart and Drummond, he did much to allay the fear that religion is in any way threatened by the theory of a progressive natural evolution, governed by the inherent qualities of matter, and going on for the improvement of all nature. Fogazzaro was born at Vicenza, Italy, in 1842. His best-known poems are "Miranda" and "Valsonda,"—the latter a volume of lyrics published in 1876.

FOR THE BEAUTY OF AN IDEAL

WE NOW believe no longer that the universe was created solely for humanity; that sun, moon, and stars are set in heaven only to give light to the earth; or that plants and animals exist for the sole purpose of being of service to man. We believe instead that within the ordering mind of the universe all things are directed, both in themselves and relatively to other things, toward infinitely diverse ends, very few of which are visible to us, very few of which with our intelligence we can apprehend. We believe that these infinitely numerous aims are arranged in accordance with greater designs, and that these are ordained to produce others still greater; and that these latter are in their turn but parts of one single immense design, of which it is hardly possible for human reason to know more than that in its general lines it ascends from the imperfect to the perfect. By these ideas we mean to raise, and not to lower

human dignity. We shift the origin of man from the statue of clay to the first nebula; we confide the sublime task of preparing for Adam and for the birth of the personal and immortal spirit to millions of ages, to all the powers of nature, to myriads and myriads of living beings. Finally, in the name of the law which evolved it from primeval matter, we promise to our species an endless ascent toward the Infinite.

At the same time we raise the dignity of inferior nature, hitherto trodden down with proud, superstitious, and unjust contempt by its offspring, Man. We recognize the action of the omnipotent Divine Will, constantly working for lofty ends, of which only those parts which concern our own species are even dimly visible to us; and to this lower nature also we promise a future unlimited Ascent of its own. Finally, our doctrine raises and enlarges the idea of the Divinity in the human intellect. Just as the entire absence or crude materialization of this idea belongs to the lowest intellectual conditions of the race, so, as culture becomes higher, the nobility and grandeur of the idea become more developed in the minds of more cultivated believers. There is no doubt that between scientific progress and the idea of God there is some spiritual correlation, similar to that mysterious correlation which we observe in the organic world, causing the development of one organ to correspond to the development of another, so that if the calyx of a flower grow deeper, there will be a corresponding growth in the length of the proboscis of the insect which depends on that flower for existence. Or, to use a still more material but more appropriate metaphor, I may say that there is a secret natural passage connecting the sources of human knowledge with the sources of the idea of God, by means of which, almost in accordance with the physical law of communicating vessels, the human spirit laboriously toiling at science must necessarily and spontaneously ascend to the conception of God. With each new step in scientific progress our mind is able to conceive God as greater, and, above all, as more unlike man in his method of operation. The progress of astronomy, revealing the true order of the solar system and its probable subordination to other greater systems, has amplified and glorified our conception of the Creator, multiplying the designs and aims of his divine action, and carrying them into the remotest and most invisible realms of space. Once, as they gazed at the stars, believers fancied that they were upheld in space by God, who stood

like a magician, a man furnished with supernatural faculties, on the outside of things, compelling them against the laws of nature to obey him. Newton's discovery has shown us that God governs the stars and all the atoms in the world in a radically different way, just in the very way, that is to say, which we call the laws of nature. It is impossible to conceive a human being, however grand and noble he might be, operating thus. By these laws of universal attraction, the creation, immensely widened by previous discoveries, is brought back to a rigorous unity. All things are attracted and balanced according to weight, number, and measure; and the infinitely different, but contemporaneous manifestations of a single force resound in a harmony which is expressed by the mechanical order of the universe. For cultivated and believing minds this ideal and harmonious music of the spheres conveys immensely more of the grandeur of the idea of God than the sight of a starry sky, even though powerful telescopes assist the eye to penetrate the furthest solar nebulæ. Now the theory of Evolution presents to us, not a Deity who works intermittently, creating the world in separately finished pieces, and then putting them together like a man making a machine; but a God who is at work always and everywhere, within and without everything, producing the progressive variety of types from the original unity with such orderly and continuous action that it may be called by the names of Nature and Law; a God who works from an infinite number of partial designs which all converge to one single infinite design. And the order of the universe, which, according to the law of attraction, resounds contemporaneously in space like a marvelous harmony, by the law of Evolution, develops in time with the material and logical continuity of a spoken thought. It is like a marvelous melody, passing from grandiose movements to impassioned, from the splendors of light to the splendors of intellect and love; a melody truly divine because, though never completed, it never wanders, but with increasing magnificence gives expression to an idea which is for the human soul the highest ideal possible, not absolute perfection, that is to say, for to that it can never in all eternity attain, but a continuous and indefinite ascent toward it. Never has the human spirit been able so well to trace the sublimity of the Creator from the evidence of things of sense as in these visions.

It is true that every phase of scientific progress has been accompanied also by the denial of God, but all that this proves is

that the choice between the confession and denial of God is always open to every human intellect, whether the most cultured or the most ignorant. Those who deny God refuse to recognize this, and seek to establish the logical contradiction between scientific truths and the idea of the Divinity. Seconded by a religious public, which was in terror lest the small and feeble god of its own conception should be overthrown, they concluded — first, that if the earth had been proved not to be the centre of the solar system, it was also proved that the Christian God should be relegated to a place among false and lying gods; and then, that if the stars of the solar system had been gradually formed by a mechanical process from matter in rotation, according to Lamarck's theory, the old stamp of supernatural manufacture might be obliterated at least from the planets and satellites.

All that could be proved from either of these arguments was that a God such as the vulgar herd imagine him could not exist, and each time answer was made that God was verily far greater. Finally, when the doctrine of Evolution had been published to the four winds, it was proclaimed, amid the groans, lamentations, and maledictions of believing people, that animals, plants, and man had made themselves by chance, out of a single substance, by means of natural selection; and that if the old idea of the Creator had been enabled to resist so many former blows given it by science, this time it had exploded forever.

Now the poet also is called to take his place in the ranks of those who, amid all this empty tumult, rise with heads uplifted and a smile on their lips to the defense of the new truths, together with the old beliefs. When we spiritualist poets listen to the secret voices of things, and feel dim stirrings of life, germs and traces of almost human joy and sadness in the winds and waves, the forests and running streams, in the delicate forms of flowers, in the expressive lines of rocks, in the ridges of the pensive mountains, you sometimes tell us that we are dreaming; and it is true, only that, like all dreams, ours is founded on realities. Our love of nature, except when it is an empty rhetoric badly learned, reveals a true affinity between men and things, a close relationship which science is always trying to prove by documentary evidence, while we have long since felt it in our hearts. And even if we put aside the laws of Evolution and the prophecies of St. Paul, we find within ourselves a true and intimate inspiration which assures us that all this dear beauty of earth is

not destined continually to decay and be lost, but that those hidden voices, the melancholy and joy of nature, signify the desire and expectation of a better state. When we have willingly and reverently depicted pain, you have sometimes told us that our art is inhuman. And now science comes to our aid and answers for us: "Pain is indeed a noble thing, because without the instrumentality of pain man could not have been raised from the dust, nor civilization from barbarism."

When we describe love, we represent it, not indeed as that false and imaginary phantom of love which has no power over the senses, nor as that fever of mere instinct which debases the spirit, but as a love which by its very nature aspires to unite two beings in one. At the same time, we pass over, I will not say the material part, for that would be impossible, but the merely animal and physiological part, that we may describe instead those refined and exquisite sensations which can only belong to the man who loves, and that we may glorify the passion of souls. When, I repeat, we describe love in this way, many set us down as timid consciences, as minds incapable of appreciating the glory and beauty of life, and of all that propagates life. Yet if the universe truly be governed by a law of indefinite progress, even from the human species a higher species may arise, it matters little when or how. And if the sexual instinct, which grows ever more active as we ascend the scale of organisms, has been a preparation for human love, this same human love may also be a preparation for some unknown form of sentiment in the future, its evolution continuing throughout the present phase of life, which is undoubtedly tending toward an ever greater refinement of matter and an ever greater power of the spirit.

Now a lofty moral law is written in the books of Nature, according to which no superior species can issue from an inferior one, without effort being made in the direction of the higher type. Wherever this effort is found wanting, there you find decadence and degeneration. If in the representation of love, other artists gravitate backward toward the brute, we, on the other hand, gravitate onward toward that higher type which man bears within himself, and must develop by himself. When our art, which can be a stranger to no form of beauty, seeks inspiration in moral beauty, we sometimes hear ourselves called cold and pedantic; but we know that we are fighting a just and necessary battle, if it be true, as it certainly is, that man is being carried by a law

of Nature toward an enlightened knowledge of one supreme moral ideal, in spite of the corruption and degeneration of individuals, caused by confused and contradictory notions of right and wrong. When, notwithstanding our feeling for the poetry of the past, of ruins and of antiquity, when notwithstanding every rightly conservative sentiment, we rise palpitating at the call of social misery and injustice, to tell of the woes of the afflicted and to threaten the careless, to invoke juster ordinances for human society, you may call us dreamers of a Utopia or Arcadia. But if the law of Evolution be true, we are, instead, the pioneers of a justice which shall infallibly be brought to pass by the contemporaneous union of the two forces which govern the world after the Divine plan, the force of conservation and the force of transformation.

From an essay in the Contemporary Review

JOHN FOSTER

(1770–1843)

IT is sometimes said that though Rev. John Foster wrote on many subjects, his reputation depends on four essays: "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," "On Decision of Character," "On the Application of the Epithet Romantic," and "On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion Has Been Rendered Less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Tastes." These, indeed, complete the list of his essays as they appear in the catalogues, but each one of them is really a book of essays, written in the form of "Letters," after the manner of Bolingbroke in his essays on the "Study of History." The Letters "On Decision of Character" are the best of the series, but in those "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself" Foster dwells most effectively on the important truth of the constant changes undergone by the individuality of the same person during a long life. These essays gave him celebrity during his lifetime, and he has not lost standing since his death. He was born in Yorkshire, England, September 17th, 1770. His life was spent in his professional work as a clergyman, relieved by the amateur work as an author which gave him his widest usefulness. He died October 15th, 1843.

DECISION OF CHARACTER

THERE is no man so irresolute as not to act with determination in many single cases, where the motive is powerful and simple, and where there is no need of plan and perseverance; but this gives no claim to the term character, which expresses the habitual tenor of a man's active being. The character may be displayed in the successive unconnected undertakings, which are each of limited extent, and end with the attainment of their particular objects. But it is seen to the greatest advantage in those grand schemes of action, which have no necessary point of conclusion, which continue on through successive years, and extend even to that dark period when the agent himself is withdrawn from human sight.

I have repeatedly remarked to you in conversation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active, ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favorite Cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. The spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day, with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will persist in his course, as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting, untamable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this has not been experienced by each reader of "Paradise Lost," relative to the Leader of the infernal spirits; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation,—and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of danger. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime in the reply of Pom-

pey to his friends, who dissuaded him from hazarding his life on a tempestuous sea in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live."

Revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose. Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of a Spaniard, who, being injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him; the other was apprised of this, and removed with the utmost secrecy, as he thought, to another town at a considerable distance, where, however, he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom, remote from each other; but in every place quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last he went to South America, where he had enjoyed his security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him, and accomplished his purpose.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted, in two or three years, a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him, of course, with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again; he had formed his plan too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labor; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small

gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer; and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy,—it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was

not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits who fulfill their commission of philanthrophy among mortals do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travelers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labor and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred everything he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to

the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Providence.

Unless the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, I may cite George Whitefield as a noble instance of this attribute of the decisive character, this intense necessity of action. The great Cause which was so languid a thing in the hands of many of its advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency.

Many of the Christian missionaries among the heathen, such as Brainerd, Elliot, and Schwartz, have displayed memorable examples of this dedication of their whole being to their office, this abjuration of all the quiescent feelings.

This would be the proper place for introducing (if I did not hesitate to introduce in any connection with mere human instances) the example of him who said, "I must be about my Father's business. My meat and drink is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?"

From Letter III., "On Decision of Character."

ON A MAN'S WRITING MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF

THOUGH in memoirs intended for publication, a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man, remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravanserai of opinions entertained awhile, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Buncle found, adored, married, and interred, his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind, sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis

by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has awhile inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next; for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything, in ultimately believing nothing. Even then, unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a skeptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one, even then, it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapor of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion, after his changes have been multiplied; as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two, considerable changes, will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him, will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason, when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigor may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates sincerely the perverseness which Petruchio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty, the sun, to be to-day, as certainly, the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest, who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No, in him it was no debility of reason, it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances, as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another, into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interests could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favorite, especially if unpopular, part of his; as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ, at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a respectful estimate of a man's character and talents might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into depreciating invective against him or his intellectual performances, and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, accounted himself, all the while, the model of equity and sound judgment. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction: and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps transmute a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of the early Roman republic, into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed, "The right divine of kings to govern wrong," with the pious and loyal inference of the flagrant iniquity of expelling Tarquin. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should itself be able, in its review, to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they could have no doubt, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and made slaves. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life, I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with a mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm

of feeling could be recovered,—I mean the period between childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: What fools we have been,—while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life, and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in other instances what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gayety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, reciting verbatim many recent passages of the language sincerely uttered to his favorite companions, would he not read it with more wonder than almost any other writing could at his age inspire? His consciousness would be strangely confused in the attempt to verify his identity with such a being. He would feel the young man, thus introduced to him, separated by so wide a distance of character as to render all congenial communion impossible. At every sentence he might repeat, Foolish youth! I have no sympathy with your feelings, I can hold no converse with your understanding. Thus you see that in the course of a long life a man may be several moral persons, so various from one another, that if you could find a real individual that should nearly exemplify the character in one of these stages, and another that should exemplify it in the next, and so on to the last, and then bring these several persons together into one society, which would thus be a representation of the successive states of one man, they would feel themselves a most heterogeneous party, would oppose and probably despise one another, and soon separate, not caring if they were never to meet again. The dissimilarity in mind between the two extremes, the youth of seventeen and the sage of seventy, might perhaps be little less than that in countenance; and as the

one of these contrasts might be contemplated by an old man, if he had a true portrait for which he sat in the bloom of life, and should hold it beside a mirror in which he looks at his present countenance, the other would be powerfully felt if he had such a genuine and detailed memoir as I have supposed. Might it not be worth while for a self-observant person in early life, to preserve for the inspection of the old man, if he should live so long, such a mental likeness of the young one? If it be not drawn near the time, it can never be drawn with sufficient accuracy.

From Letter VII., «On a Man's Writing Memories of Himself.»

FRANÇOIS MARIE CHARLES FOURIER

(1772–1837)

FOURIER was one of the most remarkable and influential men of the nineteenth century. In spite of extravagances which completely discredited him among orthodox economists, he made himself the leader of a world-wide movement for radical changes in existing economic and social conditions. The Civil War in America was largely due to the insistence of his disciples that reform must be immediate, regardless of all considerations of convenience and inconvenience. To the mysticism of Swedenborg and the extravagances of the most radical political reformers, Fourier joined faculties which, when he employs them, often give his logic the severity of Mill. It is said that he was prompted to begin his career as a political writer by seeing a ship's cargo of rice thrown overboard and destroyed as a means of raising the price. He was born April 7th, 1772, at Besançon, France, where his father was a draper. He began life as a chasseur in the French army, but after two years he was discharged on account of ill health. His life for many years subsequently was passed «in subordinate capacities in commercial houses.» In 1808 his «Theory of the Four Movements and of General Destinies» appeared as the beginning of his attempt to reorganize society. It was followed by «The New Industrial and Social World» and «False Industry,» constituting together a complete exposition of Fourier's ideas and methods. Instead of competition in trade and production, he proposed «phalansteries» organized for profit-sharing. While this produced a notable effect in disturbing conditions then existing, it is much less important practically than the ideas of essays in which Fourier treats single phases of what he finds most objectionable in the world as it is. When he thus restricts himself, his mysticism frequently disappears altogether, and he is severely practical. It is perhaps true that like a much greater thinker — Auguste Comte — he was at times wholly incapable of controlling the operations of his own mind, but when he is at his best his writings display phenomenal force and considerable attractiveness of style. He died October 8th, 1837.

SPOLIATION OF THE SOCIAL BODY

IN AN age which has carried economy even into the minutest details, substituting chickory for coffee, and making other savings which serve only to favor the impositions of tradesmen and to annoy consumers, who can hardly obtain pure and good articles at any price,—in an age so mean and parsimonious, how is it that no one has remarked that the chief economy should be economy of hands, economy of intermediate agents, who might be dispensed with, but who are so abundant in unproductive departments like that of commerce?

I have already observed that it is frequently our custom to employ a hundred persons in functions which, in Association, would require but two or three, and that after the seventh social Period, twenty men will suffice the markets of a city to which we now send a thousand. In respect to industrial organization, we are as unenlightened as nations ignorant of the use of the mill, and which employ fifty laborers to crush the grain which is ground among us by a single machine. Everywhere the superfluity of agents is frightful; in all commercial operations the number is at least four times larger than is requisite. Since the reign of free competition, we see tradesmen swarming even in our villages. Peasants renounce agriculture to become peddlers; if they have only a calf to sell, they go and spend days in town, idling about markets and public houses.

In cities like Paris, there are as many as three thousand grocers, where three hundred would amply suffice. The profusion of agents is the same in the smallest towns; those which are visited now in course of the year by a hundred commercial travelers and a hundred peddlers were not visited, perhaps, in 1788 by more than ten; yet at that period there was no lack of either provisions or clothing, and at very moderate prices, though tradesmen were less numerous by a third than at the present day.

This multiplicity of rival tradesmen drives them constantly to the adoption of measures the most foolish, and the most ruinous to the community; for superfluous agents, like monks, being consumers and not producers, are spoliators of the social body. It is now admitted that the monks of Spain, the number of whom is estimated at five hundred thousand, might produce enough, if

they were employed in agriculture, for the subsistence of two million persons. It is the same with the superfluous tradesmen, the number of whom is incalculable; and when we come to explain the commercial method of the sixth Period, Collective Competition, we shall be convinced that Commerce might be carried on with a fourth as many agents as it now employs, and that there are, in France alone, a million of inhabitants withdrawn from agriculture and manufactures by the superabundance of agents created by free competition. France alone, then, in consequence of the error of the Economists, suffers an annual loss of products sufficient for the subsistence of four million inhabitants.

Besides the waste of human labor, the present Order causes also a waste of capital and of products. I shall cite as an illustration of this, one of the most common abuses of the present day, namely, the breaking down of commercial rivals.

Since the Revolution we hear of nothing in the commercial world but the breaking down of rival tradesmen. Become too numerous, they compete furiously with each other for sales, which, owing to the excess of competition, are more and more difficult every day. A city which consumed a thousand tons of sugar when it had but ten tradesmen, still consumes but a thousand tons when the number is increased to forty; this is seen all over the world. Now we hear these swarms of merchants complaining of the dullness of trade, when they ought rather to complain of the superabundance of tradesmen. They exhaust themselves in making useless displays to attract customers, and run into the most foolish extravagance for the purpose of crushing their rivals.

It is an error to suppose that the merchant is a slave to interest alone; he is equally a slave to jealousy and pride. Some of them ruin themselves for the sterile honor of "doing a big business," others from a desire to break down a rival whose success enrages them. Commercial ambition, however low it may be, is still violent, and if the achievements of Miltiades disturbed the sleep of Themistocles, it may also be said that the sales of one tradesman disturb the sleep of another. Hence comes this insane competition by which so many merchants ruin each other, and exhaust themselves in expenses the burden of which falls ultimately upon the consumer; for, in the last analysis, all loss is supported by the community at large. Now if the new commercial order (Collective Competition) would reduce by three-fourths

the number of commercial agents and the amount of commercial expenses, the price of products would be diminished in a like proportion; then we should see production increase in proportion to the demand occasioned by the reduction in price, and to the amount of labor and capital restored to agriculture by the diminution in the number of commercial agents.

One abuse leads to another; this is as true in Commerce as in Government. For example, multiplicity of commercial agents leads to speculation and bankruptcy. We see a striking proof of this in the rivalry of stage-coach companies, which for the sake of ruining each other would often be willing to carry travelers gratis. In seeing them lower their prices, in order to break each other down, people say: « Soon they will pay us a premium to go in their conveyances. »

It is important to dwell on these details, in order to prove that the Economists, in assuming gain to be the only motive of tradesmen, have grossly deceived themselves. What sensible man would have conceived the idea of carrying passengers from Paris to Rennes for eighteen francs? Yet such are the follies produced by the mania for breaking down rivals. The result of these industrial conflicts, so agreeable to travelers, is the bankruptcy of the various parties engaged in them, who, at some months apart, are ruined by each other. The loss occasioned by their bankruptcy is borne, in the end, by the public who always take an interest in the most foolish enterprises which, notwithstanding their nonsuccess, yield a profit to the bankrupts by the spoliation of their co-associates whose funds are never reimbursed. Hence it is that the merchants, certain to save themselves, in case of reverses, by a bankruptcy, hazard everything in order to ruin a rival and rejoice over the downfall of a neighbor, like those Japanese who put out one eye at the door of an enemy that they may cause him, according to their law, to lose both. The old established commercial houses, disconcerted by these destructive rivalries, renounce a profession become so hazardous and corrupt through the intrigues of the newcomers, who, in order to obtain the vogue, commence by selling at a loss. The old houses not caring to lose in this way, find themselves deserted, deprived of custom, and unable to meet their engagements. Soon the two parties fall into difficulties and are obliged to recur to the money lender, whose usurious aid increases their embarrassment and hastens the fall of both

It is thus that Free Competition, by engendering bankruptcies, encourages the system of usury, and gives to it the colossal importance it now possesses. At the present day, usurers are found in our smallest towns; everywhere we see men who, under the name of bankers and brokers, have no other trade than that of lending on usury, and thus stimulating the strife of competition. By their advances they encourage a host of superfluous tradesmen, who plunge into the most absurd speculations and who, when they are in difficulties, have recourse to the bankers by whom they are "shaved." The latter, from their favorable position in the commercial arena, aggravate the evil, and resemble those hordes of Arabs who hover about an army, waiting to despoil the vanquished, whether enemies or friends.

In view of so many rapines and absurdities engendered by Commerce, can it be doubted that the Ancients were right in treating it with contempt? As for the philosophers, who in their theories of Political Economy extol and defend it, are they not a set of shameless charlatans? And can we hope to see the reign of truth, of justice, or of order in industrial relations till we have condemned the present commercial system, and invented a method for the Exchange of Products, less degrading to the social body?

DECLINE OF THE CIVILIZED ORDER

I SHALL merely allude to a subject here which should be treated in full, namely, The Right of Man to Labor; in other words, the right to regular, congenial, and remunerative employment. I shall take good care not to renew the old political controversy upon the rights of man. After the revolutions to which this controversy has given rise, will it be believed that we are running the risk of new political convulsions for having overlooked the first and most important of these rights, namely, the Right to Labor?—a Right of which our politicians have never made the least mention, according to their uniform habit of omitting the most important questions in every branch of science.

Among the influence tending to restrict this right, I shall cite the formation of privileged corporations which, conducting a given branch of Industry, monopolize it, and arbitrarily close the doors of labor against whomever they please.

These corporations will become dangerous and lead to new outbreaks and convulsions, only by being extended to the whole commercial and industrial system. This event is not far distant, and it will be brought about all the more easily from the fact that it is not apprehended. The greatest evils have often sprung from imperceptible germs, as, for instance, Jacobinism. And if Civilization has engendered this and so many similar calamities, may it not engender others which we do not now foresee? The most imminent of these is the birth of a Commercial Feudalism, or the Monopoly of Commerce and Industry by large joint-stock companies, leagued together for the purpose of usurping and controlling all branches of industrial relations. Extremes meet; and the greater the extent to which anarchical competition is carried, the nearer is the approach to the reign of universal Monopoly, which is the opposite excess. It is the fate of Civilization to be always balancing between extremes. Circumstances are tending toward the organization of the commercial classes into federal companies or affiliated monopolies, which, operating in conjunction with the great landed interest, will reduce the middle and laboring classes to a state of commercial vassalage, and, by the influence of combined action, will become master of the productive industry of entire nations. The small operators will be forced, indirectly, to dispose of their products according to the wishes of these monopolists; they will become mere agents, working for the mercantile coalition. We shall thus see the reappearance of feudalism in an inverse order, founded on mercantile leagues and answering to the baronial leagues of the Middle Ages.

Everything is concurring to produce this result. The spirit of commercial monopoly and financial speculation has extended even to the great; the old nobility, ruined and dispossessed, seek distraction in financial speculations. The descendants of the old Knights excel in the mysteries of the Ready Reckoner and in the manœuvres of the stock market, as their chivalrous ancestors excelled at the tournaments. Public opinion prostrates itself before the bankers and financiers, who in the capitals share authority with the government, and devise every day new means for the monopoly and control of Industry.

We are marching with rapid strides toward a Commercial Feudalism, and to the fourth Phase of Civilization. The philosophers, accustomed to reverence everything which comes in the

name and under the sanction of commerce, will see this new Order spring up without alarm, and will consecrate their servile pens to celebrating its praises. Its début will be one of brilliant promise, but the result will be an Industrial Inquisition, subordinating the whole people to the interests of the affiliated monopolists. Thus, the philosophers, within a brief period, will have permitted the social Movement to retrograde in two ways; first, by the violent Revolution which in 1793 conducted Europe rapidly toward Barbarism, and, second, by the commercial anarchy and license which at the present day are causing a rapid decline toward the Feudal Order. Such are the melancholy results of our confidence in social guides who have no other object than to raise themselves by political intrigues to position and fortune. Philosophy needed some new subject to replace the old theological controversies, which it had completely exhausted; it was therefore to the Golden Calf, to Commerce, that it turned its eyes, making it an object of social idolatry and scholastic dispute.

It is no longer to the Muses nor to their votaries, but to Traffic and its heroes that Fame now consecrates her hundred voices. We hear no longer of Wisdom, of Virtue, of Morality; all that has fallen into contempt, and incense is now burnt only on the altar of Commerce. The true grandeur of a nation, its only glory, according to the economists, is to sell to neighboring nations more cloths and calicoes than we purchase of them. France, always infatuated with novelties, inclines before the folly of the day, so that now no one can think or write except in praise of august Commerce. Even the great are slaves to this mania; a minister who wishes to become popular must promise to every village — "*un Commerce immense et un immense Commerce*"; a nobleman journeying through the provinces must announce himself in every town as a friend of Commerce, traveling for the good of Commerce. The savants of the nineteenth century are those who explain to us the mysteries of the stock market. Poesy and the fine arts are disdained, and the Temple of Fame is open no longer except to those who tell us why sugars are "feeble," why soap is "firm." Since philosophy has conceived a passion for Commerce, Polyhymnia decks the new science with flowers. The tenderest expressions have replaced the old language of the merchants, and it is now said, in elegant phrase, that "sugars are languid" — that is, are falling; that "soaps are looking up" — that is, have advanced. Formerly, pernicious man-

œuvres like monopoly and speculation excited the indignation of writers; but now these schemes are a title to distinction, and France announces them in a Pindaric strain, saying: "A rapid and unexpected movement has suddenly taken place in soaps"— at which words we seem to see bars of soap leap from their boxes and wing their way to the clouds, while the speculators in soap hear their names resound through the whole land. Whatever Commerce touches, were it only a stock certificate or a quintal of fish, the philosophers speak of in sublime style and in accents of delight. Under their pens, a cask of rum becomes a flask of rose-water, cheese exhales the perfume of the violet, and soap rivals the whiteness of the lily. All these flowers of rhetoric contribute, doubtless, to the success of Industry, which has found in the support of the Philosophers the same kind of assistance they have extended to the people, namely, fine phrases, but not results.

When were there so many abuses, so much anarchy in the industrial world as now, when the mercantile policy is in the ascendant? Because an insular nation, favored by the commercial indolence of France, has enriched itself by monopoly and maritime spoliation, behold all the old doctrines of philosophy disdained, Commerce extolled as the only road to truth, to wisdom, and to happiness, and the merchants become the pillars of the state, while all the continental Cabinets vie with each other in their submission to a Power which suborns them with the profits she has levied upon their people. One is ready to believe in magic on seeing kings and empires thus circumvented by a few commercial sophisms, and exalting to the skies the race of monopolists, stockjobbers, *agioteurs*, and other industrial corsairs, who employ their influence in concentrating masses of capital, in producing fluctuations in the price of products, in ruining alternately all branches of industry, and in impoverishing the producing classes, who are spoliated *en masse* by vast monopolies, as we herrings engulfed in the jaws of a whale.

To sum up:—I have already stated, in course of the discussion, what would be the effect of Collective Competition, which is the antidote of the present system:—

I. It would lead, without compulsion and without the concession of exclusive privileges, to the formation of large Associations, which are the basis of all economy.

II. It would make the commercial body responsible to the community for all its operations, and allow to it only the conditional ownership of industrial products.

III. It would restore to productive Industry the capital now employed in Commerce; for the social body being fully insured against all malpractices on the part of merchants, they would everywhere have accorded to them entire confidence; they would have no occasion for employing large sums of money in their business, and the whole capital of the country would be invested in agriculture and manufactures.

IV. It would restore to productive Industry three-fourths of the hands now employed in the unproductive functions of Commerce.

V. It would compel the commercial body, by a system of equitable taxation, to support its share of public expenses, which it now has the skill to avoid.

VI. Finally, it would establish in commercial relations a degree of probity and good faith, which, though less than will exist in the Combined Order, would still be immense as compared with the frauds and spoliations of the present system.

The above synopsis will create a desire for an entire chapter on Collective Competition, but I have already said that the object of this preliminary essay is only to expose the ignorance of our social and political guides, and to explain the ends they should have had in view in their investigations. For the rest, of what use would it be to stop to explain the means of perfecting Civilization by measures, such as Collective Competition, borrowed from the sixth Period? What signifies to us the ameliorations of the sixth or seventh Periods, since we can overleap them both and pass immediately to the eighth, which therefore alone merits our attention?

When we shall have reached this Period, when we shall enjoy fully the happiness of the Combined Order, we can reason on the abuses of civilization and their correctives at our ease. It is then that we may amuse ourselves with an analysis of the Civilized mechanism, which is the most curious of all, since it is that in which there is the greatest complication and confusion of elements. As for the present, the question is not to study, not to improve Civilization, but to quit it; it is for this reason that I shall not cease to fix the mind on the necessity of rejecting all half measures, and of going straight to the proposed end by founding, without delay, an Association based upon the Serial order — an Association which, by furnishing a demonstration of Passional Harmony, will remove the philosophic cataract from the eyes of the human race, and raise all the nations of the globe — Civilized, Barbaric, and Savage — to their social destiny, — to Universal Unity.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(1706–1790)

AMONG the earliest books Franklin is known to have read were several volumes of the Spectator and "Locke on the Human Understanding." His first essay "On Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," written when he was very young, owed its inspiration no doubt to Locke rather than to Addison. Of this essay Franklin was far from being proud in later life. He is at his best in short essays in the style of the Spectator and Rambler. In some of his friendly letters he uses the same style admirably, but his masterpiece is unquestionably the "Preliminary Address" he prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac for 1758. This characteristic production had a wide influence in Franklin's lifetime, and although the national character out of which it grew and with which it harmonized, has wholly changed, its interest is perennial and undiminished. It cannot be truly said that Franklin is a model of style; but in everything he has written, he shows the genius which made him one of the greatest men of modern times.

ON EARLY MARRIAGES

Dear Jack:—

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and, hence, many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies

that defect; and, by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections, that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when Nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in Nature's favor, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents should live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans." A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be. With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life — the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who having too long postponed the change of their conditions, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set; what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors; it can't well cut anything; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal,

and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both!

Complete. To John Alleyn.

POOR RICHARD'S PHILOSOPHY

(Preliminary address in Poor Richard's Almanac for the year 1758)

I HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed, for though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of Almanacs) annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way (for what reason I know not) have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken the least notice of me: so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded, at length, that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and, besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with "As Poor Richard says," at the end on't. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I have been gratified by an incident which I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think ye of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied,—"If you'd have my advice, I'll give it to you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough, and many words won't

fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

"Friends," says he, "and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says in his Almanac.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says. 'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality'; since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy,' as Poor Richard says; and 'he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him,' as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, 'Drive thy business, let not that drive thee'; and, 'early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry needs not wish,' as Poor Richard says; and, 'He that lives upon hope

will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed'; and, as Poor Richard likewise observes, 'He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor'; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, 'At the workingman's house Hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for, 'Industry pays debts, but Despair increaseth them,' says Poor Richard. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy? 'Diligence is the mother of Good Luck,' as Poor Richard says; and 'God gives all things to industry; then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep,' says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows'; and, further, 'Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day.' 'If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day: 'Let not the sun look down, and say, Inglorious here he lies!' Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for, 'Continual dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate into the cable; and light strokes fell great oaks,' as Poor Richard says in his Almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?'—I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful: this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.' Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Troubles

spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease: many without labor would live by their own wits only; but they break for want of stock.' Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you; the diligent spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow,' all which is well said by Poor Richard.

"But with our industry, we must likewise be steady and settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others: for, as Poor Richard says,

'I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as one that settled be.'

"And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire'; and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee'; and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again,

'He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands'; and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge'; and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the Almanac says, 'In the affairs of the world, men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it'; but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, 'Learning is to the studious, and riches to the careful, as well as power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous.' And, further, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes 'A little neglect may breed great mischief'; adding, 'For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost'; being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'keep his nose all his life to

the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.' 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will,' as Poor Richard says; and,

'Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

"'If you would be wealthy,' says he, in another Almanac, 'think of saving, as well as of getting: the Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as Poor Dick says,—

'Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great.'

"And, further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, 'Many a little makes a meikle'; and, further, 'Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship'; and again, 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove'; and, moreover, 'Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at the sale of fineries and nicknacks. You call them GOODS; but if you do not take care, they will prove EVILS to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, or not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, as Poor Richard says, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance'; and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. 'Wise men,' as Poor Dick says, 'learn by others' harms, fools scarcely by their own; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*' Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone

with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families: 'Silk and satin, scarlet and velvets,' as Poor Richard says, 'put out the kitchen fire.' These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, 'For one poor person there are a hundred indigent.' By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case, it appears plainly, 'A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think 'It is day, and will never be night'; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding: 'A child and a fool,' as Poor Richard says, 'imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent; but always be taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom'; then, as Poor Dick says, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.' Poor Dick further advises and says: —

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt,' as Poor Richard says. And, in another place, 'Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and

supped with Infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person: it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

'What is a butterfly? at best,
He's but a caterpillar dress'd;
The gaudy fop's his picture just.'

as Poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt. You give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, 'The second vice is lying; the first is running in debt.' And again to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's back'; whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue: 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright,' as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince, or that government, who would issue an edict, forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but 'Creditors,' Poor Richard tells us, 'have better memories than debtors'; and in another place he says, 'Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or if you

bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as at his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe money to be paid at Easter.' Then since, as he says, 'The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor,' disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency: be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

'For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day,'

as Poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says. So, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,'

as Poor Richard says. And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven: and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,' as Poor Richard says. However, remember this, 'They that will not be counseled cannot be helped,' as Poor Richard says; and, further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.'"

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the

auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired every one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

OBSERVATIONS ON WAR

By the original laws of nations, war and extirpation were the punishment of injury. Humanizing by degrees, it admitted slavery instead of death; a further step was the exchange of prisoners instead of slavery; another, to respect more the property of private persons under conquest, and be content with acquired dominion. Why should not this law of nations go on improving? Ages have intervened between its several steps; but as knowledge of late increases rapidly, why should not those steps be quickened? Why should it not be agreed to, as the future law of nations, that in any war hereafter, the following descriptions of men should be undisturbed, have the protection of both sides, and be permitted to follow their employments in security, *viz.*:—

1. Cultivators of the earth, because they labor for the subsistence of mankind.
2. Fishermen, for the same reason.
3. Merchants and traders in unarmed ships, who accommodate different nations by communicating and exchanging the necessaries and conveniences of life.
4. Artists and mechanics, inhabiting and working in open towns.

It is hardly necessary to add that the hospitals of enemies should be unmolested — they ought to be assisted. It is for the interest of humanity in general that the occasions of war, and the

inducements to it, should be diminished. If rapine be abolished, one of the encouragements to war is taken away; and peace therefore more likely to continue and be lasting.

The practice of robbing merchants on the high seas,—a remnant of the ancient piracy,—though it may be accidentally beneficial to particular persons, is far from being profitable to all engaged in it, or to the nation that authorizes it. In the beginning of a war some rich ships are surprised and taken. This encourages the first adventurers to fit out more armed vessels; and many others to do the same. But the enemy at the same time become more careful, arm their merchant ships better, and render them not so easy to be taken; they go also more under the protection of convoys. Thus, while the privateers to take them are multiplied, the vessels subjected to be taken, and the chances of profit are diminished; so that many cruises are made wherein the expenses overgo the gains, and, as is the case in other lotteries, though particulars have got prizes, the mass of adventurers are losers, the whole expense of fitting out all the privateers during a war being much greater than the whole amount of goods taken.

Then there is the national loss of all the labor of so many men during the time they have been employed in robbing; who besides spend what they get in riot, drunkenness, and debauchery; lose their habits of industry; are rarely fit for any sober business after a peace, and serve only to increase the number of highwaymen and housebreakers. Even the undertakers, who have been fortunate, are by sudden wealth led into expensive living, the habit of which continues when the means of supporting it cease, and finally ruins them: a just punishment for their having wantonly and unfeelingly ruined many honest, innocent traders and their families, whose substance was employed in serving the common interest of mankind.

Complete.

NECESSARY HINTS TO THOSE THAT WOULD BE RICH

THE use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat a day idly spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day.

He that idly loses five shillings worth of time loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shilling into the sea.

He that loses five shillings, not only loses that sum, but all the advantages that might be made by turning it in dealing; which, by the time that a young man becomes old, will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Again, he that sells upon credit asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it; therefore, he that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys; and he that pays ready money might let that money out to use; so that he that possesses anything he has bought pays interest for the use of it.

Yet, in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent. by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all he sells upon credit, an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit pay their share of this advance.

He that pays ready money escapes, or may escape, that charge.

"A penny saved is two pence clear;
A pin a day 's a groat a year."

Complete. 1738.

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY PLENTY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET

AT THIS time, when the general complaint is that "money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching — the certain way to fill empty purses — and how to keep them always full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business.

First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions; and,

Second, spend one penny less than thy clear gains.

Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty bellyache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.

Complete.

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child, at seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to

buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gave too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; "He pays, indeed," says I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; "Poor man," says I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations; "Mistaken man," says I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; "Alas," says I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband; "What a pity it is," says I, "that she has paid so much for a whistle."

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Complete.

THE MORALS OF CHESS

PLAYING at chess is the most ancient and universal game known among men; for its original is beyond the memory of history, and it has, for numberless ages, been the amusement of all the civilized nations of Asia, the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese. Europe has had it above a thousand years; the Spaniards have spread it over their part of America, and it begins to make its appearance in these States. It is so interesting in itself as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and thence it is never played for money. Those, therefore, who have leisure for such diversions, cannot find one that is more innocent; and the following piece, written with a view to correct (among a few young friends) some little improprieties in the practice of it, shows, at the same time, that it may, in its effects on the mind, be not merely innocent, but advantageous, to the vanquished as well as the victor.

The game of chess is not merely an idle amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired or strengthened by it, so as to become habits, ready on all occasions. For life is a kind of chess, in which we have points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events, that are, in some degree, the effects of prudence or the want of it. By playing at chess, then, we learn: —

I. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity, considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"

II. Circumspection, which surveys the whole chessboard, or scene of action, the relations of the several pieces and situations, the dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other, the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece, and what different means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

III. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such

as, "If you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand"; and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed; as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely, but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And, lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favorable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so subject to sudden vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after long contemplation, discovers the means of extricating oneself from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hope of victory by our own skill, or at least of giving a stale mate, by the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers, what in chess he often sees instances of, that particular pieces of success are apt to produce presumption, and its consequent inattention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by the present success of his adversary, nor to despair of final good fortune, upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

That we may, therefore, be induced more frequently to choose this beneficial amusement, in preference to others, which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance which may increase the pleasure of it should be regarded; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the players, which is to pass the time agreeably.

Therefore, first, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be exactly observed by both parties, and should not be insisted on for one side, while deviated from by the other — for this is not equitable.

Secondly, if it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

Thirdly, no false move should ever be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty, or to gain an advantage. There can

be no pleasure in playing with a person once detected in such unfair practices.

Fourthly, if your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or to express any uneasiness at his delay. You should not sing, nor whistle, nor look at your watch, nor take up a book to read, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do anything that may disturb his attention. For all these things displease; and they do not show your skill in playing, but your craftiness or your rudeness.

Fifthly, you ought not to endeavor to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves, and saying that you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes; for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game.

Sixthly, you must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expression, nor show too much pleasure; but endeavor to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself, by every kind of civil expression that may be used with truth; such as, "You understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive; or, you play too fast; or, you had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favor."

Seventhly, if you are a spectator while others play, observe the most perfect silence. For if you give advice, you offend both parties; him against whom you give it, because it may cause the loss of his game; and him, in whose favor you give it, because, though it be good, and he follow it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think until it had occurred to himself. Even after a move or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, show how it might have been placed better; for that displeases, and may occasion disputes and doubts about their true situation. All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is therefore unpleasing. Nor should you give the least hint to either party, by any kind of noise or motion. If you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator. If you have a mind to exercise or show your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticizing, or meddling with, or counseling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above mentioned, then moderate your desire of vic-

tory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself. Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskillfulness or inattention, but point out to him kindly that by such a move he places or leaves a piece in danger and unsupported; that by another he will put his king in a perilous situation, etc. By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may, indeed, happen to lose the game to your opponent, but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection; together with the silent approbation and goodwill of impartial spectators.

Complete.

THE EPHEMERA—AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an Ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, the one a cousin, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom

I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honeydew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will, in a course of minutes, become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever-amiable *Brillante.*

Madame Brillon of Passy.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

(1823–1892)

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, essayist and historian, was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1823. After graduating from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1845, he was connected with the university as Fellow of his college. He was an examiner in Modern History at Oxford for a number of years prior to his appointment as regius professor of Modern History in 1884. He filled this place, and at the same time wrote one volume after another of history and essays until his health failed and he went to Spain, where he died March 16th, 1892. Among his works are "An Essay on Window Tracery," "The History and Conquest of the Saracens," "History of the Norman Conquest," "General Sketch of European History," "Lectures to American Audiences," and "Some Impressions of the United States." Many of his most striking essays, which were written for English reviews, are still uncollected.

HOW TO GROW GREAT MEN

"THE chief duty of a nation," says Mr. Lowell, "is to produce great men; for without them its history is but the annals of ants and of bees." He had already said that his own nation at least "had not lost the power of bringing forth great men." Perhaps he would say the same of the other three nations which he has brought into the comparison. The power, we may suppose, is there; only just now it is not exercised. Meanwhile all nations may do what Mr. Lowell recommends his own nation to do: they may give the great man, when he does come, his opportunity. Each man of each nation, each of the small men, each of the moderate-sized men, may do all that he can in his humble way to make things generally better, and so to clear the path for the great man. No advice can be better; only one may be wicked enough to doubt whether to make everything as good as possible is the way to make an opportunity for the great man. Great men have commonly found their opportunity in a

bad state of things; if all things are just as they should be, there will be nothing for the great man to do. The reformer cannot act where there is nothing to reform; the deliverer cannot act where there is no oppressor. If the Sicilies had been a quiet, prosperous community, living like ants and bees, there would have been no need of Garibaldi, nothing for Garibaldi to do. And a word must be said about the ants and bees who are brought in as in some sort the horrid example. Mr. Lowell takes for granted that the annals of ants and bees can contain no stirring events, no memorable acts of any ants or bees who are natural leaders of their fellows. He takes for granted that such annals as theirs must be dull and unimproving, and that men, in America or anywhere else, ought to seek after a more exciting history. But the annals of ants and bees may be dull, that is uneventful, without any discredit to the ants and bees. It may be that the ants and bees are so perfectly virtuous and happy after their own fashion that their lives go so regularly after a well-ordered plan that there is really nothing to record. One has heard such sayings as that "history is a record of crime," that "happy is the nation that has no history"; the ants and the bees, and any nations that may be like them, may be all the better and happier for having nothing to set down in their annals. One comes now and then in ancient annals to a year or two marked with a kind of surprise as having passed without any fighting. Clearly in those years the great men of the time must have had less to do, less means of showing their greatness; but one fancies that the small men may have been happier in their own small way; they may have been better pleased, because, to quote another phrase of Mr. Lowell, their house was not always on fire. But are we quite sure that Mr. Lowell is right about the exceeding dullness of the annals of ants and bees? On these points one would like to examine Sir John Lubbock as well as Mr. Lowell. Are not the bees a political community? They have a queen, and the queen is elective. We are always told that one grub or pupa, or whatever is the scientific name, is chosen and made into a queen, qualified to be the mother of her people, while the rest of her fellows are doomed to abide in the state of hard-working old maids. There must surely be some principle on which the choice is made; the process may be as elaborate as the election of a Doge; it must at least require some debate; the making of a queen may, in a commonwealth of bees, be as exciting a busi-

ness as a presidential election or a ministerial crisis is among commonwealths of larger animals. One has surely seen bee-crowds in as great a state of stir and eagerness as any man-crowd in Trafalgar Square or anywhere else. And as for the ants, some species of them must have very stirring annals. What of those commonwealths of ants which go forth to make war on other commonwealths and which above all things set forth on expeditions to bring home slaves? Mr. Lowell could not approve of their doings; but he must allow that the record of them cannot fail to be stirring. In such works of strife there must surely be great ants which distinguish themselves above the rest; there must be ants which at such times find their opportunity; ants in whom their fellows put their trust when their house is on fire. It is surely in Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs" that we read:—

> "These emmets how little they are in our eyes;
> We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
> Without our regard or concern."

But that is only the way in which enlightened newspaper writers talk scornfully about "petty states"; it is only the way in which great men, despots, and diplomatists hand over struggling nations to bondage and slaughter, without their regard or concern.

But, after all, a question or two may be asked about the great men whom it is the first duty of a nation to produce. It might be a cavil if one asked how to define a great man; for it would be perfectly fair to answer that great men are among the many things which we know quite well when we see them, but which we cannot accurately define. We perhaps know our great man by instinct, and it does not prove that we do not so know him to say that there may be differences of opinion as to the greatness of any particular man. If one were to attempt a definition of the great man, it might be something like this, that he is one who does great things by virtue of some quality in himself. This shuts out at one end those who do great things in an incidental kind of way, as mere instruments of others or of circumstances; it shuts out at the other end those who have the capacity for doing great things, but who never do them, whether from some fault in themselves or from mere lack of opportunity. As Mr. Lowell says, we must have both the man and the opportunity. It may be very hard on some men who miss the opportunity by

no fault of their own, but we cannot admit the mute inglorious Miltons, as long as they are mute. For as long as they are mute, we cannot be sure of them; when we hear of —

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,"

we may, if we are in a spiteful fit, remember that it was said of one who did sway that rod that he was *omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.* Galba was found out, and the mute inglorious Miltons might have been found out also; they must all abide in the hypothetical state of the man of whom his friend said in a testimonial that "he had not had the advantage of a university education, but there could be no doubt that, if he had, he would have gained the highest honors." In short, the great man must not only be what philosophers would call great *in posse;* he must be great *in esse:* that is, he must find his opportunity.

Then another question may start up, Is the great man necessarily a good man? It is quite certain that men have often done great things for a country or for a cause whose personal lives have not been exactly what they ought to have been. And it is also quite certain that men have often done great things, made great changes, founded states, delivered nations, but even of whose public career we cannot say that it has been wholly for good. The good may outweigh the bad; but there is bad along with it. Perhaps in practice we draw a rough but quite clear distinction. We call the man who does great things a great man, if his work is good on the whole, if, while doing some harm, he does more good. And perhaps we also throw in some thought as to his motives. We do not expect any man's motives to be impossibly or exceptionally pure; we do not ask for a Timoleon or a Garibaldi every time; we do not ask that the great man, in working for his great cause, should wholly forget himself, his own credit, even his own advantage. But we do ask that his career shall not be a selfish one; we ask that the cause shall come first and self second; if the interest of the cause and his own interest clash, then his own interest must go to the wall. In short, while we may give the title of great to men whose work has some flaws in it, whose motives may not have been always absolutely angelic, we refuse it to men whose work, on however great a scale, has done more harm than good; we refuse it also to men whose motives we believe to have been mainly

selfish. And we must further allow for the difference of standard in different times and places, and for the different points of view of nations, creeds, and parties. A man wins approval in one time and place for acts which would not win him approval in another time and place. He is thought well of by a nation, a party, a class, which gains by his acts, while he is thought ill of by nations, parties, or classes, which suffer by them. Perhaps we may allow a man to be great, if his acts are on a great scale, and if they are such that they can plausibly be defended, such that any large body of men think well of him on the strength of them. We may dispute forever as to the greatness of all the leading characters of history, unless we at least come down so far from any abstract standard of morality as to allow them to be judged by the standard of their own age. If we are too strict, we may deny the title of great to Alexander and Cæsar. Or let us take the most striking case of all. No line of men were ever more highly gifted by nature than the early Ottoman Sultans; no men had better opportunities of doing acts on a great scale, and none made fuller use of their opportunities. Are we to refuse them a place among great men because, from our point of view, their career was purely mischievous? To a Turk their career seems exactly opposite. Surely in estimating simple greatness, we may give them the benefit of the Turkish point of view. On the whole, then, the man may be counted great whose acts are on a great scale, and are withal not so clearly evil but that they may be approved by the opinion of some time and place, of some class or creed or party.

But the great man, however highly gifted by nature, cannot show himself to be great, unless he has his opportunity. And here our great men seem to split off into two classes. There are some who make their opportunities for themselves, and others who wait till the opportunities are made for them. There are some men who, we instinctively feel, must, under any circumstances, in any time, in any place, have shown that they were something different from the mass of mankind. There are men who cannot be kept under, who must come to the front in some way, who may or may not — that depends on themselves and their opportunity — deeply or lastingly influence other men, but who have something in them which makes them incapable of leaving things just as they found them. They must make a stir in some way; they must be leaders, if only of the smallest possible flock; if

they get no flock at all, they are at least so far leaders that they are not led by any one else. Now this class of men are very far from being all of them great men, but one kind of great men certainly belongs to this class. To talk of "genius" is more dangerous; but it might be safe to say that, while the whole class are far from being all of them men of genius, yet all men of genius must belongs to the class. Genius is said to be akin to madness, and so it certainly is so far as this, that both in genius and in madness some one quality, some one gift, stands out before all the rest, and is, to speak the plain truth, out of proportion to the rest. The man of genius is surely the man who can do one or two things in a way far above the ordinary standard; there may be other things in which he falls below the ordinary standard. Now there are times and places in which this kind of man is the man that is wanted. If some particular truth needs to be set forth before all others, what is wanted is the man who will set forth that truth, even out of its due proportion to all others. If some particular work needs to be done, what is wanted is the man who can do that work in the best possible way, even though he may be unable to do, even though he may despise doing some other work which, in some other time and place, might be quite as needful. One might go on forever with a poetical or rhetorical picture of the man of genius, the hero, if we choose so to call him. But what has been said may pass as a practical description of him. And it must be remembered that the man of this kind, while eminently useful under one set of circumstances, may be no less mischievous under another. He has his particular work to do, his particular truth to insist on; happy is he if he comes at the time when that work, that truth, is the thing which is specially needed. A hero may become a little out of place when there is nothing stirring in his own line. We welcome St. George when there are dragons to be slain; we should hardly know what to do with him at other times. If there is a nation to be delivered by the strong arm, Garibaldi is the man; but when there are no Sicilies to deliver, Garibaldi does well to keep quiet in his own island.

Now, men of this kind do often really make their opportunity, that is, if they come at the moment when the particular thing which they can do is the thing which most needs to be done. There is another kind of men who must have their opportunities made for them, men on whom greatness, if it comes, is in a man-

ner thrust. They are men who, if it so happens, deserve and receive the highest measure of fame, but who can hardly be said to win it, because they in no sense strive for it. And if, under one set of circumstances, their names may fill the world for ages, under another set of circumstances their names may never be heard of at all. These are the men who do not stand out above others for the special development of some particular quality, who perhaps do not stand out at all, but who, if they do stand out, are marked by having all the needful qualities in their due proportion. Some other man may be able to do some particular thing better than they; no other man can do so many things so well. They are less brilliant than the geniuses and heroes; but there is a sense in which they are more useful,—for under all circumstances they are of some use, and under no circumstances are they mischievous. These are the men who have the gift of acting well and wisely in any condition of life in which they happen to find themselves. They do their duty, whatever it is. If circumstances give them only small things to do, they do those small things well. If circumstances give them great things to do, they do the great things no less well. If only the small duties fall to them, they may be respected by their own neighbors and unheard of anywhere else; if the great duties fall to them, they may, by common consent, be placed among the famous men of history. Let us take two men of English blood and speech in widely different ages, Alfred the King and Washington the President. Both of them clearly belong to the class of which we are speaking. There is not in the character of either any overwhelming development of one quality; their greatness consists in the harmonious union of many qualities. There is no superhuman brilliancy about them, no sign that they must, under any circumstances, have stood out above other men. They show no vast and wide conceptions which they must in any case have at least tried to carry out; they simply do well whatever their duty calls on them to do. Had they only small duties to do, as at one time Washington had, they would have done those small duties well; and that would have been all. But opportunities were given to both of them. On Alfred during his whole life, on Washington during part of life, great duties were laid, and they did the great duties well. The birth of Alfred and the death of his brothers made him a king early in life, at a time when kings had hard work to do. He did all that in those days was asked

of a king, and more also. The land needed a captain to fight its battles, and he fought them. It needed a legislator to put its laws in order, and he put them in order. Clergy and people were ignorant and needed teachers; he brought teachers from other lands, and himself wrote books to help them. Alfred always does the right thing at the right time and in the right way; but he does it simply and quietly, as if it were quite impossible to do anything else. There is no brag, no show; he does the greatest things in a way which makes us think that he would not have complained if his fate had set him to do only the smallest things. He would have done the smallest things well, and would have said nothing. Being a king, he was the model king; if he had been set in any smaller post, he would have been the model holder of that smaller post. So it is with the later Englishman beyond Ocean, with this difference that Washington was not always called on to do great things. At different times of his life, he has both great and small duties laid upon him, and he does both well. He is sometimes a private man, sometimes a soldier, sometimes a statesman. He passes to and fro among the different characters, rising to greater places seemingly without ambition, going back to smaller seemingly without regret. Like Alfred, he is both deliverer and ruler. Now, the character of the deliverer is the most striking and dramatic of all characters; but both Alfred and Washington, while playing the part thoroughly well, still do it in a quiet kind of way; there is nothing amazing or supernatural about them, nothing the least like Garibaldi or Joan of Arc. But then both of them could be rulers as well as deliverers, and nobody would have set Garibaldi to rule, nor, one may suppose, the Maid of Domrémy either.

Here, then, are undoubted great men, but great men who are not in the least like Alexander or Hannibal or Cæsar. They are men who are very useful when the house is on fire, but who can also make themselves useful in a smaller way when the house is not on fire. They are great men, good men, but they are hardly geniuses or heroes; at least if they are geniuses or heroes, they lack that touch of something akin to madness which is thought to be needful for genius or heroism. Now the difference between the two classes of great men falls in well with some of Mr. Lowell's exhortations. It is the duty of a nation to produce great men. That is, we may suppose, if it can. Now the one class of great men no nation can undertake to produce to order. No peo-

ple can undertake to have a Pericles, a Hannibal, a Chatham, ready by such a year of such a century. *Heros nascitur, non fit.* But it does strike one that it is just possible that the other class of men might be made, if any nation knew the way to set about making them. The Hannibals and the Alexanders we must wait for till they come; but it may be that there are more *in posse* Alfreds and Washingtons among us than we think for; it may be that by some process, like that of choosing and making the queen bee, the imperfect great man might be recognized and somehow shaped into a perfect development. The idea is very vague and would need to be scientifically examined. But Mr. Lowell says that it is the duty of a nation to produce great men. If it is a duty, it must set about trying to do that duty. It is no good consciously trying to make a Hannibal; it is just possible that it may be some good trying to make a Washington.

1888.

GUSTAV FREYTAG

(1816–1895)

FREYTAG'S "Pictures of German Life" is a valuable collection of historical and philosophical studies, much more thorough than the public might have expected from one whose habits as a novelist, dramatist, and poet, tended perhaps to foster the inventive faculty at the expense of industry in research. But Freytag was no less fond of antiquarian investigation than Sir Walter Scott, with whom, remarkably enough, he shared a marked fondness for the Devil as a subject for discussion. Freytag was born at Kreuzburg, Silesia, July 13th, 1816. His first notable work was as a dramatist and poet. His celebrated novel, "Debit and Credit," was published in 1855 in three volumes. Its fortieth edition appeared in 1895. "The Lost Manuscript," "Ancestors," and "Recollections of My Life" are among his later works. He died at Wiesbaden, April 30th, 1895.

THE DEVIL'S DOINGS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE phantasies of the human mind have also a history; they form and develop themselves with the character of a people whilst they influence it. In the century of the Reformation, these phantasies had more weight than most earthly realities. It is the dark side of German development which we there see, and to it is due the last place in the characteristic features of the period of the Reformation.

In the most ancient of the Jewish records there is no mention of the devil except in the book of Job; but at the time of Christ, Satan was considered by the Jews as the great tempter of mankind, and as having the power to enter into men and animals, out of which he could be driven by the invocations of pious men. The people estimated the power of their teachers by the authority that they exercised over the devil. When the Christian faith spread over the Western Empire, the Greek and Roman gods were looked upon as allies of the devil, and the superstition of many who yet clung to the later worship of Rome made the devil the centre of their mythology.

But the conceptions which the Fathers of the Church had of the person and power of the devil were still more changed when the German tribe overthrew the government of the Roman Empire and adopted Christianity. In doing so this family of people did not lose the fullness of their own life, the highest manifestation of which was their old mythology. It is true that the names of the old gods gradually died away; what was obviously contrary to the new faith was at last set aside by the zeal of the priests by force and by pious artifices; but innumerable familiar shapes and figures, customs and ideas were kept alive, nay, they not only were kept alive, but they entwined themselves in a peculiar manner with Christianity. As Christian churches were erected on the very spots where the heathen worship had been held, and as the figure of the crucified Savior, or the name of an apostle was attached to sacred places like Donar's oak; thus the Christian saints and their traditions took the place of the old gods. The people transferred their recollections of their ancient heathen deities to the saints and apostles of the Church, and even to Christ himself, and as there was a realm in their mythology which was ruled by the mysterious powers of darkness, this was assigned to the devil. The name Devil, derived from the Greek (*diabolos*), was changed into Fol, from the northern god Voland; his ravens and the raging nightly host were transferred to him from Wuotan, his hammer from Donar; but his black color, his wolf's or goat's form, his grandmother, the chains wherewith he was bound, and many other traditions, he inherited from the evil powers of heathendom which had ever been inimical to the benevolent ruling gods. These powerful demons, amongst whom was the dark god of Death, belonged, according to the heathen mythology, to the primeval race of giants, which, as long as the world lasted, were to wage a deadly struggle with the powers of light. They formed a dark realm of shapeless primordial powers, where the deepest science of magic was cultivated. To them belonged the sea serpent, which coiled round the earth in mighty circles, lay at the bottom of the ocean, the giant wolves which lay fettered in the interior of the earth or pursued the sun and moon, by which, at the last day, they were to be destroyed; the ice demons which from the north sent over the land snowstorms and devastating floods; and worse than all, the fiendish Hela, goddess of the Dead. Besides the worship of the Asengotter, there was in heathen Ger-

many a gloomy service for these demons, and we learn from early Christian witnesses that even before the introduction of Christianity, the priestesses and sorcerers of these dark deities were feared and hated. They were able by their incantations to the goddess of Death to bring storms upon the cornfields and to destroy the cattle, and it was probably they who were supposed to make the bodies and weapons of warriors invulnerable. They carried on this worship by night, and sacrificed mysterious animals to the goddess of Death and to the race of giants. It was these priestesses more especially — so at least we may conclude — who, as Hazusen or Hegissen, or Hexen (witches), were handed down by tradition to a late period in the Middle Ages.

The remembrance of these heathen beings became mixed with a wild chaos of foreign superstitions, which had been brought from all the nations of antiquity into heathen Rome, that great nursery of every superstition, and from that ancient world had penetrated into Christianity. The Strigen and Lamien, evil spirits of ancient Rome, which like vampires consumed the inward life of men, sorceresses who flew through the air, and assembled nightly to celebrate disgraceful orgies, were also handed down to the Germans, who mingled them with similar conceptions, having perhaps a like origin. It is not always possible to discover which of these notions were originally German or which were derived from other nations.

The Western Church in the beginning of the Middle Ages kept itself pure from this chaos of gloomy conceptions; it condemned them as devilish, but punished them on the whole with mildness and humanity, when they did not lead to social crimes. But when the Church itself was frozen into the rigidity of a hierarchical system, when strong hearts were driven into heresy by the worldly claims of the papacy, and the people became degraded under the domination of begging monks, these superstitions gradually produced in the Church a narrow-minded system. Whatever was considered to be connected with the devil was put an end to by bloody persecution. After the thirteenth century, about the period when great masses of the people poured into the Slav countries from the interior of Germany, fanatical monks disseminated the odious notion that the devil, as ruler of the witches, held intercourse with them at nightly meetings, and that there was a formal ritual for the worship of Satan, by accursed men and women, who had abjured the Christian faith;

and for this a countless number of suspected persons, in France, in the first instance, were punished with torture and the stake, by delegated inquisitors. In Germany itself, these persecutions of the devil's associates first became prevalent after the funeral pile of Huss. The more vehement the opposition of reason to these persecutions, the more violent became the fury of the Church. After the fatal bull of Innocent VIII., from the year 1484, the burning of witches in masses began to a great extent in Germany, and continued, with some interruptions, till late in the eighteenth century. Whoever owned to being a witch was considered forever doomed to hell, and the Church hardly made an effort to convert them.

According to popular belief, the connection of man with the devil was of three kinds. Either they renounced the worship of God for that of the devil, swearing allegiance to him, and doing him homage, like the witches and their associates; or they were possessed by him, a belief derived by the Germans from Holy Scripture; or men might conclude a compact with the devil binding both parties under mutual obligations. In the latter case men signed away their souls in a deed written with their own blood, and in return the devil was to grant to them the fulfillment of all their wishes upon earth, success, money, and invulnerability. Although the oldest example known is that of the Roman Theophilus — a tradition of the sixth century — and although the written compact originated at a time when the Roman forms of law had been introduced among the Western nations, yet it appears that the source of this tradition concerning the devil was German. These transactions were based upon a deep feeling of mutual moral obligation, and on a foolhardy feeling, which liked to rest the decision of the whole of the future upon the deed of a moment. There is much similarity between the German who in gambling stakes his freedom on the throw of the dice, and he who vows his soul to the devil. These alliances were not looked upon by the old Church with mortal hatred; these wicked and foolhardy beings, like Theophilus himself, might be saved by the intercession of the saints, and the devil compelled to give up his rights. It is also peculiar to German traditions, that the devil endeavors to fulfill zealously and honestly his part of the compact; the deceiver is man.

From «Pictures of German Life in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.»

FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL

(1782–1852)

FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST FRÖBEL, one of the world's greatest civilizers and benefactors, was born at Oberweissbach, in the Thuringian forest of Germany, April 21st, 1782. The century into which he came to make his remote birthplace memorable as one of the «Meccas of the Mind» was favorable to his education. The advantage the eighteenth century in its last quarter offered for the education of an active intellect was the vigor and aggressiveness of the spirit in which Condorcet, when a fugitive from the Terrorists of Paris, with the certainty of death at hand, wrote calmly of peace and good-will as modes of infinite progress for individuals and for society. To the extent to which Rousseau and his disciples really represented this spirit, they prepared the way for Pestalozzi, Fröbel, and Father Jahn,—the greatest of whom was Fröbel. At Jena, where he went at the age of seventeen, it is said that he was already mastered by the governing idea of his life,—that knowledge of the unity underlying all diversities of nature which had first taken hold on him while as a forester's apprentice he studied nature in the depths of the Thuringian woods,—

«*In allem wirkt und schafft ein Leben*
Weil das Leben in all' ein ein'ger Gott gegeben.»

This is his own expression of his controlling thought and it has been translated as «All has come forth from the divine,—from God,—and is through God alone conditioned.» This is accurate enough, but perhaps Fröbel himself might have preferred to the metaphysical definition the rhyme,—

«One Life is working, building!—giving
The world the life that God is living.»

This is the idea which made it possible for Goethe to write «Faust.» When evil in the person of Mephistopheles, the spirit of Negation, appears in heaven, his presence there and the power that he asks and obtains to tempt Faust, are made the means of impressing on the mind of the reader the same thought Fröbel had had impressed on him by the myriad nature-forms of unity in diversity he saw in

the Thuringian forest. Practically it means that the secret of progress is not opposition to evil — to the mere phenomena of negation, but active work for the evolution of the good — that is, of the positive forces of the mind which as far as they can be made operative, must finally become modes of the central unity even in their divergence from it.

«*Es irrt der Mench so lang er strebt*—»

is Goethe's expression of the same idea — «Man still must err or cease to strive» — is a law of human divergence from the perfect type of unity, but the higher law to which Fröbel trusted was that evil must be overcome of good whenever good is asserted against it — that negation, evil, the unrealities of the universe, must cease to exist to the extent to which the positive forces of reality — that is, of kindness and creative efficiency — actually operate.

This idea of «central unity,» this faith in its omnipotence, was unquestionably the governing energizing force of the constructive German intellect of the nineteenth century. The useful «Higher Criticism» which Goethe takes cognizance of in Wagner, the laborious and aspiring «Famulus» of the German creative mind, has done its part, but it had little part in the higher education for which Fröbel stands with Goethe and the great geniuses of his century who have been moved by the sublime faith that as the good in a human soul is actually developed, the intellectual power of apprehending all knowledge the soul needs to express its realities of goodness is developed with it.

This faith, taking hold on Fröbel, moved him to begin the work of higher education, not in the university, but at the cradle, by developing in children from their tenderest years a sympathetic knowledge of all the forms of beauty, grace, and power, through which in the diversities of nature the central unity expresses itself. As all the principles of higher mathematics are involved in the growth of a plant from its seed to its blossoming, Fröbel worked systematically to impress these laws and all their related principles on the mind, through object teaching at its period of greatest docility and receptiveness. Whatever he may have left undone at his death, June 21st, 1852, he had still succeeded so far that a world which is painfully slow to recognize its benefactors had learned to know him at last and had put him in its pantheon among those whom loving service has raised to an immortality of usefulness.

W. V. B.

THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL

In the family the child grows up to boyhood and to school age. Hence the school and family should be connected. There should be a union between the school and life,— unification of the school with life; unification of domestic, family, and scholastic life. This is the first and indispensable requisite of a finished and complete development. Unification of the family and school life is the indispensable requisite of the culture of man at this epoch if we are ever to free ourselves from the oppressive inanity of mere communicated ideas, the dead results of memorizing, that we may have the pleasure and the freshness of inner intuition; of knowledge of realities, that we may be elevated to that observation and recognition of things which develops by its own forces as does a healthy, thrifty tree; or as a family or a generation full of life and joyful consciousness develops from within; —if, at last, we would cease in word and deed to make an unsubstantial pageant of life and go through it in a mask! Would that we could finally see for the sake of our children and our posterity that we have too large a burden of merely extraneous culture which we foolishly strive to increase instead of attempting to possess ourselves of knowledge developed from within and as an essential part of our own reality! Would it not be better for us to cease making an idle display of alien methods of thought, alien knowledge, and even alien sensations and feelings? Would that at last we might cease esteeming extraneous culture the highest glory of our system, giving our children "accomplishments" as we place ornaments upon the graves of the dead! Surely this is an old disease. When we ask by what road the German people reached its present position of knowledge, we reach irresistibly the conclusion that the fundamental and basic principles come from the outside and that they were imposed upon us from abroad. And so it happens that for these elements or rudiments we have not in our mother tongue even a proper or significant word. The strong German mind and the strong German spirit work upon the foreign material and make it easily its own. Still the character of this knowledge as something extraneous and foreign is lasting. We have borne these shackles for centuries. Shall we, because of this, never begin to have in

our hearts and lives a tree of life and knowledge and to foster and cherish this germ to its complete and beautiful development that it may bloom in fresh beauty and bring forth ripe fruits which indeed may fall in the present, but will grow again on the other side? Shall we never cease stamping our children with a foreign image and superscription like coin, instead of beholding them walk among us in the image of God the Father, developing the law of life implanted by his commandments? Do we fear to be put to shame by our children? What race, what people, what time will be magnanimous enough to deny itself for the sake of its children and the development of higher manhood? What father, what family will allow its soul to be filled with this thought which will increase its strength many times over? Only from the secret chambers and sanctuary of the family can the welfare of the whole race of mankind return to us. With the foundation of every new family, the everlasting and ever-active Heavenly Father speaks to man through the heaven he has implanted in the heart of its founders, and there issues to mankind and to each individual the call to exhibit humanity in purer development and manhood in higher form!

It is clearly evident that our German mind, our German spirit, can no longer tolerate a dead, extraneous culture and insight; that a mere outward polish can not be satisfying and sufficient if we wish to live as worthy children of God. Hence we need to search for knowledge, germinating in our own souls and minds, fresh and healthily developed in and of the sun, and thus strengthened and evolved for the conditions of life. Will we cover afresh with rubbish the fountain of life which God has created in our minds and hearts? Will we rob our children, our pupils, of the unspeakable joy of finding in themselves a fountain of everlasting life? Will you, parents, or your representatives, your teachers and tutors, continue to compel your children to dam up that fountain with rubbish or to hedge it in with thorns? You answer: "Only thus equipped will they amount to anything in the eyes of the world. Children grow and mature quickly; who shall then provide for them? What shall they eat? What shall they wear?" O foolish ones! you shall not be answered: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," for in your estrangement from God and yourselves, you could not comprehend that! But once

more I reiterate that we are not concerned here with a dull and brooding life, without knowledge, activity, or efficiency! Mankind shall enjoy knowledge and insight; it shall possess power and efficiency greater than we can now imagine! For who has set metes and bounds to the Manhood conceived and born of God? But they shall grow as the development of each individual man, produced as it were a newly created self-development in fresh youth and youthful strength. Not slothful, lifeless, and sullen shall the boy take up the work of his life! No, he shall address himself to it cheerfully and happily, trusting himself, God, and nature; enjoying the manifold blessing of his activity. For peace, harmony, moderation, and all the high social and humane virtues will dwell in his heart and in his house; and through and in the circle of his activity, he will win that high prize of satisfaction after which all strive.

And in dealing with his son, he will not forbid the boy to follow his own calling, as being the most ungrateful of all Neither will he insist upon it that his son take up the business which he carries on himself with profit and satisfaction because it represents his own individuality. He will see that even the smallest business can be made great; that each business can be so ennobled as not to be degrading to any man. He learns to know that the humblest ability, cheerfully and lovingly applied to achievement and rightly directed, will bring bread, clothing, shelter, and respect. And therefore he will feel no care for the future of the children whose inner life it has been his highest care to develop.

WHAT SHALL BE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS?

WHAT shall be taught in the schools? In what shall man be instructed as a learner during his boyhood? Only the consideration of what is required to further his development as a boy and a learner will enable us to answer that question, while the knowledge of what this requirement is and of his actuality is derivable only from the phenomenon of manhood in the condition of boyhood. According to this phenomenon then, and under the mode of its manifestation, what is it that the boy should be taught? The life and the epiphany of manhood begin-

ning in boyhood show first a living, penetrating consciousness of its own spiritual self. It shows too the dim suspicion of a conditioned existence already attained and of the dependence of its own spiritual self on that highest reality by which the reality of all things is conditioned, out of which all things have proceeded, and on which all things depend. In boyhood man has a living consciousness of and sympathy with that life-giving breath and vital motion, in which and through which all things live and by which all things are invisibly surrounded,—as fish are in water, or as man and all created animals are in the clear, pure air. Man as a boy and as an incipient learner seems to be conscious of his spiritual essence, having a presentiment of God and of a spiritual reality in all things. He is manifested with an aspiration to verify his perceptions of truth and to confirm himself more and more in his apprehension of the Divine. Manhood in its condition of boyhood confronts its environment, feeling and hoping that in all things which surround it there is a pervading spirit like its own; and this feeling excites in the boy a vehement and irresistible longing in every spring and every autumn, with every quiet evening and every return of a happy holiday, to become conscious of the Omnipresent Spirit and to make it part of himself. The outer world confronts man in his boyhood with this double problem: Firstly, it is a world conditioned and originated by the needs of mankind, by man's power and will according to human progress; or else it is conditioned and sprung from the necessities and active forces of nature. Expression evolves itself from this outer, substantial, and corporeal world and the inner, essential, spiritual world, originally appearing at enmity with both, and finally separating itself from both,—uniting both, however, even in doing so.

Thus human nature and its environment of outer nature through its connecting medium of expression are the angle points of a boy's life,—as the Scriptures show they were the angle points of universal humanity in the first stage of its progress towards responsibility. Through this, the school and its training shall lead the boy to a triune knowledge,—that is, to a knowledge of himself in all his relations; to a knowledge of mankind in general, its being and conditions; to the knowledge of God as the Eternal Condition, the Everlasting Foundation and Source of human life and of all things; and finally to the knowledge of

nature and the outer world as proceeding from this Everlasting Spirit and being conditioned by it. Instruction and the school shall guide mankind to this threefold knowledge, at unity with itself and in complete harmony with life and action. Through this threefold unity of knowledge, education and the school shall lead manhood in boyhood from inclination to purpose, from purpose to determination; and thus, steadfastly advancing to the attainment of its destiny and its calling, to the realization of its earthly perfection.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818–1894)

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, one of the most prolific essayists and critics of the nineteenth century, was born in Devonshire, England, April 23d, 1818. At Oriel College, Oxford, where he went when the "Tractarian movement" was in progress, he came under the influence of John Henry Newman and his party. As a result he took deacon's orders in the Church, and though after a change of views he conscientiously resigned both his orders and a fellowship, he retained through life an inclination to theological controversy which connects many of his essays so closely with ephemeral disputes that they can hardly survive them. He wrote much, however, that will continue to be read by all students of the literature of his time. Among his more important works are "Luther; a Short Biography"; "Nemesis of Faith"; "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth"; "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century"; "Cæsar; a Sketch," and "Short Studies of Great Subjects," — the latter a collection of his essays. He died in London, October 20th, 1894.

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY

"WHAT is History," said Napoleon, "but a fiction agreed upon?" "My friend," said Faust to the student, who was growing enthusiastic about the spirit of past ages, — "my friend, the times which are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected."

One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness; that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that, in the long run, it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets. The theories of M. Comte and his disciples advance

us, after all, not a step beyond the trodden and familiar ground. If men are not entirely animals, they are at least half animals, and are subject in this aspect of them to the conditions of animals. So far as those parts of man's doings are concerned, which neither have, nor need have, anything moral about them, so far the laws of him are calculable. There are laws for his digestion, and laws of the means by which his digestive organs are supplied with matter. But pass beyond them, and where are we? In a world where it would be as easy to calculate men's actions by laws like those of positive philosophy as to measure the orbit of Neptune with a foot rule, or weigh Sirius in a grocer's scale.

And it is not difficult to see why this should be. The first principle, on which the theory of a science of history can be plausibly argued, is that all actions whatsoever arise from self-interest. It may be enlightened self-interest, it may be unenlightened; but it is assumed as an axiom that every man, in whatever he does, is aiming at something which he considers will promote his happiness. His conduct is not determined by his will; it is determined by the object of his desire. Adam Smith, in laying the foundations of political economy, expressly eliminates every other motive. He does not say that men never act on other motives; still less, that they never ought to act on other motives. He asserts merely that, as far as the arts of production are concerned, and of buying and selling, the action of self-interest may be counted upon as uniform. What Adam Smith says of political economy, Mr. Buckle would extend over the whole circle of human activity.

Now, that which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man — that which constitutes human goodness, human greatness, human nobleness — is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage; but it is self-forgetfulness; it is self-sacrifice; it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantages remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.

We are sometimes told that this is but another way of expressing the same thing; that, when a man prefers doing what is right, it is only because to do right gives him a higher satisfaction. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be a difference in the very heart and nature of things. The martyr goes to the stake,

the patriot to the scaffold, not with a view to any future reward to themselves, but because it is a glory to fling away their lives for truth and freedom. And so through all phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur; who do simply and with no ulterior aim — with no thought whether it will be pleasant to themselves or unpleasant — that which is good and right and generous.

Is this still selfishness, only more enlightened? I do not think so. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower. Surely it is a paradox to speak of the self-interest of a martyr who dies for a cause, the triumph of which he will never enjoy; and the greatest of that great company in all ages would have done what they did, had their personal prospects closed with the grave. Nay, there have been those so zealous for some glorious principle as to wish themselves blotted out of the book of Heaven if the cause of Heaven could succeed.

And out of this mysterious quality, whatever it be, arise the higher relations of human life, the higher modes of human obligation. Kant, the philosopher, used to say that there were two things which overwhelmed him with awe as he thought of them. One was the star-sown deep of space, without limit and without end; the other was, right and wrong. Right, the sacrifice of self to good; wrong, the sacrifice of good to self,—not graduated objects of desire, to which we are determined by the degrees of our knowledge, but wide asunder as pole and pole, as light and darkness; one, the object of infinite love; the other, the object of infinite detestation and scorn. It is in this marvelous power in men to do wrong (it is an old story, but none the less true for that),—it is in this power to do wrong — wrong or right, as it lies somehow with ourselves to choose — that the impossibility stands of forming scientific calculations of what men will do before the fact, or scientific explanations of what they have done after the fact. If men were consistently selfish, you might analyze their motives; if they were consistently noble, they would express in their conduct the laws of the highest perfection. But so long as two natures are mixed together, and the strange creature which results from the combinations is now under one influ-

ence and now under another, so long you will make nothing of him except from the old-fashioned moral — or, if you please, imaginative — point of view.

Even the laws of political economy itself cease to guide us when they touch moral government. So long as labor is a chattel to be bought and sold, so long, like other commodities, it follows the condition of supply and demand. But if, for his misfortune, an employer considers that he stands in human relations to his workmen; if he believes rightly or wrongly, that he is responsible for them; that in return for their labor he is bound to see that their children are decently taught, and they and their families decently fed and clothed and lodged; that he ought to care for them in sickness and in old age, — then political economy will no longer direct him, and the relations between himself and his dependents will have to be arranged on quite other principles.

So long as he considers only his own material profit, so long supply and demand will settle every difficulty; but the introduction of a new factor spoils the equation.

And it is precisely in this debatable ground of low motives and noble emotions; in the struggle, ever failing yet ever renewed, to carry truth and justice into the administration of human society; in the establishment of states and in the overthrow of tyrannies; in the rise and fall of ereeds; in the world of ideas; in the character and deeds of the great actors in the drama of life, where good and evil fight out their everlasting battle, now ranged in opposite camps, now and more often in the heart, both of them, of each living man, — that the true human interest of history resides The progress of industries, the growth of material and mechanical civilization, are interesting; but they are not the most interesting. They have their reward in the increase of material comforts; but, unless we are mistaken about our nature, they do not highly concern us after all.

Once more; not only is there in men this baffling duality of principle, but there is something else in us which still more defies scientific analysis.

Mr. Buckle would deliver himself from the eccentricities of this and that individual by a doctrine of averages. Though he cannot tell whether A, B, or C will cut his throat, he may assure himself that one man in every fifty thousand, or thereabout (I forget the exact proportion), will cut his throat, and with this he consoles himself. No doubt it a comforting discovery. Unfortu.

nately, the average of one generation need not be the average of the next. We may be converted by the Japanese, for all that we know, and the Japanese methods of taking leave of life may become fashionable among us. Nay, did not Novalis suggest that the whole race of men would at last become so disgusted with their impotence, that they would extinguish themselves by a simultaneous act of suicide, and make room for a better order of things? Anyhow, the fountain out of which the race is flowing perpetually changes; no two generations are alike. Whether there is a change in the organization itself we cannot tell; but this is certain,— that, as the planet varies with the atmosphere which surrounds it, so each new generation varies from the last, because it inhales as its atmosphere the accumulated experience and knowledge of the whole past of the world. These things form the spiritual air which we breathe as we grow; and, in the infinite multiplicity of elements of which that air is now composed, it is forever matter of conjecture what the minds will be like which expand under its influence.

From the England of Fielding and Richardson to the England of Miss Austen, from the England of Miss Austen to the England of Railways and Free Trade, how vast the change! Yet perhaps Sir Charles Grandison would not seem so strange to us now as one of ourselves will seem to our great-grandchildren. The world moves faster and faster; and the difference will probably be considerably greater.

The temper of each new generation is a continual surprise. The Fates delight to contradict our most confident expectations. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors was at an end. Had he lived out the full life of man, he would have seen Europe at the feet of Napoleon. But a few years ago we believed the world had grown too civilized for war, and the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was to be the inauguration of a new era. Battles bloody as Napoleon's are now the familiar tale of every day; and the arts which have made greatest progress are the arts of destruction. What next? We may strain our eyes into the future which lies beyond this waning century; but never was conjecture more at fault. It is blank darkness, which even the imagination fails to people.

What, then, is the use of history, and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past, and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?

First, it is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of history. Another is, that we should draw no horoscope; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations,—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium,—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed,—perhaps improved, but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tübingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England, could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now.

The most reasonable anticipations fail us, antecedents the most opposite mislead us, because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything,—some element which we detect only in its after-operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a meagre outcome. Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquest, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another side.

If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention perhaps, among others, this,—that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another; and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved,—something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakespeare's supreme truth lies. He represents real life. His dramas

teach as life teaches,—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics, as Nature does, on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make Nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil; in the unmerited sufferings of innocence; in the disproportion of penalties to desert; in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin,—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding,—knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child. . . .

Bishop Butler says somewhere that the best book which could be written would be a book consisting only of premises, from which the readers should draw conclusions for themselves. The highest poetry is the very thing which Butler requires, and the highest history ought to be. We should no more ask for a theory of this or that period of history, than we should ask for a theory of "Macbeth" or "Hamlet." Philosophies of history, sciences of history,—all these there will continue to be; the fashions of them will change, as our habits of thought will change; each new philosopher will find his chief employment in showing that before him no one understood anything; but the drama of history is imperishable, and the lessons of it will be like what we learn from Homer or Shakespeare,—lessons for which we have no words.

The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence; and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned in a higher and nobler key.

For the rest, and for those large questions which I touched in connection with Mr. Buckle, we live in times of disintegration, and none can tell what will be after us. What opinions, what convictions, the infant of to-day will find prevailing on the earth, if he and it live out together to the middle of another century, only a very bold man would undertake to conjecture. "The time will come," said Lichtenberg, in scorn at the materializing tend-

encies of modern thought,—"the time will come when the belief in God will be as the tales with which old women frighten children; when the world will be a machine, the ether a gas, and God will be a force." Mankind, if they last long enough on the earth, may develop strange things out of themselves; and the growth of what is called the Positive Philosophy is a curious commentary on Lichtenberg's prophecy. But whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred,—be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us,—this only we may foretell with confidence,—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain,—that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny. There will remain yet

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things;
> Falling from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized;
> High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

There will remain

> "Those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,—
> Are yet the master-light of all our seeing,—
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence."

From "Short Studies of Great Subjects."

THOMAS FULLER

(1608–1661)

IT is related that when the Royalist refugees from the defeat of Hopton at Cheriton Down, in the wars of King and Parliament, were beseiged in Basing House, Rev. Dr. Thomas Fuller was among them and was so much disturbed in his studies by the noise of Cromwellian cannon, that he headed a sally against the offensive battery. «All that time I could not live to study who did only study to live,» he complains with just indignation when he looks back on the waste of creative energy necessitated by civil war. As a result, however, of the intense emotional disturbance to which he was thus subjected, he became keenly sympathetic in all the necessary and unnecessary disturbances of the universal human intellect. All the fret and worry endured or escaped, all the happiness or enjoyment gained or lost, all the chances and mischances of all sorts and conditions of men, he could enter into out of the fullness of his own experience. He became thus the most attractive of all English moralists, the only one who can have asserted for him a claim to superiority to Earle among modern disciples of Theophrastus. Not to know and love Fuller is to miss one of the greatest delights which English prose literature affords. Whether he preaches or puns, jests or scolds, he is always charming, and there are times when his pages are illuminated now by the swift electric flashes of genius, now by the white light which comes only from the highest intellect at its meridian intensity.

Fuller was born in Northamptonshire, England, in 1608. His father was a country clergyman, and Fuller himself, after graduating from Cambridge, entered the Church as a curate and soon became celebrated as one of the few clergymen of his time who thought it worth while to attempt to save sinners in the end by interesting and charming them in the beginning. He became rector of Broadwinsor in Dorsetshire, and there in 1642 published his «Holy and Profane States,» —a collection of character studies whose exceedingly great literary merit has been partly concealed by a religious title from a world in which at all times a considerable number of people are governed by the fear that if life is not to some extent what Fuller called «profane,» it will cease to be amusing. It was his special work in the world, if not to remove this impression, at least to make it inexcusable in any one who can read well enough to read the essays and

character sketches of "The Holy and Profane States," and those of a similar character which followed it,—"Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," and "Mixed Contemplations in Better Times,"—works which, although they show the methods of an artist taught by such great masters as Theophrastus and Bacon, are without a parallel in modern literature. In his "English Worthies" Fuller shows the same unique characteristics which make these moral essays attractive, and no doubt those who follow him through the whole of the considerable list of his theological writings will be rewarded by enjoyment in kind with that of his essays, if not of the same degree.

Fuller died August 16th, 1661, falling in the pulpit while preaching a marriage sermon, and dying the same day. He had been a stout Royalist, and the part he took in the civil wars made him celebrated as "the cavalier parson." After the Restoration he was chaplain to Charles II., but though he unquestionably belongs to his own generation, his inherent goodness of disposition and the soundness—"holiness," Carlyle would call it—of his intellect give him universality and make what he has written when at his best fit for the food of the best intellects in all succeeding generations. Coleridge says of him that "Wit was the stuff and substance of his intellect," and that his reputation for wit has "defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of his thoughts,—for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff." Perhaps this is Fuller's loss, but it is the world's gain. Certainly no one who is wise enough to profit by his preaching will quarrel with the wit which makes it so delightful to hear him.

W. V. B.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

WE WILL consider him in his birth, breeding, and behavior. He is extracted from ancient and worshipful parentage. When a pippin is planted on a pippin stock, the fruit growing thence is called a renate, a most delicious apple, as both by sire and dame well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gentilely born on both sides.

If his birth be not, at least his qualities are generous. What if he cannot with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk count five and twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or with the Nauntons show where their ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before or at the Conquest; yet he hath endeavored, by his own deserts, to ennoble

himself. Thus valor makes him son to Cæsar, learning entitles him kinsman to Tully, and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine. It graceth a gentleman of low descent and high desert, when he will own the meanness of his parentage. How ridiculous it is when many men brag that their families are more ancient than the moon, which all know are later than the star which some seventy years since shined in Cassiopea. But if he be generously born, see how his parents breed him.

He is not in his youth possessed with the great hopes of his possession. No flatterer reads constantly in his ears a survey of the lands he is to inherit. This hath made many boys' thoughts swell so great they could never be kept in compass afterwards. Only his parents acquaint him that he is the next undoubted heir to correction, if misbehaving himself; and he finds no more favor from his schoolmaster than his schoolmaster finds diligence in him, whose rod respects persons no more than bullets are partial in a battle.

At the university he is so studious as if he intended learning for his profession. He knows well that cunning is no burden to carry, as paying neither portage by land nor poundage by sea. Yea, though to have land be a good first, yet to have learning is the surest second, which may stand to it when the other may chance to be taken away.

At the inns of court he applies himself to learn the laws of the kingdom. Object not, "Why should a gentleman learn law, who, if he needeth it, may have it for his money, and if he hath never so much of his own, he must but give it away?" For what a shame is it for a man of quality to be ignorant of Solon in our Athens, of Lycurgus in our Sparta? Besides, law will help him to keep his own, and bestead his neighbors. Say not that there be enough which make this their set practice; for so there are also many masters of defense by their profession; and shall private men therefore learn no skill at their weapons?

As for the hospitality, the apparel, the traveling, the company, the recreations, the marriage of gentlemen, they are described in several chapters in the following book. A word or two of his behavior in the country: —

He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

He delights to see himself and his servants well mounted; therefore he loveth good horsemanship. Let never any foreign Rabshakeh send that brave to our Jerusalem, offering to lend her two thousand horses, if she be able for her part to set riders upon them. We know how Darius got the Persian Empire from the rest of his fellow-peers by the first neighing of his generous steed. It were no harm if, in some needless suits of intricate precedency betwixt equal gentlemen, the priority were adjudged to him who keeps a stable of most serviceable horses.

He furnisheth and prepareth himself in peace against time of war, lest it be too late to learn when his skill is to be used. He approves himself courageous when brought to the trial, as well remembering the custom which is used at the creation of Knights of the Bath, wherein the king's master cook cometh forth, and presenteth his great knife to the new-made Knights, admonishing them to be faithful and valiant, otherwise he threatens them that that very knife is prepared to cut off their spurs.

If the commission of the peace find him out, he faithfully discharges it. I say, find him out, for a public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it. And though he declined the place, the country knew to prize his worth, who would be ignorant of his own. He compounds many petty differences betwixt his neighbors, which are easier ended in his own porch than in Westminster Hall; for many people think, if once they have fetched a warrant from a justice, they have given earnest to follow the suit, though otherwise the matter be so mean that the next night's sleep would have bound both parties to the peace, and made them as good friends as ever before. Yet,

He connives not at the smothering of punishable faults. He hates that practice, as common as dangerous amongst country people, who, having received again the goods which were stolen from them, partly out of foolish pity, and partly out of covetousness to save charges in prosecuting the law, let the thief escape unpunished. Thus, whilst private losses are repaired, the wounds to the commonwealth (in the breach of the laws) are left uncured; and thus petty larceners are encouraged into felons, and afterwards are hanged for pounds, because never whipped for pence, who, if they had felt the cord, had never been brought to the halter.

If chosen a member of Parliament, he is willing to do his country a service. If he be no rhetorician to raise affections (yea,

Mercury was a greater speaker than Jupiter himself), he counts it great wisdom to be the good manager of yea and nay. The slow pace of his judgment is recompensed by the swift following of his affections, when his judgment is once soundly informed. And here we leave him in consultation, wishing him, with the rest of his honorable society, all happy success.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

THE VIRTUOUS LADY

TO DESCRIBE a holy state without a virtuous lady therein were to paint out a year without a spring; we come therefore to her character.

She sets not her face so often by her glass as she composeth her soul by God's Word,—which hath all the excellent qualities of a glass indeed.

1. It is clear; in all points necessary to salvation, except to such whose eyes are blinded.

2. It is true; not like those false glasses some ladies dress themselves by. And how common is flattery, when even glasses have learned to be parasites!

3. It is large; presenting all spots cap-a-pie behind and before, within and without.

4. It is durable; though in one sense it is broken too often (when God's laws are neglected), yet it will last to break them that break it, and one tittle thereof shall not fall to the ground.

5. This glass hath power to smooth the wrinkles, cleanse the spots, and mend the faults it discovers.

She walks humbly before God in all religious duties. Humbly; for she well knows that the strongest Christian is like the city of Rome, which was never besieged but it was taken; and the best saint without God's assistance would be as often foiled as tempted. She is most constant and diligent at her hours of private prayer. Queen Catharine Dowager never kneeled on a cushion when she was at her devotions; this matters not at all; our lady is more careful of her heart than of her knees, that her soul be settled aright.

She is careful and most tender of her credit and reputation. There is a tree in Mexicana which is so exceedingly tender that a man cannot touch any of its branches but it withers presently.

A lady's credit is of equal niceness; a small touch may wound and kill it; which makes her very cautious what company she keeps. The Latin tongue seems somewhat injurious to the feminine sex, for whereas therein *amicus* is a friend, *amica* always signifies a sweetheart; as if their sex in reference to men were not capable of any other kind of familiar friendship but in way to marriage,—which makes our lady avoid all privacy with suspicious company.

Yet is she not more careful of her own credit than of God's glory; and stands up valiantly in the defense thereof. She hath read how, at the coronation of King Richard II., Dame Margaret Dimock, wife to Sir John Dimock, came into the court and claimed the place to be the king's champion by the virtue of the tenure of her manor of Scrinelby in Lincolnshire, to challenge and defy all such as opposed the king's right to the crown. But if our lady hears any speaking disgracefully of God or religion, she counts herself bound by her tenure (whereby she holds possession of grace here and reversion of glory hereafter) to assert and vindicate the honor of the King of Heaven, whose champion she professeth to be. One may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions.

She is pitiful and bountiful to people in distress. We read how a daughter of the Duke of Exeter invented a brake or cruel rack to torment people withal, to which purpose it was long reserved, and often used in the Tower of London, and commonly called (was it not fit so pretty a babe should bear her mother's name?) the Duke of Exeter's Daughter. Methinks the finding out of a salve to ease poor people in pain had borne better proportion to her ladyship than to have been the inventor of instruments of cruelty.

She is a good scholar, and well learned in useful authors. Indeed, as in purchases a house is valued at nothing, because it returns no profit and requires great charges to maintain it, so, for the same reasons, learning in a woman is but little to be prized. But as for great ladies, who ought to be a confluence of all rarities and perfections, some learning in them is not only useful, but necessary.

In discourse, her words are rather fit than fine, very choice and yet not chosen. Though her language be not gaudy, yet the plainness thereof pleaseth,—it is so proper and handsomely put

on. Some, having a set of fine phrases, will hazard an impertinency to use them all, as thinking they give full satisfaction, for dragging in the matter by head and shoulders, if they dress it in quaint expressions. Others often repeat the same things, the Platonic year of their discourses being not above three days long, in which term all the same matter returns over again, threadbare talk, ill suiting with the variety of their clothes.

She affects not the vanity of foolish fashions, but is decently appareled according to her state and condition. He that should have guessed the bigness of Alexander's soldiers by their shields left in India would much over-proportion their true greatness. But what a vast overgrown creature would some guess a woman to be, taking his aim by the multitude and variety of clothes and ornaments which some of them use,—insomuch as the ancient Latins called a woman's wardrobe *mundus*, a world; wherein notwithstanding was much *terra incognita*, then undiscovered, but since found out by the curiosity of modern fashion-mongers. We find a map of this world drawn by God's spirit, Is. iii. 18, wherein one and twenty women's ornaments (all superfluous) are reckoned up, which at this day are much increased. The moons, there mentioned, which they wore on their heads, may seem since grown to the full in the luxury of after ages.

She is contented with that beauty which God hath given her. If very handsome, no whit the more proud, but far the more thankful; if unhandsome, she labors to better it in the virtues of her mind, that what is but plain cloth without may be rich plush within. Indeed, such natural defects as hinder her comfortable serving of God in her calling may be amended by art; and any member of the body being defective, may thereby be lawfully supplied. Thus glass eyes may be used, though not for seeing, for sightliness. But our lady detesteth all adulterate complexions, finding no precedent thereof in the Bible save one, and her so bad that ladies would blush through their paint to make her the pattern of their imitation. Yet are there many that think the grossest fault in painting is to paint grossly (making their faces with thick daubing not only new pictures, but new statues), and that the greatest sin therein is to be discovered.

In her marriage she principally respects virtue and religion, and next that, other accommodations, as we have formerly discoursed of. And she is careful in match, not to bestow herself unworthily beneath her own degree to an ignoble person, except

in case of necessity. Thus the gentlewomen in Champagne in France, some three hundred years since, were enforced to marry yeoman and farmers, because all the nobility in that country were slain in the wars, in the two voyages of King Louis to Palestine; and thereupon ever since, by custom and privilege, the gentlewomen of Champagne and Brie ennoble their husbands and give them honor in marrying them, how mean soever before.

Though pleasantly affected, she is not transported with court delights,— as in their stately masques and pageants. By degrees she is brought from delighting in such masques, only to be contented to see them, and at last, perchance, could desire to be excused from that also.

Yet in her reduced thoughts she makes all the sport she hath seen earnest to herself; it must be a dry flower indeed out of which this bee sucks no honey; they are the best Origens who do allegorize all earthly vanities into heavenly truths. When she remembereth how suddenly the scene in the masque was altered (almost before moment itself could take notice of it), she considereth how quickly mutable all things are in this world, God ringing the changes on all accidents, and making them tunable to his glory; the lively representing of things so curiously that Nature herself might grow jealous of Art in outdoing her, minds our lady to make sure work with her own soul, seeing hypocrisy may be so like to sincerity. But oh! what a wealthy exchequer of beauties did she there behold, several faces most different, most excellent (so great is the variety even in bests), what a rich mine of jewels, above ground, all so brave, so costly! To give court masques their due, of all the bubbles in this world they have the greatest variety of fine colors. But all is quickly ended; this is the spite of the world,— if ever she affordeth fine ware, she always pincheth it in the measure, and it lasts not long. But oh! thinks our lady, how glorious a place is heaven, where there are joys forevermore. If a herd of kine should meet together in fancy and define happiness, they would place it to consist in fine pastures, sweet grass, clear water, shadowy groves, constant summer; but if any winter, then warm shelter and dainty hay, with company after their kind, counting these low things the highest happiness, because their conceit can reach no higher. Little better do the heathen poets describe heaven, paving it with pearl, and roofing it with stars, filling it with gods and goddesses, and allowing them to drink (as if without it no poet's paradise) nectar and ambrosia;

heaven indeed being *pœtarum dedecus*, the shame of poets, and the disgrace of all their hyperboles falling as far short of truth herein as they go beyond it in other fables. However, the sight of such glorious earthly spectacles advantageth our lady's conceit by infinite multiplication thereof to consider of heaven.

She reads constant lectures to herself of her own mortality. To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. «Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.»

The sight of death when it cometh will neither be so terrible to her, nor so strange, who hath formerly often beheld it in her serious meditations. With Job she saith to the worm, «Thou art my sister.» If fair ladies scorn to own the worms their kindred in this life, their kindred will be bold to challenge them when dead in their graves; for when the soul (the best perfume of the body) is departed from it, it becomes so noisome a carcass, that, should I make a description of the loathsomeness thereof, some dainty dames would hold their noses in reading it.

To conclude; we read how Henry, a German prince, was admonished by revelation to search for a writing in an old wall, which should nearly concern him, wherein he found only these two words written, *Post sex*, after six. Whereupon Henry conceived that his death was foretold, which after six days should ensue; which made him pass those days in constant preparation for the same. But finding the six days passed without the effect he expected, he successively persevered in his godly resolutions six weeks, six months, six years, and on the first day of the seventh year the prophecy was fulfilled, though otherwise than he interpreted it; for thereupon he was chosen Emperor of Germany, having before gotten such a habit of piety that he persisted in his religious course forever after. Thus our lady hath so inured herself «all the days of her appointed time to wait till her change cometh,» that, expecting it every hour, she is always provided for that than which nothing is more certain or uncertain.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

OF MARRIAGE

SOME men have too much decried marriage. Give this holy estate her due, and then we shall find,

Though bachelors be the strongest stakes, married men are the best binders in the hedge of the commonwealth. 'Tis the policy of the Londoners, when they send a ship into the Levant or Mediterranean Sea, to make every mariner therein a merchant, each seaman adventuring somewhat of his own, which will make him more wary to avoid and more valiant to undergo dangers. Thus married men, especially if having posterity, are the deeper sharers in that state wherein they live, which engageth their affections to the greater loyalty.

It is the worst clandestine marriage when God is not invited to it. Wherefore beforehand beg his gracious assistance. Marriage shall prove no lottery to thee, when the hand of Providence chooseth for thee, who, if drawing a blank, can turn it into a prize, by sanctifying a bad wife unto thee.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, *δλος λαμπρός*, wholly clear, without clouds. Yea, expect both wind and storm sometimes, which, when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee.

Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. Yet all the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife, and observe the following rules: —

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded in true virtue will always continue. Some hold it unhappy to be married with a diamond ring; perchance (if there be so much reason in their folly), because the diamond hinders the roundness of the ring, ending the infiniteness thereof, and seems to presage some termination in their love, which ought ever to endure, and so it will, when it is founded in religion.

Neither choose all, nor not at all for beauty. A cried-up beauty makes more for her own praise than her husband's profit. They tell us of a floating island in Scotland; but sure no wise pilot will cast anchor there, lest the land swim away with his ship. So are they served, and justly enough, who only fasten their love on fading beauty, and both fail together.

Let there be no great disproportion in age. They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Let wealth in its due distance be regarded. There be two towns in the land of Liego, called Bovins and Dinant, the inhabitants whereof bear almost an incredible hatred one to another, and yet, notwithstanding, their children usually marry together; and the reason is, because there is none other good town or wealthy place near them. Thus parents for a little pelf often marry their children to those whose persons they hate; and thus union betwixt families is not made, but the breach rather widened the more.

This shall serve for a conclusion. A bachelor was saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." "Nay," said a gentlewoman, "next to a good wife, no wife is the best." I wish to all married people the outward happiness which, anno 1605, happened to a couple in the city of Delft, in Holland, living most lovingly together seventy-five years in wedlock, till the man being one hundred and three, the woman ninety-nine years of age, died within three hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

Complete. From the "Holy State."

THE GOOD WIFE

ST. PAUL to the Colossians, iii. 18, first adviseth women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counselleth men to love their wives. And sure it was fitting that women should first have their lesson given them, because it is hardest to be learned, and therefore they need have the more time to con it. For the same reason we first begin with the character of a good wife.

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him. It was always observed that what the English gained

of the French in battle by valor, the French regained of the English by cunning in treaties; so if the husband should chance by his power, in his passion, to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to recover and rectify it again.

She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit herself. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot, and are far more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that, if a single meteor or fireball falls on their mast, it portends ill luck; but if two come together (which they count Castor and Pollux) they presage good success; but, sure, in a family it bodeth most bad when two fireballs (husband's and wife's anger) come both together.

She keeps home, if she hath not her husband's company or leave for her patent to go abroad; for the house is the woman's centre. It is written, Ps. civ. 2, "The sun ariseth, man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening"; but it is said of woman, Prov. xxxi. 15, "She riseth while it is yet night," for man in the race of his work starts from the rising of the sun, because his business is without doors, and not to be done without the light of heaven; but the woman hath her work within the house, and therefore can make the sun rise by lighting of a candle.

Her clothes are comely rather than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. She is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new,—as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once; but our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth that she forgets what she is by match.

Arcana imperii (her husband's secrets) she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom; and then he hath conned his part so well, that he comes off with great applause. If his *forma informans* be but bad, she provides him better *formas assistentes*, gets him wise servants and secretaries.

In her husband's absence, she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

In her husband's sickness, she feels more grief than she shows. Partly that she may not dishearten him, and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful that she may be the more serviceable.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth. When they grow up, she teacheth them not pride, but painfulness, making their hands to clothe their backs, and them to wear the livery of their own industry. She makes not her daughters gentlewomen before they be women, rather teaching them what they should pay to others than receive from them.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it; wherefore her service is counted a preferment, and her teaching better than her wages. Her maids follow the precedent of their mistress,—live modestly at home. One asked a grave gentlewoman how her maids came by so good husbands, and yet seldom went abroad: "Oh," said she, "good husbands come home to them."

Complete. From the "Holy State."

THE GOOD HUSBAND

HAVING formerly described a good wife, she will make a good husband, whose character we are now to present.

His love to his wife weakeneth not his ruling her, and his ruling lesseneth not his loving her. Wherefore he avoideth all fondness (a sick love, to be praised in none, and pardoned only in the newly married), whereby more have willfully betrayed their command than ever lost it by their wives' rebellion. Methinks the he-viper is right enough served, which, as Pliny reports, puts his head into the she-viper's mouth, and she bites it off. And what wonder is it if women take the rule to themselves, which their uxorious husbands first surrender unto them.

He is constant to his wife, and confident of her. And, sure, where jealousy is the jailor, many break the prison, it opening

more ways to wickedness than it stoppeth; so that where it findeth one it maketh ten dishonest.

He alloweth her meet maintenance, but measures it by his own estate; nor will he give less, nor can she ask more. Which allowance, if shorter than her deserts and his desire, he lengtheneth it out with his courteous carriage unto her; chiefly in her sickness, then not so much word-pitying her as providing necessaries for her.

That she may not intrench on his prerogative, he maintains her propriety in feminine affairs; yea, therein he follows her advice, for the soul of a man is planted so high that he overshoots such low matters as lie level to a woman's eye, and therefore her counsel therein may better hit the mark. Causes that are properly of feminine cognizance he suffers her finally to decide; not so much as permitting an appeal to himself, that their jurisdictions may not interfere. He will not countenance a stubborn servant against her, but in her maintains his own authority. Such husbands as bait the mistress with her maids, and clap their hands at the sport, will have cause to wring them afterwards.

Knowing she is the weaker vessel, he bears with her infirmities. All hard using of her he detests, desiring the rein to do, not what may be lawful, but fitting. And grant her to be of a servile nature, such as may be bettered by beating, yet he remembers he hath enfranchised her by marrying her. On her wedding day she was, like St. Paul, freeborn, and privileged from any servile punishment.

He is careful that the wounds betwixt them take not air, and not be publicly known. Jars concealed are half reconciled; which, if generally known, it is a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad. To this end he never publicly reproves her. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present, after which many rather study revenge than reformation.

He keeps her in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance, who, perchance, may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsels, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

He beats not his wife after his death. One having a shrewd wife, yet loath to use her hardly in his lifetime, awed her with

telling her that he would beat her when he was dead, meaning that he would leave her no maintenance. This humor is unworthy a worthy man, who will endeavor to provide her a competent estate; yet he that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one.

Complete. From the "Holy State."

THE GOOD CHILD

He REVERENCETH the person of his parent, though old, poor, and froward. As his parent bare with him when a child, he bears with his parent if twice a child; nor doth his dignity above him cancel his duty under him. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John his father one of the judges of the King's Bench, he would in Westminster Hall beg his blessing of him on his knees.

He observes his lawful commands, and practiceth his precepts with all obedience. I cannot therefore excuse St. Barbara from undutifulness and occasioning her own death. The matter this. Her father being a Pagan, commanded his workmen building his house to make two windows in a room; Barbara, knowing her father's pleasure, in his absence enjoined them to make three, that seeing them she might the better contemplate the mystery of the Holy Trinity. (Methinks two windows might as well have raised her meditations, and the light arising from both would as properly have minded her of the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son.) Her father, enraged at his return, thus came to the knowledge of her religion, and accused her to the magistrate, which cost her her life.

Having practiced them himself, he entails his parents' precepts on his posterity. Therefore such instructions are by Solomon, Prov. i. 9, compared to frontlets and chains (not to a suit of clothes, which serves but one, and quickly wears out, or out of fashion), which have in them a real lasting worth, and are bequeathed as legacies to another age. The same counsels observed are chains to grace, which, neglected, prove halters to strangle undutiful children.

He is patient under correction, and thankful after it. When Mr. West, formerly tutor (such I count *in loco parentis*) to Dr. Whitaker, was by him, then Regius Professor, created Doctor,

Whitaker solemnly gave him thanks before the university for giving him correction when his young scholar.

In marriage, he first and last consults with his father; when propounded, when concluded. He best bowls at the mark of his own contentment, who, besides the aim of his own eye, is directed by his father, who is to give him the ground.

He is a stork to his parent, and feeds him in his old age; not only if his father hath been a pelican, but though he hath been an ostrich unto him, and neglected him in his youth. He confines him not a long way off to a short pension, forfeited if he comes into his presence; but shows piety at home, and learns (as St. Paul saith, I. Tim. v. 4) to requite his parent. And yet the debt (I mean only the principal, not counting the interest) cannot fully be paid, and therefore he compounds with his father to accept in good worth the utmost of his endeavor.

Such a child God commonly rewards with long life in this world. If he chance to die young, yet he lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he take from him a long lease, and give him a freehold of better value. As for disobedient children,

If preserved from the gallows, they are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posterity. One complained that never father had so undutiful a child as he had. «Yes,» said his son, with less grace than truth, «my grandfather had.»

I conclude this subject with the example of a Pagan's son, which will shame most Christians. Pomponius Atticus, making the funeral oration at the death of his mother, did protest that living with her threescore and seven years, he was never reconciled unto her, *se nunquam cum matre in gratiam rediisse;* because (take the comment with the text) there never happened betwixt them the least jar which needed reconciliation.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

OF JESTING

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pish," said the Queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of King Edward IV., a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous is it to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed; for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight adopts it to be his own. Purge them therefore from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the string in the back, it may make good meat;

but if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not hurt the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heartstrings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii;* and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

Complete. From the "Holy State."

OF MEMORY

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the Muses; Aristotle sets it one degree further, making experience the mother of arts, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there naturally men dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss. This again is twofold: one, the simple retention of things; the other, a regaining them when forgotten.

Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, men in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her muce! How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean (as I may say) of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass! But these cannot play an aftergame, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the meditation of discourse.

Artificial memory is rather a trick than an art, and more for the gain of the teacher than profit of the learners; like the tossing of a pike, which is no part of the postures and motions thereof, and is rather for ostentation than use, to show the strength and nimbleness of the arm, and is often used by wandering soldiers as an introduction to beg. Understand it of the artificial rules which at this day are delivered by memory mountebanks; for, sure, an art thereof may be made (wherein as yet the world is defective), and that no more destructive to natural memory than spectacles are to eyes, which girls in Holland wear from twelve years of age. But till this be found out, let us observe these plain rules:—

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? Whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio* will abide there till *ejectio firma*, sickness, or extreme age dispossesses them. It is best knocking in the nail over-night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave! Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's Epistles, or anything else which he had learned long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him,—his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory with thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St. Augustine tells of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party avowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when

it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy notebooks. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head will utterly be beggared and bankrupt if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against. A commonplace book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

Moderate diet and good air preserve memory; but what air is best I dare not define, when such great ones differ. Some say a pure and subtle air is best, another commends a thick and foggy air. For the Pisans, sited in the fens and marshes of Arnus, have excellent memories, as if the foggy air were a cap for their heads.

Thankfulness to God for it continues the memory, whereas some proud people have been visited with such oblivion that they have forgotten their own names. Staupitius, tutor to Luther, and a godly man, in a vain ostentation of his memory, repeated Christ's genealogy (Matt. i.) by heart in his sermon, but being out about the captivity of Babylon, "I see," saith he, "God resisteth the proud," and so betook himself to his book.

Abuse not thy memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness. Excellently Augustine,— *Quidam vero pessimi memoria sunt mirabili, qui tanto pejores sunt, quanto minus possunt, quæ male cogitant, oblivisci.*

Complete. From the "Holy State."

OF NATURAL FOOLS

They have the cases of men, and little else of them besides speech and laughter. And indeed it may seem strange, that, risible being the property of man alone, they who have least of man should have most thereof, laughing without cause or measure.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and

cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped on the figure of his body,—their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Yet some by their faces may pass current enough till they cry themselves down by their speaking. Thus men know the bell is cracked when they hear it tolled; yet some that have stood out the assault of two or three questions, and have answered pretty rationally, have afterwards, of their own accord, betrayed and yielded themselves to be fools.

The oaths and railing of fools is oftentimes no fault of theirs, but their teachers. The Hebrew word *barak* signifies to bless and to curse; and it is the speaker's pleasure if he use it in the worst acceptation. Fools of themselves are equally capable to pray and to swear; they, therefore, have the greatest sin who by their example or otherwise teach them so to do.

One may get wisdom by looking on a fool. In beholding him, think how much thou art beholden to him that suffered thee not to be like him; only God's pleasure put a difference betwixt you. And consider that a fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting place, their birth, and at the post, their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.

It is unnatural to laugh at a natural. How can the object of thy pity be the subject of thy pastime? I confess sometimes the strangeness, and, as I may say, witty simplicity of their actions may extort a smile from a serious man, who at the same time may smile at them and sorrow for them. But it is one thing to laugh at them *in transitu*, a snap and away, and another to make a set meal in jeering them, and as the Philistines, to send for Samson to make them sport.

To make a trade of laughing at a fool is the highway to become one. Tully confesseth that whilst he laughed at one Hircus, a very ridiculous man; *dum illum rideo pene factus sum ille;* and one telleth us of Gallus Vibius, a man first of great eloquence, and afterwards of great madness, which seized not on him so much by accident as his own affectation, so long mimically imitating madmen that he became one.

Many have been the wise speeches of fools, though not so many as the foolish speeches of wise men. Now the wise speeches of these silly souls proceed from one of these reasons: either because talking much and shooting often they must needs hit the

mark sometimes, though not by aim, by hap; or else, because a fool's *mediocriter* is *optime*, sense from his mouth, a sentence, and a tolerable speech cried up for an apothegm; or, lastly, because God may sometimes illuminate them, and, especially towards their death, admit them to the possession of some part of reason. A poor beggar in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by, which chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat. And this is affirmed by credible writers as no fable, but an undoubted fact. More waggish was that of a rich landed fool, whom a courtier had begged, and carried about to wait on him. He, coming with his master to a gentleman's house where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair suit of arras, cut the picture out with a penknife. And being chidden for so doing, «You have more cause,» said he, «to thank me; for if my master had seen the picture of the fool, he would have begged the hangings of the king, as he did my lands.» When the standers-by comforted a natural which lay on his deathbed, and told him that four proper fellows should carry his body to the church, «Yea,» quoth he, «but I had rather by half go thither myself»; and then prayed to God at his last gasp not to require more of him than he gave him.

As for a changeling, which is not one child changed for another, but one child on a sudden much changed from itself; and for a jester, which some count a necessary evil in a court, an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants wit will perform, I conceive them not to belong to the present subject.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

THE GOOD ADVOCATE

He is one that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience. It is the praise of the Spanish soldier that, whilst other nations are mercenary and for money will serve on any side, he will never fight against his own king; nor will our advocate against the sovereign truth plainly appearing to his conscience.

He not only hears, but examines his client, and pincheth the cause where he fears it is foundered. For many clients in telling their case rather plead than relate it, so that the advocate hears not the true state of it till opened by the adverse party. Surely the lawyer that fills himself with instructions will travel longest in the cause without tiring. Others that are so quick in searching seldom search to the quick; and those miraculous apprehensions who understand more than all before the client had told half run without their errand and will return without their answer.

If the matter be doubtful, he will only warrant his own diligence. Yet some keep an assurance office in their chamber, and will warrant any cause brought unto them, as knowing that, if they fail, they lose nothing but what long since was lost, their credit.

He makes not a Trojan siege of a suit, but seeks to bring it to a set battle in a speedy trial. Yet sometimes suits are continued by their difficulty, the potency and stomach of the parties, without any default in the lawyer.

He is faithful to the side that first retains him,—not like Demosthenes, who secretly wrote one oration for Phormio, and another in the same matter for Apollodorus, his adversary.

In pleading he shoots fairly at the head of the cause, and having fastened, no frowns nor favors shall make him let go his hold,—not snatching aside here and there to no purpose, speaking little in much, as it was said of Anaximenes, "that he had a flood of words and a drop of reason." His boldness riseth or falleth as he apprehends the goodness or badness of his cause.

He joys not to be retained in such a suit where all the right in question is but a drop blown up with malice to a bubble. Wherefore, in such trivial matters, he persuades his client to sound a retreat and make a composition.

When his name is up, his industry is not down, thinking to plead not by his study, but his credit. Commonly, physicians, like beer, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread, when they are young and new. But our advocate grows not lazy; and if a leading case be out of the road of his practice, he will take pains to trace it through his books, and prick the footsteps thereof wheresoever he finds it.

He is more careful to deserve, than greedy to take, fees. He accounts the very pleading of a poor widow's honest cause sufficient fees, as conceiving himself then the King of Heaven's advocate, bound *ex officio* to prosecute it. And although some may say that such a lawyer may even go live in Cornwall, where it is observed that few of that profession hitherto have grown to any great livelihood, yet shall he, besides those two felicities of common lawyers, that they seldom die either without heirs or making a will, find God's blessing on his provisions and posterity.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

THE COMMON BARRATOR

A BARRATOR is a horse-leech that only sucks the corrupted blood of the law. He trades only in tricks and quirks; his highway is in bypaths, and he loveth a cavil better than an argument, an evasion than an answer. There are two kinds of them; either such as fight themselves, or are trumpeters in a battle to set on others. The former is a professed dueler in the law that will challenge any, and in all suit combats be either principal or second.

References and compositions he hates as bad as a hangman hates a pardon. Had he been a scholar, he would have maintained all paradoxes; if a chirurgeon, he would never have cured a wound, but always kept it raw; if a soldier, he would have been excellent at a siege; nothing but *ejectio firma* would out him.

He is half starved in the lent of a long vacation for want of employment,—save only that he brews work to broach in term-time. I find one so much delighted in law sport that when Louis, the King of France, offered to ease him of a number of suits, he earnestly besought his Highness to leave him some twenty or thirty behind, wherewith he might merrily pass away the time.

He hath this property of an honest man that his word is as good as his bond; for he will pick the lock of the strongest conveyance, or creep out at the lattice of a word. Wherefore he counts to enter common with others as good as his own several; for he will so vex his partners that they had rather forego their right than undergo a suit with him. As for the trumpeter barrator,

He falls in with all his neighbors that fall out, and spurs them on to go to law. A gentleman, who in a duel was rather scratched than wounded, sent for a chirurgeon, who, having opened the wound, charged the man with all speed to fetch such a salve from such a place in his study. «Why,» said the gentleman, «is the hurt so dangerous?» «Oh, yes,» answered the chirurgeon, «if he return not in posthaste the wound will cure itself, and so I shall lose my fee.» Thus the barrator posts to the house of his neighbors, lest the sparks of their small discords should go out before he brings them fuel, and so he be broken by their making up. Surely, he loves not to have the bells rung in a peal, but he likes it rather when they are jangled backward, himself having kindled the fire of dissension amongst his neighbors.

He lives till his clothes have as many rents as himself hath made dissensions. I wonder any should be of this trade when none ever thrived on it; paying dear rates for their counsels for bringing many cracked titles, they are fain to fill up their gaping chinks with the more gold.

But I have done with this wrangling companion, half afraid to meddle with him longer, lest he should commence a suit against me for describing him.

The reader may easily perceive how this «Book of the Profane State» would swell to a great proportion, should we therein character all kinds of vicious persons which stand in opposition to those which are good. But the pains may well be spared, seeing that *rectum est index sui et obliqui;* and the lustre of the good formerly described will sufficiently discover the enormity of those which are otherwise.

Complete. From the «Profane State.»

OF ANGER

ANGER is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind, and with Jacob, sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and, with the Caspian Sea, never ebb nor flow. This anger is either heavenly, when one is offended for God; or hellish, when offended with God and goodness; or earthly, in temporal matters; which earthly anger (whereof we treat) may also be hellish, if for no cause, no great cause, too hot, or too long.

Be not angry with any without a cause. If thou beest, thou must not only, as the proverb saith, be appeased without amends (having neither cost nor damage given thee), but, as our Savior saith, "be in danger of the judgment."

Be not mortally angry with any for a venial fault. He will make a strange combustion in the state of his soul, who, at the landing of every cockboat, sets the beacons on fire. To be angry for every toy debases the worth of thy anger; for he who will be angry for anything will be angry for nothing.

Let not thy anger be so hot but that the most torrid zone thereof may be habitable. Fright not people from thy presence with the terror of thy intolerable impatience. Some men, like a tiled house, are long before they take fire, but once on flame there is no coming near to quench them.

Take heed of doing irrevocable acts in thy passion,—as the revealing of secrets, which makes thee a bankrupt for society ever after; neither do such things which once are done forever, so that no bemoaning can amend them. Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes; time may restore some losses, others are never to be repaired. Wherefore in thy rage make no Persian decree, which cannot be reversed or repealed; but rather Polonian laws, which, they say, last but three days; do not in an instant what an age cannot recompense.

Anger kept till the next morning, with manna, doth putrefy and corrupt; save that manna corrupted not at all, and anger most of all, kept the next Sabbath. St. Paul saith, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath," to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the Apostle's meaning rather than his words with all possible speed

to depose our passion, not understanding him so literally that we take leave to be angry till sunset; then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope of revenge. And as the English (by command from William the Conqueror) always raked up their fire and put out their candles when the curfew bell was rung, let us then also quench all sparks of anger and heat of passion.

He that keeps anger long in his bosom giveth place to the devil. And why should we make room for him, who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to chap, and the devil creeps in at the crannies. Yea, a furious man in his fits may seem possessed with a devil; foams, fumes, tears himself, is deaf and dumb in effect to hear or to speak reason; sometimes wallows, stares, stamps, with fiery eyes and flaming cheeks. Had Narcissus himself seen his own face when he had been angry, he could never have fallen in love with himself.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

OF SELF-PRAISING

He whose own worth doth speak need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert; whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put their laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorets that want company may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It showeth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend oneself not in a straight line, but in reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them, or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent), whom all know far their inferior in that faculty, or, lastly (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise), when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but if challenged by the company that they were authors of them them-

selves, with their tongues they faintly deny it and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defense. For though modesty bind a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face that in skill and valor he came far behind him. "'Tis true," said the other, "for when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, a saint; that boasteth of it, a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honor.

He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. Some, who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword, boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valor; whereas, first let them be well whipped for their lying, and as they like that, let them come afterward and entitle themselves to the gallows.

Complete. From the "Holy State."

OF APPAREL

CLOTHES are for necessity; warm clothes for health; cleanly for decency; lasting for thrift; and rich for magnificence. Now there may be a fault in their number, if too various; making, if too vain; matter, if too costly; and mind of the wearer, if he take pride therein. We come, therefore, to some general directions.

It is chargeable vanity to be constantly clothed above one's purse or place. I say constantly, for perchance sometimes it may be dispensed with. A great man, who himself was very plain in apparel, checked a gentleman for being overfine; who modestly answered, "Your lordship hath better clothes at home, and I have worse." But, sure, no plea can be made when this luxury

is grown to be ordinary. It was an arrogant act of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when King John had given his courtiers rich liveries, to ape the lion, gave his servants the like, wherewith the king was not a little offended But what shall we say to the riot of our age, wherein (as peacocks are more gay than the eagle himself) subjects are grown braver than their sovereign?

'Tis beneath a wise man always to wear clothes beneath men of his rank. True, there is a state sometimes in decent plainness. When a wealthy lord at a great solemnity had the plainest apparel, «Oh!» said one, «if you had marked it well, his suit had the richest pockets.» Yet it argues no wisdom in clothes, always to stoop beneath his condition. When Antisthenes saw Socrates in a torn coat, he showed a hole thereof to the people: «And lo!» quoth he, «through this I see his pride.»

He shows a light gravity who loves to be an exception from a general fashion. For the received custom in the place where we live is the most competent judge of decency; from which we must not appeal to our own opinion. When the French courtiers, mourning for their king, Henry II., had worn cloth a whole year, all silks became so vile in every man's eyes, that, if any were seen to wear them, he was presently accounted a mechanic or country fellow.

It is folly for one, Proteus-like, never to appear twice in one shape. Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when for forty years their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in one fashion. Yet here I must confess I understand not what is reported of Fulgentius, that he used the same garment winter and summer, and never altered his clothes, *etiam in sacris peragendis.*

He that is proud of the rustlings of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency. Besides, why should any brag of what's but borrowed? Should the ostrich snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his suit, the silkworm his stockings, and neat his shoes (to strip him no further than modesty will give leave), he would be left in a cold condition. And yet it is more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than (as many are) of affected slovenness. The one is proud of a molehill, the other of a dunghill.

To conclude, sumptuary laws in this land to reduce apparel to a set standard of price and fashion, according to the several states of men, have long been wished, but are little to be hoped for. Some think private men's superfluity is a necessary evil in a state; the floating of fashions affording a standing maintenance to many thousands which otherwise would be at a loss for a livelihood,— men maintaining more by their pride than by their charity.

Complete. From the «Holy State.»

MISERERE

THERE goes a tradition of Ovid, that famous poet (receiving some countenance from his own confession), that when his father was about to beat him for following the pleasant but profitless study of poetry, he, under correction, promised his father never to make a verse, and made a verse in his very promise. Probably the same in sense, but certainly more elegant for composure, than this verse which common credulity hath taken up:—

«*Parce precor, genitor, posthac non versificabo.*»

«Father, on me pity take,
Verses I no more will make.»

When I so solemnly promise my Heavenly Father to sin no more, I sin in my very promise; my weak prayers made to procure my pardon increase my guiltiness. Oh, the dullness and deadness of my heart therein! I say my prayers as the Jews eat the Passover,— in haste. And whereas in bodily actions motion is the cause of heat; clean contrary, the more speed I make in my prayers the colder I am in my devotion.

Number XI. complete. First Series of «Personal Meditations.»

ALL FOR THE PRESENT

THERE is a pernicious humor, of a catching nature, wherewith the mouths of many, and hearts of more, are infected. Some there are that are so covetous to see the settlement of Church and State according to their own desires, that if it be not done in our days, say they, we care not whether it be done at all or no.

Such men's souls live in a lane, having weak heads and narrow hearts, their faith being little, and charity less, being all for themselves and nothing for posterity. These men, living in India, would prove ill commonwealth's-men, and would lay no foundation for porcelain or china dishes, because despairing to reap benefit thereby, as not ripened to perfection in a hundred years.

Oh! give me that good man's gracious temper, who earnestly desired the prosperity of the Church, whatsoever became of himself, whose verses I will offer to translate:—

«*Seu me terra tegit, seu vastum contegit æquor;*
Exoptata piis sæcula fausta precor.»

«Buried in earth, or drowned in the main,
Eat up by worms or fishes;
I pray the pious may obtain
For happy times their wishes.»

And if we ourselves, with aged Barzillai, be superannuated to behold the happy establishment of Church and State, may we, dying in faith, though not having received the promises, bequeath the certain reversions of our Chimhams,—I mean the next generation which shall rise up after us.

Number XXII. complete. Second Series of «Mixed Contemplations on These Times.»

COURTESY GAINETH

I HAVE heard the Royal party (would I could say without any cause) complained of, that they have not charity enough for converts, who came off unto them from the opposite side; who, though they express a sense of and sorrow for their mistakes, and have given testimony, though perchance not so plain and public as others expected, of their sincerity, yet still they are suspected as unsound; and such as frown not on, look but asquint at them.

This hath done much mischief, and retarded the return of many to their side; for had these their van couriers been but kindly entertained, possibly ere now their whole army had come over unto us, which now are disheartened by the cold welcome of these converts.

Let this fault be mended for the future, that such proselytes may meet with nothing to discourage, all things to comfort and content them.

Let us give them not only the right hand of fellowship, but even the upper hand of superiority. One asked a mother who had brought up many children to a marriageable age, what art she used to breed up so numerous an issue; «None other,» said she, «save only, I always made the most of the youngest.» Let the Benjamins ever be darlings, and the last born, whose eyes were newest opened with the sight of their errors, be treated with the greatest affection.

Number XXIII. complete. Second Series of «Mixed Contemplations on These Times.»

PREPARATIVE

TWILIGHT is a great blessing of God to mankind; for, should our eyes be instantly posted out of darkness into light, out of midnight into morning, so sudden a surprisal would blind us. God, therefore, of his goodness, hath made the intermediate twilight to prepare our eyes for the reception of the light.

Such is his dealing with our English nation. We were lately in the midnight of misery. It was questionable whether the law should first draw up the will and testament of dying divinity, or divinity first make a funeral sermon for expiring law. Violence stood ready to invade our property, heresies and schisms to oppress religion.

Blessed be God, we are now brought into a better condition, yea, we are past the equilibrium; the beam beginning to break on the better side, and our hopes to have the mastery of our despairs. God grant this twilight may prove *crepusculum matutinum*, forerunning the rising of the sun, and increase of our happiness.

Number XXV. complete. Second Series of «Mixed Contemplations on These Times.»

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ARRAS

I LOOKED upon the wrong or back side of a piece of arras; it seemed to me as a continued nonsense, there was neither head nor foot therein; confusion itself had as much method in it: a company of thrums and threads, with many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes, and colors, all which signified nothing to my understanding.

But then looking on the reverse or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions and figures of men and cities. So that, indeed, it was a history, not wrote with a pen, but wrought with a needle.

If men look upon our late times with a mere eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their huddle and disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is objected to our eyes, whilst the right side is presented to the high God of Heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion, and what is presented to him at present may hereafter be so showed to us as to convince our judgments in the truth thereof.

Number XLIII. complete. Second Series of «Mixed Contemplations on These Times.»

CHARITY, CHARITY

IN MY father's time, there was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a native of Carlton, in Leicestershire, where the people (through some occult cause) are troubled with a wharling in their throats, so that they cannot plainly pronounce the letter R. This scholar, being conscious of his infirmity, made a Latin oration of the usual expected length, without an R therein; and yet did he not only select words fit for his mouth, easy for pronunciation, but also as pure and expressive for signification, to show, that men might speak without being beholden to the dog's letter.

Our English pulpits, for these last eighteen years, have had in them too much caninal anger, vented by snapping and snarling spirits on both sides. But if you bite and devour one another (saith the Apostle, Gal. v. 15), take heed ye be not devoured one of another.

Think not that our sermons must be silent if not satirical, as if divinity did not afford smooth subjects enough to be seasonably insisted on in this juncture of time; let us try our skill whether we cannot preach without any dog letter or biting word: the art is half learned by intending, and wholly by serious endeavoring it.

I am sure that such soft sermons will be more easy for the tongue of the preacher in pronouncing them, less grating to the ears of pious people that hear them, and more edifying to the heart of both speaker and hearers of them.

Number XX. complete. «Mixed Contemplations on These Times.»

THE HARVEST OF A LARGE HEART

ALEXANDER THE GREAT when a child was checked by his governor Leonidas for being overprofuse in spending perfumes: because on a day, being to sacrifice to the gods, he took both his hands full of frankincense, and cast it into the fire; but afterwards, being a man, he conquered the country of Judæa (the fountain whence such spices did flow), and sent Leonidas a present of five hundred talents weight of frankincense, to show him how his former prodigality made him thrive the better in success, and to advise him to be no more niggardly in Divine service. Thus they that sow plentifully shall reap plentifully. I see there is no such way to have a large harvest as to have a large heart. The free giving of the branches of our present estate to God is the readiest means to have the root increased for the future.

Number XIX. complete. Historical applications in «Good Thoughts in Bad Times.»

«UPWARDS, UPWARDS»

How large houses do they build in London on little ground! Revenging themselves on the narrowness of their room with store of stories. Excellent arithmetic! from the root of one floor to multiply so many chambers. And though painful the climbing up, pleasant the staying there, the higher the healthfuller, with clearer light and sweeter air.

Small are my means on earth. May I mount my soul the higher in heavenly meditations, relying on Divine Providence; he that fed many thousands with five loaves may feed me and mine with the fifth part of that one loaf, that once all mine. Higher, my soul! higher! In bodily buildings, commonly the garrets are most empty, but my mind, the higher mounted, will be the better furnished. Let perseverance to death be my uppermost chamber, the roof of which grace is the pavement of glory.

Number II. complete. Occasional Meditations in «Good Thoughts in Worse Times.»

«BEWARE, WANTON WIT»

I SAW an indenture too fairly engrossed; for the writer (better scrivener than clerk) had so filled it with flourishes that it hindered my reading thereof; the wantonness of his pen made a new alphabet, and I was subject to mistake his dashes for real letters.

What damage hath unwary rhetoric done to religion! Many an innocent reader hath taken Damascene and Theophilact at their word, counting their eloquent hyperboles of Christ's presence in the sacrament, the exact standards of their judgment, whence after ages brought in transubstantiation. Yea, from the Father's elegant apostrophes to the dead (lively pictures by hasty eyes may be taken for living persons), prayers to saints took their original. I see that truth's secretary must use a set hand in writing important points of divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits on the precipices of dangerous doctrines. For though they escape by their agility, others (encouraged by their examples) may be brought to destruction.

Number III. complete. Occasional Meditations in «Good Thoughts in Worse Times.»

ILL DONE, UNDONE

I SAW one, whether out of haste or want of skill, put up his sword the wrong way; it cut even when it was sheathed, the edge being transposed where the back should have been; so that, perceiving his error, he was fain to draw it out, that he might put it up again.

Wearied and wasted with civil war, we that formerly loathed the manna of peace, because common, could now be content to feed on it, though full of worms and putrefied: some so desirous thereof that they care not on what terms the war be ended, so it be ended; but such a peace would be but a truce, and the conditions thereof would no longer be in force than whilst they are in force. Let us pray that the sword be sheathed the right way, with God's glory; and without the dangerous dislocation of prince and people's right: otherwise it may justly be suspected that the sword put up will be drawn out again, and the articles of an ill agreement, though engrossed in parchment, not take effect so long as paper would continue.

Number IV. complete. Occasional Meditations in «Good Thoughts in Worse Times.»

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune. Such the extensiveness thereof, that it stoopeth as low as brute beasts, yet mounteth as high as angels; for horses will do more for a whistle than for a whip, and by hearing their bells jingle away their weariness. The angels in heaven employ themselves in music, and one ingeniously expresseth it to this effect:—

> «We know no more what they do do above,
> Save only that they sing and that they love.»

And although we know not the notes of their music, we know what their ditty is, namely, Hallelujah.

Such as cavil at music, because Jubal, a descendant from wicked Cain, was the first founder thereof, may as well be content to lie out of doors, and refuse all cover to shelter them, because Jabal, of the same extraction, being his own brother, first invented to dwell in tents.

I confess there is a company of pretenders to music, who are commonly called crowders, and that justly too, because they crowd into the company of gentlemen both unsent for, and unwelcome; but these are no more a disgrace to the true professors of that faculty than monkeys are a disparagement to mankind.

Now right ancient is the use of music in England, especially if it be true what I read in a worthy Father; and I know not

which more to admire, either that so memorable a passage should escape Master Camden's, or that it should fall under my observation: —

« They say, even those which compose histories, that in the island of Brittany there is a certain cave, lying under a mountain, in the top thereof gaping. The wind therefore falling into the cave, and dashing into the bosom of a hollow place, there is heard a tinkling of cymbals, beating in tune and time.»

Where this musical place should be in Britain, I could never find, yet have been informed that Dr. Miles Smith, bishop of Hereford, found something tending that way, by the help of an active fancy, in Herefordshire. But, waiving this natural, the antiquity of artificial music in this island is proved by the practice of the bards, thereby communicating religion, learning, and civility, to the Britons.

Right glad I am, that when music was lately shut out of our churches, on what default of hers I dare not to inquire, it hath since been harbored and welcomed in the halls, parlors, and chambers of the primest persons of this nation. Sure I am, it could not enter into my head to surmise that music would have been so much discouraged by such who turned our kingdom into a commonwealth, seeing they prided themselves in the arms thereof, an impaled harp being moiety of the same. When it was asked, « What made a good musician? » one answered, a good voice; another, that it was skill. But he said the truth who said it was encouragement. It was therefore my constant wish, that, seeing most of our musicians were men of maturity, and arrived at their full age and skill, before these distracted times began, and seeing what the historian wrote in another sense is true here in our acceptation and application thereof, *Res est unius seculi populus virorum;* I say, I did constantly wish that there might have been some seminary of youth set up, to be bred in the faculty of music, to supply succession when this set of masters in that science had served their generation.

Yet although I missed of what I did then desire, yet, thanks be to God, I have lived to see music come into request, since our nation came into right tune, and begin to flourish in our churches and elsewhere; so that now no fear but we shall have a new generation skillful in that science, to succeed such whose age shall call upon them to pay their debt to nature.

If any who dislike music in churches object to it as useless, if not hurtful, in Divine service, let them hear what both a learned and able divine allegeth in defense thereof: «So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of the soul, it is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and moderate all affections.»

In recounting up of musicians, I have only insisted on such who made it their profession; and either have written books of that faculty, and have attained to such an eminence therein as is generally acknowledged. Otherwise the work would be endless, to recount all up who took it as a quality of accomplishment; amongst whom King Henry VIII. must be accounted, who, as Erasmus testifies to his knowledge, did not only sing his part sure, but also composed services for his chapel, of four, five, and six parts, though as good a professor as he was, he was a great destroyer of music in this land; surely not intentionally, but accidentally, when he suppressed so many choirs at the Dissolution.

Extract from Chapter x. of «The Worthies of England.»

FRANCIS GALTON

(1822–)

FRANCIS GALTON, one of the most noted scientific essayists of England, was born near Birmingham, in 1822. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844, and spent a large part of the next six years in African exploration. One of his earliest works, published in 1853, was a book of African travel, but his reputation rests chiefly on his scientific essays, especially on his studies of the physiological laws of the human mind. Among his more important works are "Hereditary Genius; Its Laws and Consequences," 1869; "Men of Science; Their Nature and Nurture," 1874; "Natural Inheritance," 1889; and "Finger Prints," 1893. One of his scientific amusements resulted in the invention of "composite" photography. In connection with his own theories of hereditary genius, it is interesting to remember that he is a grandson of the celebrated Erasmus Darwin.

THE MIND AS A PICTURE MAKER

THERE are great differences in the power of forming pictures of objects in the mind's eye; in other words, of visualizing them. In some persons the faculty of perceiving these images is so feeble that they hardly visualize at all, and they supplement their deficiency chiefly by memories of muscular strain, of gesture, and of posture, and partly by memories of touch; recalling objects in the same way as those who were blind from their birth. Other persons perceive past scenes with a distinctness and an appearance of reality that differ little from actual vision. Between these wide extremes I have met with a mass of intermediate cases extending in an unbroken series. . . .

In the highest minds a descriptive word is sufficient to evoke crowds of shadowy associations, each striving to manifest itself. When they differ so much from one another as to be unfit to combine into a single idea, there will be a conflict between them, each being prevented by the rest from obtaining sole possession of the field of consciousness. There would, therefore, be no defi-

nite imagery so long as the aggregate of all the pictures that the word could reasonably suggest, of objects presenting similar aspects, reduced to the same size, and accurately superposed, resulted in a mere blur; but a picture would gradually evolve as qualifications were added to the word, and it would attain to the distinctness and vividness of a generic image long before the word had been so restricted as to be individualized. If the intellect be slow, though correct in its operations, the associations will be few and the generalized image based on insufficient data. If the visualizing power be faint, the generalized image will be indistinct.

Some persons have the power of combining in a single perception more than can be seen at any one moment by the two eyes. It is needless to insist on the fact that all who have two eyes see stereoscopically, and therefore somewhat round a corner. Children who can focus their eyes on very near objects must be able to comprise in a single mental image much more than a half of any small thing they are examining. Animals, such as hares, whose eyes are set more on the side of the head than ours, must be able to perceive at one and the same instant more of a panorama than we can. I find that a few persons can, by what they often describe as a kind of touch-sight, visualize at the same moment all round the image of a solid body. Many can do so nearly but not altogether round that of a terrestrial globe. An eminent mineralogist assures me that he is able to imagine simultaneously all the sides of a crystal with which he is familiar. I may be allowed to quote my own faculty in this respect. It is exercised only occasionally and in dreams, but under those circumstances I am perfectly conscious of embracing an entire sphere in a single perception.

This power of comprehension is practically attained in many cases by indirect methods. It is a common feat to take in the whole surroundings of an imagined room with such a rapid mental sweep as to leave some doubt whether it has not been viewed simultaneously. Some persons have the habit of viewing objects as though they were partly transparent; thus they can see the north and south poles of a globe, but not the equatorial parts at the same time. They can also see into all the rooms of an imaginary house by a single mental glance. A fourth class of persons have the habit of recalling scenes, not from the point of view whence they were observed, but from a distance, and they

visualize their own selves as actors on the mental stage. By one or other of these ways, the power of seeing the whole of an object, and not merely one aspect of it, is attained by many persons, and might probably be attained by all.

A useful faculty, easily developed by practice, is that of retaining a mere retinal picture. A scene is flashed upon the eye; the memory of it persists, and details which escaped observation during the brief time when it was actually seen may be analyzed and studied at leisure in the subsequent vision.

The place where the image appears to lie differs much in different persons. Most see it in an indefinable sort of way, others see it in front of the eye, others at a distance corresponding to reality. There exists a power which is rare naturally, but can, I believe, be easily taught, of projecting a mental picture upon a piece of paper, and of holding it fast there, so that it can be outlined with a pencil. . . .

We may now foresee that education is likely to accomplish much, for most of the more important peculiarities of which I have spoken are naturally present in a high degree in at least one person out of sixteen. It can hardly be doubted that any of these might be developed by education to a useful amount in, say, twelve out of the remaining fifteen (thus raising all who ranked above the lowest quartile to at least the level of the highest sub-octile).

The forms of the visualizing faculty which we ought to aim at producing appear to me to be as follows: —

The capacity of calling up at will a clear, steady, and complete mental image of any object that we have recently examined and studied. We should be able to visualize that object freely from any aspect; we should be able to project any of its images on paper and draw its outline there; we should further be able to embrace all sides of the object simultaneously in a single perception, or at least to sweep all sides of it successively with so rapid a mental glance as to arrive at practically the same result. We ought to be able to construct images from description or otherwise, and to alter them in whatever way we please. We ought to acquire the power of combining separate, but more or less similar, images into a single generic one. Lastly, we should learn to carry away pictures at a glance of a more complicated scene than we can succeed at the moment in analyzing

There is abundant evidence that the visualizing faculty admits of being largely developed by education. The testimony on which I would lay especial stress is derived from the published experiences of M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, late Director of the École Nationale de Dessin, in Paris, which are related in his "Éducation de la Mémoire Pittoresque." He trained his pupils with extraordinary success, beginning with the simplest figures. They were made to study the models thoroughly before they tried to draw them from memory. One favorite expedient was to associate the sight memory with the muscular memory, by making his pupils follow at a distance the outlines of the figures with a pencil held in their hands. After three or four months' practice, their visual memory became greatly strengthened. They had no difficulty in summoning images at will, in holding them steady, and in drawing them. Their copies were executed with marvelous fidelity, as attested by a commission of the Institute appointed in 1852 to inquire into the matter, of which the eminent painter, Horace Vernet, was a member. The present Slade professor of Fine Arts at University College, M. Légros, was a pupil of M. de Boisbaudran. He has expressed to me his indebtedness to the system, and he has assured me of his own success in teaching others in a similar way.

I could mention instances within my own experience in which the visualizing faculty has become strengthened by practice; notably one of an eminent engineer, who had the power of recalling form with unusual precision, but not color. A few weeks after he had replied to my questions, he told me that my inquiries had induced him to practice his color memory, and that he had done so with such success that he was become quite an adept at it, and that the newly acquired power was a source of much pleasure to him.

The memories we should aim at acquiring are chiefly such as are based on a thorough understanding of the objects observed. In no case is this more surely effected than in the processes of mechanical drawing, where the intended structure has to be portrayed so exactly in plan, elevation, side view, and sections, that the workman has simply to copy the drawing in metal, wood, or stone, as the case may be. It is undoubtedly the fact that mechanicians, engineers, and architects possess the faculty of seeing mental images with remarkable clearness and precision.

A few dots like those of the Bushmen give great assistance in creating an imaginary picture, as proved by our general habit

of working out new ideas by the help of marks and rude lines. The use of dolls by children also testifies to the value of an objective support in the construction of mental images. The doll serves as a kind of skeleton for the child to clothe with fantastic attributes, and the less individuality the doll has the more it is appreciated by the child, who can the better utilize it as a lay figure in many different characters. The art of strengthening visual as well as every other form of memory lies in multiplying associations; the healthiest memory being that in which all associations are logical, and towards which all the senses concur in their due proportions. It is wonderful how much the vividness of a recollection is increased when two or more lines of association are simultaneously excited.

It is a mistake to suppose that a powerful exercise of the will can vivify a faint image. The action of the will is negative, being limited to the suppression of what is not wanted and would be in the way. It cannot create thought, but it can prevent thoughts from establishing themselves which lead in a false direction; so it keeps the course clear for a logical sequence of them. But if appropriate ideas do not come of their own accord, the will is powerless to evoke them. Thus, when we forget a familiar name, it is impossible to recall it by force of will. The only plan in such cases is to think of other things, till some chance association suggests the name. The mind may be seriously dulled by over-concentration, and will only recover its freshness by such change of scene and occupation as will encourage freedom and discursiveness in the flow of the ideas.

All that remains to be said refers to the utility of the visualizing faculty, and may be compressed into a few words. A visual image is the most perfect form of mental representation, wherever the shape, position, and relations of objects in space are concerned. It is of importance in every handicraft and profession where design is required, because workmen ought to visualize the whole of what they propose to do before they take a tool in their hands. Thus the village smith and the carpenter who are employed on odd jobs require it no less for their work than the mechanician, the engineer, and the architect. The lady's maid who arranges a new dress requires it for the same reason as the decorator employed on a palace, or the agent who lays out great estates. Strategists, artists of all denominations, physicists who contrive new experiments, and in short all who do not follow

routine, have need of it. The pleasure its use can afford is immense. I have many correspondents who say that the delight of recalling beautiful scenery and great works of art is the highest that they know. Our bookish education tends unduly to repress this valuable gift of nature. A faculty that is of importance in all technical and artistic occupations, that gives accuracy to our perceptions, and justness to our generalizations, is starved by disuse, instead of being cultivated in the way that will bring most return. I believe that a serious study of the best method of developing the faculty of visualizing is one of the many pressing desiderata in the new science of education.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

(1831–1881)

JAMES A. GARFIELD, twentieth President of the United States, had literary ability of a high order, and if the Civil War had not drawn him away from his work as an educator, he might have attained the same eminence in letters he did in politics. He was born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19th, 1831. In 1856 he began his professional life as an instructor in Hiram College, of which he soon became president; but when the Civil War began he left the college to enter the Union army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. His military career was brilliant and he was promoted to be first a brigadier and then a major-general. His ability as an orator was remarkable, and in 1863 he was elected to Congress from an Ohio district, beginning thus the brilliant career in national politics which culminated in his election to the presidency in 1880. When assassinated by Guiteau, July 2d, 1881, he had done nothing to prepare his works for the press, but his papers were edited after his death by B. A. Hinsdale, and published in two volumes in 1883.

ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND MODERN PEDANTRY

NEAR the close of the fifth century we date the beginning of those Dark Ages which enveloped the whole world for a thousand years. The human race seemed stricken with intellectual paralysis. The noble language of the Cæsars, corrupted by a hundred barbarous dialects, ceased to be a living tongue long before the modern languages of Europe had been reduced to writing.

In Italy the Latin died in the tenth century, but the oldest document known to exist in Italian was not written till the year 1200. Italian did not really take its place in the family of written languages till a century later, when it was crystallized into form and made immortal by the genius of Dante and Petrarch.

The Spanish was not a written language till the year 1200, and was scarcely known to Europe till Cervantes convulsed the world with laughter in 1605.

The Latin ceased to be spoken by the people of France in the tenth century, and French was not a written language till the beginning of the fourteenth century. Pascal, who died in 1662, is called the father of modern French prose.

The German as a literary language dates from Luther, who died in 1546. It was one of his mortal sins against Rome that he translated the Bible into the uncouth and vulgar tongue of Germany.

Our own language is also of recent origin. Richard I. of England, who died in 1199, never spoke a word of English in his life. Our mother tongue was never heard in an English court of justice till 1362. The statutes of England were not written in English till three years before Columbus landed in the New World. No philologist dates modern English further back than 1500. Sir Thomas More (the author of "Utopia"), who died in 1535, was the father of English prose.

The Dark Ages were the sleep of the world, while the languages of the modern world were being born out of chaos.

The first glimmer of dawn was in the twelfth century, when in Paris, Oxford, and other parts of Europe, universities were established. The fifteenth century was spent in saving the remnants of classic learning which had been locked up in the cells of monks; the Greek at Constantinople, and the Latin in the cloisters of Western Europe.

During the first three hundred years of the life of the older universities, it is almost literally true that no modern tongue had become a written language. The learning of Europe was in Latin and Greek. In order to study either science or literature these languages must first be learned. European writers continued to use Latin long after the modern languages were fully established. Even Milton's great "Defense of the People of England" was written in Latin,—as were also the "Principia," and other scientific works of Newton, who died in 1727.

The pride of learned corporations, the spirit of exclusiveness among learned men, and their want of sympathy with the mass of the people, united to maintain Latin as the language of learning long after its use was defensible.

Now mark the contrast between the objects and demands of education when the European universities were founded — or even when Harvard was founded — and its demands at the present time. We have a family of modern languages almost equal in

force and perfection to the classic tongues, and a modern literature, which, if less perfect in æsthetic form than the ancient, is immeasurably richer in truth, and is filled with the noblest and bravest thoughts of the world. When the universities were founded, modern science was not born. Scarcely a generation has passed since then without adding some new science to the circle of knowledge. As late as 1809 the Edinburgh Review declared that "lectures upon Political Economy would be discouraged in Oxford, probably despised, probably not permitted." At a much later date, there was no text-book in the United States on that subject. The claims of Latin and Greek to the chief place in the curriculum have been gradually growing less, and the importance of other knowledge has been constantly increasing; but the colleges have generally opposed all innovations and still cling to the old ways with stubborn conservatism. Some concessions, however, have been made to the necessities of the times, both in Europe and America. Harvard would hardly venture to enforce its law (which prevailed long after Cotton Mather's day) forbidding its students to speak English within the college limits, under any pretext whatever; and British Cantabs have had their task of composing hexameters in bad Latin reduced by a few thousand verses during the last century.

It costs me a struggle to say anything on this subject which may be regarded with favor by those who would reject the classics altogether, for I have read them and taught them with a pleasure and relish which few other pursuits have ever afforded me. But I am persuaded that their supporters must soon submit to a readjustment of their relations to college study, or they may be driven from the course altogether. There are most weighty reasons why Latin and Greek should be retained as part of a liberal education. He who would study our own language profoundly must not forget that nearly thirty per cent. of its words are of Latin origin,— that the study of Latin is the study of universal grammar, and renders the acquisition of any modern language an easy task, and is indispensable to the teacher of language and literature, and to other professional men.

Greek is, perhaps, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never been equaled in purity of style and boldness of expression. As a means of intellectual discipline its value can hardly be overestimated. To take a long and complicated sentence in Greek — to study each

word in its meanings, inflections, and relations, and to build up in the mind, out of these polished materials, a sentence, perfect as a temple, and filled with Greek thought which has dwelt there two thousand years, is almost an act of creation; it calls into activity all the faculties of the mind.

That the Christian oracles have come down to us in Greek will make Greek scholars forever a necessity.

These studies, then, should not be neglected; they should neither devour nor be devoured. I insist they can be made more valuable and at the same time less prominent than they now are. A large part of the labor now bestowed upon them is devoted not to learning the genius and spirit of the language, but is more than wasted on pedantic trifles. More than half a century ago, in his essay entitled "Too Much Latin and Greek," Sydney Smith lashed this trifling as it deserves. Speaking of classical Englishmen, he says: "Their minds have become so completely possessed by exaggerated notions of classical learning that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the public feelings — look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! — a scholar! — a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epitaphs of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning: it is chemistry, or political economy — not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. . . . The object of the young Englishman is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti fail to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever cross his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of

the same utility as, Bentley or Heyné? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great king of Prussia, who entertained great doubts whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in *μι*." He concludes another essay written in 1836 with these words: "If there is anything which fills reflecting men with melancholy and regret, it is the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek."

To write verses in these languages, to study elaborate theories of the Greek accent, and the ancient pronunciation of both Greek and Latin, which no one can ever know he has discovered, and which would be utterly valueless if he did discover it; to toil over the innumerable exceptions to the arbitrary rules of poetic quantity which few succeed in learning and none remember — these, and a thousand other similar things which crowd the pages of Zumpt and Kühner, no more constitute a knowledge of the spirit and genius of the Greek and Latin languages than counting the number of threads to the square inch in a man's coat and the number of pegs in his boots makes us acquainted with his moral and intellectual character. The greatest literary monuments of Greece existed hundreds of years before the science of Grammar was born. Plato and Thucydides had a tolerable acquaintance with the Greek language, but Crosby goes far beyond their depth.

From a paper read before the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, Ohio, in 1867, and printed in the Library Magazine.

JOHN GAY

(1685–1732)

GAY'S best work as an essayist was done in the Guardian, when he was under thirty years of age. From Devonshire, where he was born in 1685, he went up to London as a boy,—no doubt with the ulterior intention of becoming great in literature, as he soon gave up for that purpose the trade of silk-mercer to which he had been apprenticed on his first arrival in the city. His first poem, "Wine," was published in 1710, and he never afterwards became much more serious either in purposes or methods than he showed himself in this. Pope loved and helped him, and, after experiencing the worst hardships of Grub Street, he died one of the most prosperous of poets, leaving his heirs an estate of £6,000, earned by his pen. "The Beggar's Opera," the most celebrated of his dramatic productions, netted him little in cash, but helped to make him famous, so that though he sold the copyright of his first "Fables" and of "The Beggar's Opera" together for only ninety guineas, his poems, which he published himself by subscription, brought him a profit of £1,000; and this was handsomely increased by returns from his later "Fables" and plays. Of his poems "Black-Eyed Susan" and the "Fables" alone would have immortalized him. If he has done nothing else so popular as these, he has done nothing badly, for among the minor poets of England few have equaled him in skill. If he was not serious enough to become great among the artists of his own generation, he was good-natured enough to become a boon companion to uncounted friends in all the generations after him.

GENIUS AND CLOTHES

——— *Uratur vestis amore tuæ.*
—*Ovid.*

"Your very dress shall captivate his heart."

I HAVE in a former precaution endeavored to show the mechanism of an epic poem, and given the reader prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat of an

affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper:—

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, a *passe par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters that to establish themselves in the character of wits it was absolutely necessary to show a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to anything they said,—while the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colors of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the housemaid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a dishabille: everything is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress,—just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our jaunty fashions now in vogue to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every headdress undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the same shape two days together,—so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the headdress; inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been disposed of at will; the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck,—not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole, so to keep to the propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches must be of the same piece.

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry, so it is absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer, and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are preposterous in June, which are charmingly supplied by the Turkey handkerchief and the fan. Everything must be suitable to the season, and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to time.

You must have no less respect to place. What gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea table? The bath countenances the men of dress in showing themselves at the pump in their Indian nightgowns, without the least indecorum.

Action is what gives the spirit both to writing and dress. Nothing appears graceful without action; the head, the arms, the legs must all conspire to give a habit a genteel air. What distinguishes the air of the court from that of the country but action? A lady, by the careless toss of her head, will show a set of ribands to advantage; by a pinch of snuff judiciously taken will display the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modeling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine

turned hand and a rising bosom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot sufficiently recommend the science of dancing; this will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to these three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay habit fantastical and tawdry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different style: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and sprightly; the epic, sublime, etc., so must the widow confess her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet dye are requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which some have not injudiciously styled the hermaphroditical, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather choose to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a Newmarket horse race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the epic with the easy softness of the ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others, but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slashed sleeve, or something particular in the disposition of his lace or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves, whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel, and shows a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence; when at the same time perhaps all the superior ornament of his body is neglected. We may say of this sort of dressers what Horace says of his patchwork poets:—

Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter
Assuitur pannus ———

—*Hor.* Ars Poet., ver. 15.

———— A few florid lines
Shine thro' th' insipid dullness of the rest.

—*Roscommon.*

Others who lay the stress of beauty in their faces exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of

the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before denotes the lawyer and the politician; the smart tiewig with the black riband shows a man of fierceness of temper; and he that burdens himself with a superfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the shoulders, is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward recesses of the skull, and lays himself open to the application of that censure which Milton applies to the fair sex,—

——— "of outward form
Elaborate, of inward, less exact."

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the riband undergoes divers variations, the headdress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman throughout, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the "fountain of dress," as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit, and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! Who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuffbox, and the amber-headed cane!

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua maker, and the lady's woman, these being the three chief on which all the circumstances of dress depend.

The milliner must be thoroughly versed in physiognomy; in the choice of ribands she must have a particular regard to the complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the headdress to the dimensions of the face. When she meets with a countenance of large diameter, she must draw the dress forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which casts an agreeable shade, and takes off from its masculine figure; the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, just on the tip of the crown of the head: she must have a regard to the several ages of women: the headdress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old as the young.

The mantua maker must be an expert anatomist, and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mold the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The lady's woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dress, like the critic's learning, is at second-hand, she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen; and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaux and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts that the theory of any science is above the practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all these qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced that, notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and shall venture boldly to affirm that in all arts and sciences whatever, epic poetry excepted (of which I formerly showed the knack or mechanism), a genius is absolutely necessary.

Complete. Number 149 of the Guardian.

AULUS GELLIUS

(Second Century A. D.)

AULUS GELLIUS, author of "Attic Nights" (Noctes Atticæ) lived in the second century of the Christian era between dates which are not accurately established. The date of his death is fixed approximately at 180 A. D., but even his birthplace is unknown and of his life there is little to be said with certainty, except that he lived at Rome and kept a "Commonplace Book," in which he wrote down his own thoughts and the thoughts of others as he gathered them from conversations. These entries formed the basis of his "Attic Nights,"—a work to which some object on the ground that "it is utterly devoid of sequence and arrangement." This is really a merit, however, for the book is essentially a collection of essays, one of the earliest suggestions of what was to become the essay writing of modern times. Its separate chapters are really distinct essays or "Pensées" on an extraordinary variety of subjects, interspersed with anecdotes, and frequently varied by attempts at philological or scientific definitions and analyses. Gellius had an active and inquiring mind which counted "nothing human foreign." The twenty books of his "Attic Nights" touch on almost every subject which exercised the cultivated intellect of his time.

A RULE FOR HUSBANDS

XANTIPPE, the wife of Socrates the philosopher, is said to have been very morose and quarrelsome; so that she would, night and day, give unrestrained vent to her passions and female impertinences. Alcibiades, astonished at her intemperance towards her husband, asked Socrates what was the reason he did not turn so morose a woman out of doors. "Because," replied Socrates, "by enduring such a person at home, I am accustomed and exercised to bear with greater ease the petulance and rudeness of others abroad." Agreeably to this sentiment, Varro also, in his "Satira Menippea," which he wrote concerning the duty of a husband, observes, "that the errors of a wife are either to be removed or endured. He who extirpates them makes his wife

better; he who endures them improves himself.» These words of Varro, *tollere et ferre*, are of facetious import; but *tollere* seems to be used with the meaning of *corrigere;* for it is evident that Varro thought that the errors of a wife, if they really could not be corrected, ought to be endured, which a man may do without disgrace, for there is an important difference between errors and vices.

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book I., Chap. xvii.

THE REPLY OF CHRYSIPPUS TO THOSE WHO DENIED A PROVIDENCE

THEY who think that the world was not produced on account of the Deity and of man, and deny that human affairs are governed by Providence, think that they urge a powerful argument when they assert that if there were a Providence there would be no evils. For nothing, they affirm, can be less consistent with a Providence than that in that world, on account of which the Deity is said to have created man, there should exist so great a number of calamities and evils. Chrysippus, in his fourth book concerning Providence, disputing against these, observes that nothing can be more absurd or foolish than their opinion, who think that there can be good, without the existence of evil. For as good is contrary to evil, and it is necessary that both should exist, opposite to each other, and as it were dependent upon mutual and opposite exertions, so there can be no opposing thing exist without its particular opposite. For how could there be a sense of justice, if there were no injustice? or what indeed is justice but the absence of injustice? In like manner what can we imagine of fortitude, but as opposed to pusillanimity? What of temperance, but from intemperance? What would prudence be, but for its opposite imprudence? Why also should unwise men not require this, that there should exist truth and not falsehood? In like manner exist good and evil, happiness and misery, pain and pleasure. Each, as Plato remarks, is confined to the other by contrary and opposing vortices, so that if you remove one you take away the other. This Chrysippus in the same book examines, investigates, and thinks it an important subject of inquiry, whether the imperfections of men are according to nature; that is, whether the same nature and Providence which

formed this universe and the race of men created also the defects and disorders to which men are subject. He thinks that it was not the first design of Providence to make men obnoxious to disorders, for this never could be consistent with the Author of nature and the Creator of all good things. But as, he continues, he produced and formed many and great things, most convenient and useful, there are other kindred inconveniences, adhering to the things which he created. These, he says, were not produced by nature, but by certain necessary consequences, which he denominates *κατα παρακολουθησιν*. Thus he remarks, when Nature creates the bodies of men, a more subtle cause, and the very usefulness of his work, required that the head should be composed of certain very minute and very delicate bones; but another external inconvenience attached to this usefulness is somewhat of more importance, that the head was less substantially defended and was liable to be broken by blows and slight resistances. In like manner disorders and sickness are obtained whilst health is produced. And thus it is, he remarked, that when, by the purpose of Nature, virtue is created for man, defects are also at the same time produced by a contrary affinity.

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book VI., Chap. i

THREE REASONS ASSIGNED BY PHILOSOPHERS FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIMES

It is usually supposed that there are three proper reasons for punishing crimes; the one is «admonition» when a rebuke is administered for the sake of correction and improvement, that he who has committed an accidental offense may become more regular and attentive. The second is that which they who distinguish nicely between terms call «retribution.» This mode of noticing an offense takes place when the dignity and authority of him against whom it is committed is to be defended, lest the passing by the crime should give rise to contempt or a diminution of respect; therefore they suppose this word to signify the vindication of honor. The third mode of punishment is called by the Greeks *παραδειγμα* (example) and is applied when punishment is necessary for the sake of example, that others may be deterred from similar offenses against the public by the dread of

similar punishment. Therefore did our ancestors also denominate the heaviest and most important punishments, examples. When, therefore, there is either great hope that he who has offended will without punishment voluntarily correct himself, or, on the contrary, there is no hope that he can be amended and corrected; or that it is not necessary to fear any loss of that dignity, against which he has offended; or the offense is of that kind, the example of which it is not necessary to impress with particular terror; in this case, and with respect to every such offense, there does not seem to exist the necessity of being eager to inflict punishment. These three modes of vengeance, other philosophers in various places, and our Taurus in the first book of his Commentaries on the "Gorgias" of Plato, has set down. But Plato himself has plainly said that there only exist two causes for punishment. The one, which we have first mentioned, for correction; the other, which we have spoken of in the third place, to deter by example. These are the words of Plato: "It is proper for every one who is punished by him who punishes from a proper motive, that he should become better and receive advantage; or that he should be an example to others, that others, seeing him suffer, may from terror be rendered better."

In these lines it is evident that Plato used the word *τιμωρια* not, as I have before remarked some people have, but in its common and general sense, for all kinds of punishment. But whether, because he passed over as too insignificant and really contemptible, the inflicting punishment to avenge the injured dignity of man; or rather that he omitted it as not being necessary to the question he was discussing, as he was writing of punishments which were to take place not in this life among men, but after death, this I leave to others to determine.

Complete. "Attic Nights," Book VI., Chap. xiv.

HE WHO HAS MUCH MUST NECESSARILY WANT MUCH

IT IS certainly true what wise men, from their observation of the use of things, have said, that he who has much must want much, and that great indigence arises not from great want, but great abundance. For many things are wanted to preserve the many things which you have. Whoever, therefore,

having much, wishes to take care, and see beforehand that he may not want or be defective in anything, has need of loss and not of gain, and must have less that he may want less. I remember this sentiment uttered by Favorinus, amidst the loudest applauses, and conveyed in these very few words:—

«He who has ten thousand or five thousand garments must inevitably want more. Wanting therefore something more than I possess, if I take away from what I have, I may content myself with the remainder.»

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book IX., Chap. viii.

THE REASON DEMOCRITUS DEPRIVED HIMSELF OF SIGHT

It is told, in the records of Grecian history, that the philosopher Democritus, a man to be reverenced beyond all others, and of high authority, voluntarily deprived himself of sight, because he thought his contemplations and the exercises of his mind would be more exact in examining the laws of nature, if he should free them from the allurements of sight and the burden of his eyes. The poet Laberius, in a play called «The Rector,» has described in some elegant and finished verses, this fact, and the manner in which, by an ingenious contrivance, he became blind. But he has feigned another instance of voluntary blindness, and has applied it not without elegance to his own purpose. The character which speaks them in Laberius is that of a rich and covetous man, lamenting the excessive extravagance and dissipation of his son. The verses are these:—

«Democritus, Abdera's far-fam'd son,
Plac'd a bright mirror 'gainst the star of day,
That his fair sight might perish by the blaze;
And thus his eyes, extinguish'd by the sun,
Might ne'er the wicked prosperous behold·
So do I with the splendor of my gold,
My life's remoter limit to obscure,
Rather than see my prodigal possess it.»

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book X., Chap. xvii.

ON THE ABUSES OF FALSE PHILOSOPHY

PLATO, a man most studious of truth, and prompt to enforce it upon all occasions, has spoken justly and openly (though from the mouth of no very grave or decorous character) all those censures which may deservedly be cast upon such sluggish and idle people, as, sheltered under the name of philosophy, devote themselves to unprofitable ease, and follow useless studies and a mean course of life. For although Callicles, whom he makes his speaker, is ignorant of true philosophy, and heaps dishonorable and degrading reproofs upon its professors, yet what he says is to be received as a caution, that we may not in our own persons deserve such reproofs, nor by idle and foolish inactivity disgrace the cultivation and pursuit of philosophy. I have written down Plato's own words in his "Gorgias," as I did not attempt to translate them, because no Latinity, much less any that I could supply, can emulate their force: —

"Philosophy, O Socrates, is indeed becoming, if a man in his youth pursue it with moderation; but if he waste his time too long upon it, it is a corruptor of men, for if he be naturally good, and follow philosophy when past his youth, he is, of course, ignorant of those things in which every one should be versed who aims to be a good and accomplished character. Such are ignorant of political science, and of the language which is essential in society, both in public and private concerns; neither is he acquainted with the pleasures and desires incident to men, nor, to say the whole at once, with manners. When, therefore, they are involved in any public or private business, they appear ridiculous. Just, indeed, as men engaged in civil life, if they should enter into your schools and disputations."

What Euripides says is pertinent: —

"That in which he is inferior, he avoids and dislikes; the opposite to this he praises, thinking this a proof of his complacency."

I think it best to excel in both. The pursuit of philosophy, as an accomplishment of youth, is becoming, nor is such a study by any means dishonorable for a young man. But when an older person persists in such a pursuit, it is indeed, Socrates, a ridiculous thing. I feel the same towards them who philosophize as towards them who trifle and play; and when I see a young man in whom it is yet becoming, so trifling and playing, I am pleased;

it seems to me graceful and liberal, and suitable to youthful age. If I hear a youth speaking too readily, it is disagreeable to me, and wounds my ears, and it seems to me as more proper for a slave. But if any one hears a man trifling, or sees him playing, it seems ridiculous, unmanly, and worthy of stripes. Just so do I feel about those who philosophize. When I see philosophy in a young man, I am pleased, it seems proper, and I think it the mark of ingenuousness. He who does not study philosophy cannot be ingenuous, nor will he ever do any amiable or generous action. But when I see an older person so employed, and not about to desist, such a man, O Socrates! seems to me worthy of stripes; for as I now said, it happens to such a one, though naturally good, that he becomes unmanly, avoiding the business of the city and the forum, in which the poet says men become most eminent. If he hide himself during life, whispering in a corner with three or four young men, he will never accomplish anything liberal, great, or becoming. But for you, O Socrates! I have friendship and respect; I risk therefore that to happen to me with respect to you which happened to Zetho with respect to Amphion, in the lines from Euripides just quoted; for I have been induced to say to you precisely what he said to his brother,—that you neglect, Socrates, what most deserves your care, and that you injure your excellent talents by attention to childish things; nor can you introduce anything pertinent in the public courts, nor do you select what is meritorious and becoming, nor can you give judicious counsel to others. Be not, my dear Socrates, offended with me; I will address you with all mildness; does it not seem to be disgraceful to you to be esteemed, as I esteem you and all others whom philosophy allures? Now if any one should seize you, or one like you, and throw you into prison, saying you had committed a crime, although you really had not, you could not vindicate yourself, but would hesitate and be perplexed, not knowing what to say; and being brought to trial, having a vile and profligate accuser, you would suffer even death, if he should so think proper. And is this wisdom, O Socrates! if any pursuit, occupying a man naturally ingenuous, make him worse, so that he can neither help himself nor save himself, nor any one else, from the greatest dangers, but must suffer every extremity from his enemies? He must live unhonored by his citizens. Such a man, I almost blush to use the expression, we may with impunity smite upon the cheek. Therefore, my friend, be persuaded, and leave off these trifles.

Pursue things more honorable, and from which you may appear to be really wise. Leave to others these empty things, or, as you may perhaps call them, insanities; "which make your hours empty." Imitate not them who follow these puerilities, but those who really know how to live, who have glory and other good things.

Plato has spoken these sentiments from the mouth of one, as I said before, of no great estimation, yet with the repute of common sense and common understanding, and with an inclination to speak the plain truth. For he does not descant upon that species of philosophy, which is the teacher of all virtues; which stands foremost in the discharge of all public and private duties; which, if not prevented, regulates with firmness, fortitude, and wisdom, the government of the state. But he speaks of that futile and childish attention to trifles, which conduces nothing to the guidance and regulation of life; in which people of that description (whom the vulgar consider as philosophers, and whom he considered as such who delivered these censures), grow old in idleness.

Complete. "Attic Nights." Book X., Chap. xxii.

THEY ARE MISTAKEN WHO COMMIT SINS WITH THE HOPE OF REMAINING CONCEALED

I saw, when I was at Athens, a philosopher named Peregrinus, and surnamed afterwards Proteus, a man of dignity and fortitude, who resided in a little cottage without the city. As I used to go to him frequently, I heard from him many useful and excellent remarks, among which this is what I chiefly remember: He said "that a wise man would not be guilty of sin, although gods and men were alike ignorant of it." For he thought a wise man should avoid sin, not from the fear of punishment or disgrace, but from his sense of duty and love of virtue. But of those who were not of such a disposition, or so taught, that they could easily restrain themselves from sin, by their own power and will, he thought they would be more readily induced to sin, when they expected their guilt would be concealed, and that such concealment would produce impunity. "But," says he, "if men know that nothing can be long concealed, they will sin in a more guarded and secret manner. Wherefore," he added, "those lines of Sophocles, the wisest of poets, were worthy to be remembered:—

'Nor vainly think your skill can aught conceal;
Time, that knows all things, shall all truths reveal.'»

Another of the old poets, whose name I do not now recollect, has called Truth the daughter of Time.

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book XII., Chap. xi.

SENTIMENT OF THE PHILOSOPHER PANÆTIUS

THE philosopher Panætius's second book of «Offices,» one of those celebrated treatises which Marcus Tullius with so much labor and attention imitated, was read to us. There was written, among many other things of excellent tendency, what ought most particularly to be fixed in the mind. The import of it is this: «The life of those who pass their time in business, and are desirous of being useful to themselves and others, brings with it daily troubles and sudden dangers. To avoid these, a ready and attentive mind is necessary, such as they must possess who are called Pancratiastæ. For as they, when summoned to the contest, stand with their arms stretched forward, and guard their head and face with their hands as with a rampart; and as their limbs, before the battle commences, are prepared either to avoid the blows of the enemy or to plant their own, so ought the mind and the attention of every prudent man to be guarded against the power and the caprice of injustice, looking forward through every place, and, upon every occasion, diligent, protected, steady, and alert, never suffering the attention to flag, ever keeping its object in view, opposing debate and consideration, like arms and hands, against the lashes of fortune and the snares of the wicked, lest at any time an adverse and sudden attack should be made upon us when we are unprepared and destitute of defense.»

Complete. «Attic Nights,» Book XIII., Chap. xxvii.

depicted it not alone in reference to itself, but in the most manifold combination with other passions, and in the most widespread relations to other human circumstances; it is to him a necessity in those first five plays which we find devoted to this theme to represent it in the greatest fullness and variety possible, in its entire existence, in all its operations, in its good and its bad qualities. He shows us, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," how it fares with a man who abandons himself wholly to this passion, and also its effect upon the energetic character still a stranger to it. He shows, in "Love's Labor's Lost," how a set of youthful companions unnaturally endeavor to crush it by ascetic vows, and how the effort avenges itself. He shows, in "All's Well that Ends Well," how love is despised by manly haughtiness and pride of rank, and how it overcomes this by fidelity and devotion. He shows, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in a marvelous allegory, the errors of blind unreasonable love, which transports man into a dream-life, devoid of reflection. He shows lastly, in that great song of love, in "Romeo and Juliet," how this most powerful of all passions seizes human beings in its most fearful power, and how, enhanced by natures favorable to its reception and by circumstances inimical to it, it is carried to an extent in which it overstrains and annihilates itself. And when the poet, having advanced to this extreme point, has measured this side of human nature, in its breadth and depth, he returns back to himself, as it were, personally unconcerned, and in his later works he does not readily again permit it such a wide and exclusive space.

This many-sidedness of love and its manifold bearings and effects upon human nature, Shakespeare alone, of all poets and of all ages, has depicted in its full extent. If we glance at the whole epic and dramatic poetry of France, Italy, and Spain, we shall find all the relations of love treated to tediousness after the same model and idea. This mannerism was a transmission from the Middle Ages, when knightly customs and gallantry first gave a spiritual beauty to sensual desire, and an extravagant adoration of women, unknown to the Ancients, penetrated life and poetry. In this period love was regarded as a source of civilization, as a source even of power and action; and the poetic generations of succeeding times conceived it only from this its ennobling side, and this with a preference and exclusiveness which such a judge of life as Shakespeare could not share. He had, moreover, experienced its shadow side: how it is just as capable of paralyzing

the powers of action, of endangering morals, and of plunging a man in destruction and crime, as of tending to purity of life, and of ennobling mind and spirit. Shakespeare had penetrated in his early youth this double nature and twofold worth of love and its effects. In "Venus and Adonis," his first poem, the goddess after the death of her favorite utters a curse upon love, which contains in the germ, as it were, the whole development of the subject, as Shakespeare has unfolded it in the series of his dramas. It is worth while to hear the passage in its whole extent: —

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud, and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasure
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most distrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire."

We must remember that this was written at an age, which in the first strength of feeling generally regards love only in the

brightest light, and that it is placed in a poem which appeared to deify sensual desire in the usual manner of young poets; we must, I say, remember the period and the position of this passage, in order rightly to appreciate its value and importance. In the love pieces of the period, which we shall consider, these thoughts are variously repeated on more forcible occasions, and appear in choice sentences and passages; and far more than this, throughout Shakespeare's works, they are also exhibited and embodied in characters, circumstances, and living images, with a fullness and depth such as never has been the case with any other poet. And not alone, in opposition to all usual poetry, is the curse of love portrayed in these pictures; but its richest blessing is unfolded in an equal number of counterpieces, with just as much ardor and with the same life. That in this passion the rich covetous man is "plucked down" and deceived, the poor man elevated and enriched, appears in the "Merchant of Venice." That it makes a simpleton of the spendthrift, a ruffian of the weak, is represented in Roderigo. That it affects the wise, and that it is hardly united with reason and reflection, is brought before us in "Measure for Measure." That it teaches fools to speak and makes the old young, in how many excellent caricatures has this been displayed by the burlesque parts of Shakespeare's comedies! That it selects the "finest wits," and often makes them its prey, is expressed in that graceful, oft-repeated image, that "in the sweetest bud the eating canker dwells"; and again in other pictures, as in the "Tempest," the most charming innocence is seized by this spirit, without being even slightly injured in its stainless purity. That it is "fickle, false, and full of fraud," that it forswears itself, that the strongest of love's "oaths are straw to the fire of the blood," is exhibited in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"; at the same time, however, we are shown that true love, full of inner beauty, shames the fickleness of the unfaithful by deeds of sacrifice. The basest and most exalted phases of this fierce passion are to be found in "Troilus and Cressida," in the highly ironical picture of the Trojan contest, in the parody of the immortal song on that love which was the cause of so long a war and of such frightful deeds. Then again, in contrast to this excited drama, we have a thoroughly spiritual picture; how love quickens the senses and the spirits, how it is the creator and the created of fancy, and the perpetual subject and the source of poetry; in what charming touches and symbols is this interwoven

with the magic pictures of «A Midsummer Night's Dream»! How love surprises the man in idleness, when the character is relaxed in inactivity, how it fills his whole being and alters his very nature, is represented in Romeo, in Proteus, and in Antony; in Othello, however, the heroic nature does not permit love to enchain him by idle pleasures, and «with wanton dullness» to foil «his speculative and active instruments.» That jealousy is the attendant of love, exciting suspicion where there is no cause for it, and fearing nothing where there is ground for mistrust, is the subject of this same tragedy of «Othello,» and of the «Winter's Tale»; that, on the other hand, this «green-eyed monster» may be overcome by a harmonious nature and confiding trust, is developed in strong contrast in the story of Posthumus and Imogen. That love is shared by high and low, that it may begin with bitterness and end with sweetness, is well depicted in «All's Well that Ends Well»; but the main theme of the curse of the goddess of Love, that «all love's pleasure shall not match his woe,» that it «finds sweet beginning, but unsavory end,» that it has «the bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed with sweets,» that it «buds, and is blasted in a breathing while,» that violent in kind it leads to desperate resolutions, and spends itself like a lightning flash,— this is immortally sketched in the poem of «Romeo and Juliet.» The whole theme, which other poems and poets have broken into such manifold parts, is here comprised in one exuberant production. That love in all its power is in constant fatal struggle with class prejudice and propriety has been the central point at all times of all tragic portrayals of love, in life and poetry. «Love's not love, when 'tis mingled with respects»: this is the mark by which nature and the poets denote the passion in its greatest power; in this its strength the conflict of nature against custom, of all-powerful boundless feeling against the necessary restraints of social life, is unavoidable; and in this collision the tragical nature of this passion is grounded,— a passion which no poet has ever depicted as Shakespeare has done in «Romeo and Juliet,» with such surpassing repose and yet lively emotion, with such excitement and yet moral ingenuousness, and with such fervor of personal experience and yet mental impartiality. «It is the only play,» the cold Lessing declared, «which love itself, as it were, helped to write.»

Complete. From «Shakespeare Commentaries.»

EDWARD GIBBON

(1737–1794)

GIBBON'S "Essay on the Study of Literature" was the first of his published works. It appeared in 1761, fifteen years before the appearance of the first volume of his "History of the Roman Empire." Originally written in French and published in that language during his residence at Lausanne, it attracted more attention on the Continent than it did in England. Villemain says that while it is not strikingly original, it "shows a great literary passion,—the love of learned research and of the beautiful in language." Gibbon himself writes that the publication of his "History" revived interest in the Essay, and that it was eagerly sought after in the shops, where, "When a copy of the original edition has been discovered in a sale, the primitive value of half a crown has risen to the fanciful price of a guinea." The Essay now appears in Gibbon's "Miscellaneous Works," but as a separate work it is still rare.

Gibbon was born at Putney, in Surrey, England, April 27th, 1737. Like many of the most eminent English men of letters, he was virtually self-educated. The University of Oxford, where he spent fourteen months, expelled him when he was converted to Roman Catholicism, —a change of religion which, though it won him this martyrdom, had no other permanent effect on him than that of rescuing him from "the port and prejudice" of orthodox English education. On this he always congratulated himself. "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation," he says; "she will as cheerfully renounce me as a son as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College. They proved fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." After leaving Magdalen College, he was sent by his father to Lausanne to study in the family of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister of that city, from whom he learned French, Latin, and Greek. Under M. Pavilliard's teachings Gibbon's faith in the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church "disappeared like a dream," but it does not appear that he was really converted again to Protestantism or any other ecclesiastical form of Christianity. He met Voltaire in 1757, and was greatly influenced by him. In the same year he fell in love with Susanne Curchod, from whom he was separated by the positive refusal of his father to consent to their marriage. The young woman was afterwards celebrated

as Madame Necker, mother of the even more celebrated Madame de Staël. Returning to England in 1758, he continued to educate himself, on the theory of the elder Pliny that «no book is so bad as to be good for nothing.» At Rome, which he visited in 1764, the first conception of his «History» came to him. «It was at Rome,» he says, «on the eighteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.» After he had conceived it thus, his habits of research made it possible for him to elaborate it into one of the greatest monuments of varied learning among modern histories. The first volume appeared in 1776, the last in 1788. In 1783, Gibbon returned to Lausanne, and made it his home during the remainder of his life. He died at London, January 16th, 1794. With Dr. Johnson, he ranks at the head of the eighteenth-century masters of Latin style. Ciceronian syntax had never been made completely at home in England until Gibbon wrote.

W. V. B.

ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

THE history of empire is that of the miseries of humankind; the history of the sciences is that of their splendor and happiness. If a thousand other considerations render the study of the latter interesting to the philosopher, this reflection alone is sufficient to recommend it to every friend of mankind.

How ardently do I wish a truth so consolatory admitted of no exception! But alas! the man too often intrudes on the retirement of the student: and hence even in his closet, that asylum of contemplative wisdom, he is still misled by his prejudices, agitated by his passions, or debased by his follies.

The influence of fashion is founded on the inconstancy of man; the causes of its despotism being as frivolous as the effects of its tyranny are fatal. Men of letters are, nevertheless, afraid to cast off its yoke, and, though reflection causes some delay in their submission, it serves to render it but the more graceful.

All ages and countries have given a preference, not seldom unjustly, to some particular science, while they permitted others to languish and sink into a contempt equally unreasonable. Thus logic and metaphysics under the successors of Alexander, polity and elocution during the Roman republic, history and poetry in

the Augustan Age, grammar and jurisprudence in that of the Lower Empire, the scholastic philosophy in the thirteenth century, and the Belles-Lettres, till within the times of our fathers, have all in their turns shared the admiration and contempt of mankind.

Natural philosophy and the mathematics are now in possession of the throne: their sister sciences fall prostrate before them; are ignominiously chained to their car, or otherwise servilely employed to adorn their triumph. Perhaps their reign too is short, and their fall approaching.

It would be a task worthy a man of abilities to trace that revolution in religion, government, and manners, that hath successively bewildered, wasted, and corrupted mankind. It were prudent for him therein not to seek hypothesis, but much more so not to avoid it.

If the Greeks had never been reduced to slavery, the Romans had been still barbarians. Constantinople falling before the sword of Mahomet, the Muses were abandoned to fortune till assembled and patronized by the Medici. This illustrious family encouraged Literature. Erasmus did still more; he cultivated letters himself, while Homer and Cicero became familiar to climes unknown to Alexander and nations unconquered by Rome. In those days it was thought a fine accomplishment to study and admire the Ancients; in ours it is judged more easy and polite to neglect and despise them. I am apt to think there is some reason on both sides. The soldier then read them in his tent; the statesman studied them in his closet. Even the fair sex, usually content with the empire of the graces, and willing to resign superior knowledge to ours, were subject to the contagion; and every Delia wished to find a Tibullus in the person of her lover. It was from Herodotus that Elizabeth (a sovereign whose name is revered in the annals of Literature) learned to maintain the rights of humanity against another Xerxes. It was in Æschylus she saw her magnanimity celebrated under the names of the victorious heroes of Salamis. Christina preferred knowledge to the government of a kingdom; for which the politician may despise, and the philosopher will probably blame her. The man of letters, however, cannot fail to cherish the memory of that Princess, who not only studied the Ancients herself, but even rewarded their commentators. It was by her that Saumaise was honored with marks of distinction; who, though he did not derive the

admiration in which his cotemporaries held him, was above that contempt thrown upon him by his successors.

This Princess, without doubt, carried her regard for such writers too far. For my part, though sometimes their advocate, never their partisan, I will freely confess I think them as coarse in their manners as they were minute and trifling in their works. A pedantic erudition cramping their imagination, they were rather dull compilers than ingenious scholiasts. The age was just enlightened enough to perceive the utility of their researches, but neither sensible nor polished sufficiently to know what advantages they might have reaped by the light of philosophy.

At length the day appeared. Descartes, indeed, was not eminent in letters: polite literature, however, is extremely obliged to him. An acute philosopher, who inherited his manner, investigated the true elements of criticism. Bossu, Boileau, Rapin, and Brumoy informed the public also of the value of those treasures it had in its possession. One of those societies, that have better immortalized the name of Louis XIV. than all the pernicious triumphs of his ambition, had already begun its researches; societies in which we see erudition, precision of sentiment, and politeness united; in which we meet with so many important discoveries, and sometimes, what hardly yields to discoveries, a modest and learned ignorance.

If men employed their reason as much in their action as in their conversation, the Belles-Lettres would not only engage the esteem of the wife, but become equally the object of vulgar admiration.

It is from this era we may date the commencement of their decline. Le Clerc, to whom both freedom and science are indebted, complained of it above sixty years ago. But it was in the famous dispute, concerning the Ancients and the Moderns, that Letters received the mortal blow. Never sure was carried on so unequal a combat! The strict logic of Teraffon, the refined philosophy of Fontenelle, the elegant and happy manner of De la Mothe, the sprightly raillery of St. Hyacinthe, all joined in concert to reduce Homer to a level with Chapelain. The adversaries of this formidable band answered them only by an attention to trifles; with I know not what pretentions to natural superiority in the Ancients; with prejudice, abuse, and quotations. The laugh was entirely against them; while the Ancients,

who were the subject of the dispute, came in for a share of the ridicule that burst on their defenders,—that agreeable nation, which had unthinkingly adopted the principles of Lord Shaftesbury, not making any distinction between the false and the ridiculous.

Our philosophers have ever since affected to be astonished that men can pass their whole lives in acquiring the knowledge of mere words and facts, in burdening the memory without improving the understanding. At the same time, our men of wit are sufficiently sensible of the advantages they derive from the ignorance of their readers, and therefore load the Ancients with contempt, as well as those who make them their study.

To this picture let me subjoin a few reflections, which may fix a just estimation on the Belles-Lettres.

The examples of great men prove nothing. Caffini, before he acquired a name for his astronomical discoveries, had busied himself with judicial astrology. When such examples, however, are numerous, they prejudice the mind in favor of an inquiry, the event of which they serve afterwards to confirm. One must immediately conceive that a mind capable of thinking for itself, a lively and brilliant imagination, can never relish a science that depends solely on the memory. Yet of those whose superior talents have successively instructed mankind, many have applied themselves entirely to the study of the Belles-Lettres; still more have encouraged and in a less degree cultivated them; but not one, at least hardly one, of them all ever held them in contempt. All antiquity was known to Grotius; a knowledge that enabled him to unfold the Sacred Oracles, to combat ignorance and superstition, to soften the calamities and mitigate the horrors of war.

If Descartes, devoted entirely to his Philosophy, despised every kind of study that had not an immediate affinity with it, Newton did not disdain to form a system of Chronology which has had both its advocates and admirers; Gassendi, the greatest philosopher among the greatest men of letters, and the greatest man of letters among the philosophers, not only defended the doctrines of Epicurus, but critically explained his writings; Leibnitz laid aside his profound researches into history, to employ himself in the more abstruse researches of the mathematics. Had his edition of the "Capella" appeared, his example alone in that valuable acquisition to the literary world had justified the conduct of all those who apply themselves to letters. An eternal monument

exists, however, of the united efforts of erudition and genius in the « Dictionary » of Mr. Bayle.

If we confine ourselves to such as have devoted almost all their time and study to Literature, the reader of taste will always know how to distinguish the subtle and extensive wit of Erasmus; the accuracy of Casaubon and Gerard Vossius; the readiness of Justus Lipsius; the taste and delicacy of Taneguy le Febvre; the daring penetration of Bentley; the agreeable manner of Massieu and De Fraguier; the solid and ingenious criticism of Sallier; and the profound philosophical genius of Le Clerc and Fréret. He will never confound these truly great men with such mere compilers as Gruter, Saumaise, Masson, and many others, whose works, though not altogether useless, seldom gratify taste, never excite admiration, and in general only lay claim to the lowest kind of approbation.

The Ancients have left models for such writers as dare to copy after them, and lectures to others, from which they may deduce the principles of true taste, and learn to employ their leisure in the study of those valuable productions, wherein truth appears embellished with all the graces of the imagination.

It is the province of poets and orators to paint the beauties of nature. The whole universe supplies them with tints: of that infinite variety, however, which on every side presents itself, the images they employ may be ranged in three classes, those relating to man, to nature, and to art. The images of the first class, or those which compose the picture of man,—his greatness, his meanness, his passions, his caprices; these are they which conduct the writer in the surest path to immortality. Every time one reads Euripides or Terence, one discovers new beauties. It is not, however, to the disposition or conduct of their performances, which are in this respect often defective; nor is it to their delicacy or simplicity of style, that these poets owe their reputation. No, the heart beholds the picture of itself in their just and lively descriptions, and confesses it with pleasure.

Nature, vast and extensive as it is, hath furnished the poets with but few images. Confined by the nature of the object, or the prejudices of mankind, to the exterior of things, they have succeeded only in painting the successive variety of the seasons; a sea agitated by storms; the zephyrs, wafting love and pleasure on the breeze, and the like. A few writers of genius were enough to exhaust these images

Those of art remained. By the images of art I mean all those things, by which men have embellished, defaced, or diversified nature, religion, laws, or custom. The poets have universally made free with all these, and it must be owned they were in the right. Their fellow-countrymen understood them with ease, and perused them with pleasure. They were pleased to see the genius of their great men exercised on things which had made their ancestors respectable, on subjects they revered as sacred, or practiced as useful.

The manners of the Ancients were more favorable to poetry than ours,—which is a strong presumption they surpassed us in that sublime art.

In proportion as the arts grew more perfect, they grew less complex; in war, in politics, in religion, the most important effects have proceeded from the most simple causes.

Doubtless a Marshal Saxe and a Duke of Cumberland understood the art of war better than Achilles or an Ajax:—

> « *Tels ne parurent point aux rives du Scamandre,*
> *Sous ces murs tant vantes que Pyrrhus mit en cendre,*
> *Ces antiques heros qui montes sur un Char*
> *Combattoient en disordre et marchoient au hazard.*»

Are the battles, however, which are described by the French poet diversified like those of the Greek? Are his heroes equally interesting? The single combats of the chiefs, the long conversations held with the dying, the unexpected rencounters we meet with, all betray the imperfection of the military art, but furnish the poet with the means of making us acquainted with his heroes, and interesting us in their good or ill fortune. At present, armies are vast machines animated by the breath of their General. The Muse denies her assistance in the description of their evolutions: she is afraid to penetrate the clouds of powder and smoke that conceal from her sight alike the coward and the brave, the private sentinel and the commander in chief.

The ancient republics of Greece were ignorant of the first principles of good policy. The people met in tumultuous assemblies rather to determine than to deliberate. Their factions were impetuous and lasting; their insurrections frequent and terrible; their most peaceful hours full of distrust, envy, and confusion. The citizens were indeed unhappy; but their writers, whose imaginations were warmed by such dreadful objects, described them

naturally as they were felt. A peaceable administration of the laws,— those salutary institutions, which, projected in the cabinet of a sovereign or his council, diffuse happiness over a whole nation,— excites only the poet's admiration, the coldest of all the passions.

The ancient mythology, which attributed life and intelligence to all nature, extended its influence to the pen of the poet. Inspired by the Muse, he sung the attributes, the adventures, and misfortunes of his fabulous deities. That Infinite Being, which religion and philosophy have made known to us, is above such description: the sublimest flights become puerile on such a subject. The almighty Fiat of Moses strikes us with admiration, but reason cannot comprehend, nor imagination describe, the operations of a Deity, at whose command alone millions of worlds are made to tremble; nor can we read with any satisfactory pleasure of the devil, in Milton, warring for two whole days in heaven against the armies of the Omnipotent.

The Ancients knew their advantages, and profited by them accordingly. Of this the masterly performances we still admire are the best proofs.

But we, who are placed in another clime, and born in another age, are necessarily at a loss to see those beauties, for want of being able to place ourselves in the same point of view with the Greeks and Romans. A circumstantial knowledge of their situation and manners can only enable us to do this. The superficial ideas, the poor information we glean from a commentary, assist us only to seize the more palpable and apparent beauties: all the graces, all the delicacies of their writings escape us; and we are apt to abuse their cotemporaries for want of taste, in lavishing such encomiums on those merits we are too ignorant to discover. An acquaintance with antiquity is the only true comment on the writings of the Ancients: but what is still more necessary, is a certain turn of mind, which is generally the result of it; a sentiment not only making things known, but familiarizing them to our ideas and inducing us to regard them with the eyes of Ancients. The famous example of Perrault may serve to illustrate my meaning. The rudeness of the heroic ages shocked the delicacy of the Parisian. It was in vain that Boileau remonstrated with him, that Homer designed and ought to describe Greeks and not Frenchmen; his judgment was convinced it was right, but he could not be persuaded to be pleased. A small portion of antique taste, if

I may so call it, would have done more than all the reasonings of his antagonist.

I have said that the poets were in the right to make use of artificial images; but I know not whether at the tribunal of fame it will be allowed me. We are all fond of reputation, but nothing is more different than the nature and degree of our passion for fame. Every man has different notions in his desire for reputation. One writer, for instance, seeks only the praise of his cotemporaries. Death puts an end to his hopes and fears of censure or applause; he cares not if in the tomb that incloses his body be buried also his name. Such a man may, without scruple, employ familiar and temporary images, in writing for those whom only he desires to please. Another, on the contrary, bequeaths his name to latest posterity; and pleases himself in thinking that a thousand years after his death, the Indian on the banks of the Ganges, and the Laplander on his hills of snow, will read his works, and envy the happy clime and era that produced so extraordinary a genius.

Those who are ambitious to please universally must deduce their images from the common resources of mankind, from the human heart and the representations of nature. Pride only can induce writers to exceed these bounds. They may presume, indeed, that the occult beauties of their writings will always secure a family of Burmans, to labor in their explication, and to admire the text the more because they themselves have written the comment. . . .

There are two hypotheses which always have been, and ever will, subsist. In the one, man is supposed to have received from his Creator reason and will; that he is left to himself to put them to use and regulate his actions accordingly. In the other, he is supposed incapable of acting otherwise than agreeably to the pre-established laws of the Deity, of whom he is only the instrument, whose sentiment deceives him, and when he imagines he follows his own inclination he in fact only pursues that of his master. The latter notion might be suggested to the minds of a people little removed from a primitive state. Little instructed in the movements of so complicated a machine, they saw with admiration the great virtues, the atrocious crimes, the useful inventions of a few singular men, and thought they surpassed the powers of humanity. Hence they conceived, on every side, active deities, inspiring virtue and vice into weak

mortals, incapable of resisting their impulsive influence. It was not prudence that inspired Pandarus with the design of breaking the truce, and of aiming a dart at the breast of Menelaus. It was the goddess Minerva excited him to that attempt. The unhappy Phedra was not criminal. No. It was Venus, who, irritated by the flights of Hippolitus, lighted up an incestuous flame in the heart of that Princess, which plunged her into guilt, infamy, and death. Thus a deity was supposed to undertake the charge of every event in life, of every passion of the soul, and every order of society.

These deities of the moral world, however, these passions and faculties so generalized and personated, had only a metaphysical existence, too occult for the generality of mankind. It became necessary, therefore, to incorporate them with the physical deities; in doing which, allegory has imagined a thousand fantastical relations,—for the mind always requires at least the appearance of truth. It was natural enough for the god of the sea to be also that of the sailors. The figurative expression of the eye, that sees everything at one view; of those rays, which dart through the immensity of the air, might easily be applied to the sun, and make an able prophet and a skillful archer of that luminary. But wherefore must the planet Venus be the mother and goddess of Love? Why must she take her rise out of the foam of the ocean? But we must leave these enigmas to such as may be able to interpret them. No sooner were these moral deities assigned their several departments, than, it is natural to conceive, they engrossed the homage of mankind. They had to do immediately with the heart and the passions, whereas the physical divinities, to whom no moral attributes had been given, fell insensibly into contempt and oblivion. Thus it is only in the earliest ages of antiquity that I descry the smoke on the altars of Saturn.

From this period the gods became particularly interested in human affairs. Nothing passed of which they were not the authors. But were they the authors of injustice? We are startled at this conclusion: a heathen, however, did not hesitate to admit, and in fact could not doubt it. His gods often suggested very vicious designs. To suggest them, it was necessary they should concur and even take pleasure in them. They had not the resource of a small quantity of evil admissible into the best of possible words. The evil they were accessory to was not only

permitted, but authorized; besides, these several divinities, confined to their respective departments, were quite indifferent as to the general good,— with which they had nothing to do. Every one acted agreeably to his own character, and inspired only the passions he was supposed to feel. The god of War was fierce, bloodthirsty, and brutal; the goddess of Wisdom, prudent and reserved; the queen of Love, an amiable, voluptuous goddess, all charm and caprice; sublety and low cunning distinguished the god of Trade; and the cries of the unhappy were supposed to please the ear of the inexorable tyrant o'er the dead, the gloomy monarch of the infernal shades.

A god, the father of mankind, is equally so to every individual of the species. He is incapable of love or hate. But partial divinities must, doubtless, have their favorites. Could it be supposed they should not prefer those who most resembled themselves! Mars could not but love the Thracians, of whom war was the only occupation; he could not but love those Scythians, whose most delicious potation was composed of the blood of their enemies. The manners of the inhabitants of Cyprus and Corinth, where all was luxury, effeminacy and pleasure, must necessarily engage the goddess of Love. It was but a grateful return, to prefer those people whose manners were a kind of dignified homage to their tutelar divinities. That homage itself was always adapted to their character. The human victims that expired on the altar of Mars; those thousand courtesans who devoted themselves to the services of the Temple of Venus; those famous women of Babylon, who there made a sacrifice of their modesty, could not but obtain for their respective people the most distinguished favor of their protectors. But as the interests of nations are not less opposite than their manners, it became necessary that those gods should adopt the quarrels of their worshipers. "What! shall I patiently behold a city, that has erected a hundred temples to my divinity, fall before the sword of the conqueror? No. Rather will I——." It is thus that, among the Greeks, a war kindled on earth soon lighted up the torch of discord in the skies. The siege of Troy put all heaven into confusion. The Scamander reflected the rays that darted from the Ægis of Minerva; was witness of the fatal effect of the arrows taken from the quiver of Apollo, and felt the tremendous trident of Neptune shake the foundations of the earth. Sometimes, indeed, the irresistible decrees of Fate re-established peace. But most generally the sev-

eral deities mutually agreed to abandon each other's enemies; for on Olympus, as upon earth, hatred is always more powerful than friendship.

A refined homage was little suitable to deities of such a kind. The multitude required sensible objects, the image of something to decorate their temples and fix their ideas. The choice, to be sure, must be fixed on the most amiable. But which is that? The human form will doubtless be preferred by men. Should a bull have answered the question, he would probably have determined in favor of some other. Sculpture now began to improve itself in the service of devotion, and the temples were filled with statues of old men and young, women and children, expressive of the different attributes ascribed to their deities.

Beauty is perhaps only founded on use; the human figure being beautiful only because it is so well adapted to the functions to which it is destined. The figure of the divinity, the same, should be certainly expressive of its properties, and even of its defects. Hence came that absurd generation of deities, who composed only a celestial family, similar to those among mankind: hence their feasts of nectar and ambrosia, and the nourishment they were supposed to receive from the sacrifices. Hence also their quiet slumbers, and their afflicting pains. The gods, thus become only a race of superior men, used often to make visits on earth, inhabit their temples, take pleasure in the amusements of mankind, join in the chase, mix in the dance, and sometimes grow susceptible of the charms of a mortal beauty, and give birth to a race of heroes.

In those great events, wherein, from the diversity of actors, whose views, situation, and character are different, there arises a unity of action, or rather of effect, it is perhaps only into general causes we must look for the springs of those.

In more particular events the process of nature is very different from that of the philosophers. In nature there are few effects so simple as to owe themselves to one sole cause; whereas our philosophers are generally attached to one cause, sole and universal. Let us avoid this precipice; on the contrary, if an action appear ever so little complicated, let us admit of general causes, not excluding either hazard or design. Sylla resigned the sovereignty of Rome. Cæsar lost it with his life: nevertheless, their encroachments on liberty were alike preceded by their conquests; before they became the most powerful, they became the most

famous among the Romans. Augustus trod nearly in the same steps. A sanguinary tyrant, suspected of cowardice, that greatest of all crimes in the leader of a party, he reached the throne, and soon made those republicans forget they had ever been free. Indeed, the disposition of those people diminishes my surprise. Equally incapable of liberty under Sylla as under Augustus, they were ignorant of this truth in the time of the former: a civil war and two proscriptions, more cruel and bloody than war itself, had taught them, by the time of the latter, that the republic, sinking beneath the weight of its greatness and corruption, could not subsist without a master. Besides, Sylla, one of the first of the nobles, fought at the head of those haughty patricians; who, though they put a sword into the hand of despotism to avenge themselves of their enemies, would not leave it there with the power of converting it to the destruction of themselves. They had conquered with him, not for him: the harangue of Lepidus and the conduct of Pompey make it sufficiently clear that Sylla chose rather to descend from his invidious situation than be thrown headlong from it. But Augustus, after the example of Cæsar, employed only those enterprising adventurers, Agrippa, Mecenas, and Pollio, whose fortunes, attached to his, had been nothing divided among an aristocracy of nobles, but were when united sufficient to crush a new pretender.

These fortunate circumstances of the debauchery of Antony, the weakness of Lepidus, and the credulity of Cicero, operated in concert with the general disposition, in his favor; but it must be confessed, that though he did not give birth to these circumstances, he employed them with great art and policy. The vast variety of objects that present themselves will not permit to display the nature of that refined government; to describe the yoke that was borne without being felt, the prince undistinguished from the citizens, or the senate respected by its master. We will select, however, one circumstance.

Augustus, master of the revenues of the empire, and the riches of the world, constantly distinguished between his own particular patrimony and the treasure of the public. By which means he displayed his moderation, in having bequeathed to his heirs effects of less value than the fortunes of many of his subjects; and his love to his country, in having given up to the service of the state two entire patrimonies; together with an immense sum, arising from the legacies of his deceased friends.

An ordinary degree of penetration is sufficient to discover when an action is at once both cause and effect. In the moral world there are many such; or, rather, there are but few, which do not, more or less, partake of both the one and the other.

The corruption of all orders of men among the Romans was owing to the extent of their empire, and was itself productive of the greatness of the republic.

But it requires an uncommon share of judgment, when two things are constantly united, and seem intimately connected, to discern that they are neither effect nor cause to one another.

The sciences, it is said, take their rise from luxury; an enlightened must be always a vicious people. For my part, I cannot be of this opinion. The sciences are not the daughters of luxury, but both the one and the other owe their birth to industry. The arts, in their rudest state, satisfied the primitive wants of men. In their state of perfection they suggest new ones, even from Vitellius's shield of Pallas, to the philosophical entertainments of Cicero. But in proportion as luxury corrupts the manners, the sciences soften them; like to those prayers in Homer, which constantly pursue injustice, to appease the fury of that cruel deity.

Thus have I thrown together a few reflections, which appeared to me just and rational, on the utility of the Belles-Lettres. Happy should I think myself, if, by so doing, I should inspire a taste for them in others. I should entertain too good an opinion of myself, if I did not see the imperfections of this essay; and should have too bad a one if I did not hope, at an age less premature, and with a more extensive knowledge, to be able to correct them. It may possibly be said these reflections are just, but hackneyed and trite, or that they are new, but paradoxical. Where is the author who loves the critics? The former imputation, however, will displease me least, the advantage of the art being more dear to me than the reputation of the artist.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS

(*c.* 1146–*c.* 1220)

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, whose name in its Norman-English form was "Gerald de Barry," wrote an "Itinerary through Wales" and a collection of detached comments and essays on "The Topography of Ireland," which no student of the quaint and curious in literature can afford to miss. Giraldus is a prodigy both of learning and of ignorance. Few of the most learned men of his time were his equals in familiarity with the classics, and few children in ours are so ignorant of nearly everything else. He had, however, the true scientific spirit of inquiry; and while there is scarcely a page of his works without its absurdity, he is not deterred in the least by the fear of blundering from attempting to reason out the causes of everything. He was born near Pembroke, in Wales, about 1146, and was educated for the Church. In 1184 he was made Chaplain to King Henry II., and in 1198 he was promoted by Court influence to the Bishopric of St. David's, — the Pope, however, refusing his sanction. Giraldus accompanied the expedition sent over for the conquest of Ireland, and wrote a history in two books based on his observations. He died about 1220.

ON THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF MUSIC

THE sweet harmony of music not only affords us pleasure, but renders us important services. It greatly cheers the drooping spirit, clears the face from clouds, smooths the wrinkled brow, checks moroseness, and promotes hilarity; of all the most pleasant things in the world, nothing more delights and enlivens the human heart. There are two things which, more than any other, refresh and delight the mind, namely, sweet odors and music. Man, as it were, feeds upon sweet odors and sweet music. In whatever pursuit the mind is engaged, it draws forth the genius, and by means of insensible things quickens the senses with sensible effect. Hence, in bold men it excites courage, and in the religious it nourishes and promotes good feeling. Hence, it

happened that bishops and abbots and holy men in Ireland were in the habit of carrying their harps with them in their peregrinations, and found pious delight in playing upon them. In consequence of this, St. Kevin's harp was held in great reverence by the natives, and to this day is considered a valuable relic, possessed of great virtues.

Further, the war trumpet, with its blast, shows the corresponding effect of music, inasmuch as when its loud alarm gives the signal for battle, its echo raises the spirit of the brave to the highest pitch. Sometimes music has the contrary effect, for its influence may be used to heighten the pleasures of the vicious, as well as to animate the virtuous and brave. It is written of Alexander of Macedon, that when on some occasion he heard the sweet tones of a harp, while at table with his friends, he had the strings broken. Upon being asked why he had done this, he replied, "It is better that chords should be broken than hearts [*corda*]." For he was sensible, from his knowledge of human weakness, that his mind was highly excited, however he might struggle against it, by what he pointed out to them; and that such soft strains inclined him rather to pleasure (to which, perhaps, he was already disposed) than to war; to indulgence than to hardship; to Venus than to virtue; to voluptuousness rather than to voluntary sacrifice of his ease. For our passions are by no means in our own power.

Moreover, music soothes disease and pain; the sounds which strike the ear operating within, and either healing our maladies, or enabling us to bear them with greater patience. It is a comfort to all, and an effectual remedy to many; for there are no sufferings which it will not mitigate, and there are some which it cures. David's lyre restrained the unclean spirit from vexing Saul, and while he played his trouble ceased; but as soon as the strains ceased, he was vexed again. What Solomon says may, however, appear opposed to this: "Music is out of season in time of affliction." For the man who can amuse himself with singing when he is in trouble, and affect to be gay and lift his voice in jocund strains at the moment he is suffering from severe pain, must be either a stoic or a fool. But although any sort of trouble, while it is fresh and on the increase, refuses comfort, still under the alleviating influence of time it loses its sting and admits of consolation. Grief which can neither be mitigated by reason, nor cured by medicine, yields to the softening effects of

time, which brings all evils to an end. For such is the constitution of human nature, that things are always either on the increase or decrease, are getting better or growing worse, and never stand still. When they have reached their summit, the fall is far more rapid than the rise. If, therefore, you discern the times and observe moderation, having a mind well toned and regulated under all circumstances, you may turn to good account what would be otherwise out of season.

«*Quis mater, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati*
Flere neget? Non hoc illa monenda loco est.»

Wherefore —

«*Dum dolor in cursu est, currenti cede dolori;*
Tempore cum residet, tum medicina valet.»

It appears, then, that music acts in contrary ways: when employed to give intensity to the feelings, it inflames; when to abate them, it lulls. Hence the Irish and Spaniards, and some other nations, mix plaintive music with their funereal wailings, giving poignancy to their present grief, as well as, perhaps, tranquilizing the mind when the worst is past. Music also alleviates toil, and in labor of various kinds the fatigue is cheered by sounds uttered in measured time. Hence, artificers of all sorts relieve the weariness of their tasks by song. The very beasts, not to speak of serpents, and birds, and porpoises, are attracted by musical harmony to listen to its melody; and what is still more remarkable, swarms of bees are recalled to their hives, and induced to settle, by musical sounds. I have sometimes observed, when on a voyage, shoals of porpoises long following in the wake of the ship when she is pursuing her course, and how they leaped above the surface, and erected their ears to listen to the tones of the harp or the trumpet.

Moreover, as Isidore remarks, «No teaching can be perfect without harmony. Indeed, there is nothing in which it is not found. The world itself is said to be harmoniously formed, and the very heavens revolve amidst the harmony of the spheres. Sounds, the materials of which melodies are composed, are threefold: firstly, they are harmonic, being produced by the voices of singers; secondly, they are organic, being produced by wind; thirdly, they are rhythmical, produced by the touch of the fingers. For sounds are either produced by the voice, through the throat,

or by wind, as a trumpet or pipe; or by the touch, as by the harp, or any other instrument the melody of which is produced by the finger.» What Cassiodorus says in favor of the harp well deserves a place here. He writes thus: « These are the benefits which the harp confers: It changes grief and melancholy to mirth; assuages the effervescence of rage; charms away the most savage cruelty; effaces cowardice; rouses the languid and sleepy; and sheds a soothing repose on the wakeful. It recalls man from foul lusts to the love of chastity; and heals that weariness of the mind which is always adverse to good thoughts. It converts pernicious sloth into kindly succor; and, what is the most blessed sort of cure, expels the passions of the mind by its sweetest of pleasures. It soothes the spirit through the body, and by the mere sense of hearing molds it to its will, making use of insensible things to exercise dominion over the senses. The Divine mercy has scattered abroad its favors, and made all its works to be highly praised. David's lyre expelled the devil; the evil spirit obeyed its sound; and while the minstrel sung to the harp, thrice was the king released from the foul bondage to which he had been subjected by his spiritual enemy.» I have made a delightful digression, but to the purpose; for it is always pleasant to converse of science with those who are skilled in it.

Complete. « The Topography of Ireland,» Chap. xii., Distinction 3.

WM. E. GLADSTONE.

After a Photograph from Life.

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also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent, perhaps like the zigzag from an Alpine summit, are to find their way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but as "fools," lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands; that which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, and much greater, man, to wit, of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money, comes haste with its long train of evils, summed up in the general scamping of work; crude conception, slipshod execution, the mean stint of labor, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results. We write of the moment; may it not be of the age.

Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in

certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the time, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different classes. We do not hold an "Æneid" or a "Paradise Lost" bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend.

But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay; and if they are most attractive, they are also perilous allies in the business of the historian and the critic.

In truth, if we mistake not, the poetical element in his mind and temperament was peculiar, but was strong and pervading. Those who may incline to doubt our opinion that he was a poet as well as a rhetorician would do well to consult the admirable criticism of Professor Wilson on his "Lays." ("Life," Vol. II., p. 121.) We will not dwell upon the fact (such we take it to be) that his works in verse possess the chief merits of his other works, and are free from their faults. But his whole method of touch and handling are poetical. It is, indeed, infinitely remote from the reflective and introspective character, which has taken possession of contemporary poetry among our writers in such a degree, as not only to make its interpretation a work of serious labor, but also to impair its objective force. Macaulay was, perhaps, not strong in his reflective faculties; certainly he gave them little chance of development by exercise. He was eminently objective, eminently realistic; resembling in this the father of all poets, whom none of his children have surpassed, and who never converts into an object of conscious contemplation the noble powers which he keeps in such versatile and vigorous use.

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what

painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvelous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed, and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler: but what Homer did was due to his time; what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians. That is an office which probably none but a historian can perform. It is more easy to discover for him contrasts than resemblances. Commonly sound in his classical appreciations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Thucydides; but there can hardly be a sharper contrast than between the "History" of Thucydides, and the "History" of Macaulay. Ease, brilliancy, pellucid clearness, commanding fascination, the effective marshaling of all facts belonging to the external world as if on parade; all these gifts Macaulay has, and Thucydides has not. But weight, breadth, proportion, deep discernment, habitual contemplation of the springs of character and conduct, and the power to hold the scales of human action with firm and even hand,—these must be sought in Thucydides, and are rarely observable in Macaulay.

But how few are the writers whom it would be anything less than ridiculous to place in comparison with Thucydides! The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman, but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live, but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Personal existence is beset with dangers in infancy, and again in age. But authorship, if it survive the first, has little to fear from the after peril. If it subsist for a few generations (and generations are for books what years are for their writers), it is not likely to sink in many. For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall

not ring in the ears of civilized man. On a lower throne, in a less imperial hall of the same mansion, we believe that Macaulay will probably be found, not only in 2000 A. D., which he modestly specifies, but in 3000, or 2850, which he more boldly formulates, or for so much of this long, or any longer, lease as the commentators on the Apocalypse will allow the race to anticipate.

Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up; but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his nett solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broadset, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

From a review of Trevelyan's «Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.»

WILLIAM GODWIN

1756–1836

WILLIAM GODWIN, one of the most celebrated English radicals of the French Revolutionary period, was born at Wisbeach, England, March 3d, 1756. He began life as a "Dissenting" minister, preaching from 1778 to 1783, but his study of French philosophy led him to give up the pulpit for literature. He became celebrated as a political writer on the side of the Republicans of France. His "Inquiry concerning Political Justice" appeared in 1793 when English excitement over the French Revolution was at its height. The year following he wrote "Caleb Williams," a powerful novel which compelled the respectability of England to recognize his genius. This was followed by "St. Leon" and "Mandeville," neither of which rank with it in popularity. He wrote also a "History of the Commonwealth" and histories of Rome, Greece, and England. In 1797 he married Mary Wollstonecraft, who resembled him in her genius and in her radicalism. Their first child was the second wife of the poet Shelley. Godwin died April 7th, 1836. In his political works Godwin is the direct antithesis of Fourier. He is probably more responsible than any one else for what, as it developed in Russia, took the name of "Nihilism."

POLITICAL JUSTICE AND INDIVIDUAL GROWTH

IT WOULD be absurd to say that we are not capable of truth, of evidence and agreement. In these respects, as far as mind is in a state of progressive improvement, we are perpetually coming nearer to each other. But there are subjects about which we shall continually differ, and ought to differ. The ideas, the associations, and the circumstances of each man are properly his own; and it is a pernicious system that would lead us to require all men, however different their circumstances, to act in many of the common affairs of life by a precise general rule. Add to this, that, by the doctrine of progressive improvement, we shall always be erroneous, though we shall every day become less

erroneous. The proper method for hastening the decay of error is not by brute force, or by regulation, which is one of the classes of force, to endeavor to reduce men to intellectual uniformity; but, on the contrary, by teaching every man to think for himself.

From these principles it appears that everything that is usually understood by the term co-operation is in some degree an evil. A man in solitude is obliged to sacrifice or postpone the execution of his best thoughts to his own convenience. How many admirable designs have perished in the conception by means of this circumstance! The true remedy is for men to reduce their wants to the fewest possible, and as much as possible to simplify the mode of supplying them. It is still worse when a man is also obliged to consult the convenience of others. If I be expected to eat or to work in conjunction with my neighbor, it must either be at a time most convenient to me, or to him, or to neither of us. We cannot be reduced to a clockwork uniformity.

Hence it follows that all supererogatory co-operation is carefully to be avoided (common labor and common meals). "But what shall we say to co-operation that seems to be dictated by the nature of the work to be performed?" It ought to be diminished. At present it is unreasonable to doubt that the consideration of the evil of co-operation is in certain urgent cases to be postponed to that urgency. Whether by the nature of things co-operation of some sort will always be necessary is a question that we are scarcely competent to decide. At present, to pull down a tree, to cut a canal, to navigate a vessel, requires the labor of many. Will it always require the labor of many? When we look at the complicated machines of human contrivance, various sorts of mills, of weaving engines, of steam engines, are we not astonished at the compendium of labor they produce? Who shall say where this species of improvement must stop? At present such inventions alarm the laboring part of the community; and they may be productive of temporary distress, though they conduce in the sequel to the most important interests of the multitude. But in a state of equal labor their utility will be liable to no dispute. Hereafter it is by no means clear that the most extensive operations will not be within the reach of one man; or to make use of a familiar instance, that a plow may not be turned into a field, and perform its office without the need of superintendence. It was in this sense that the cele-

brated Franklin conjectured that "mind would one day become omnipotent over matter."

The conclusion of the progress which has here been sketched is something like a final close to the necessity of manual labor. It is highly instructive in such cases to observe how the sublime geniuses of former times anticipated what seems likely to be the future improvement of mankind. It was one of the laws of Lycurgus that no Spartan should be employed in manual labor. For this purpose under his system it was necessary that they should be plentifully supplied with slaves devoted to drudgery. Matter or, to speak more accurately, the certain and unintermitting laws of the universe, will be the Helots of the period we are contemplating. We shall end in this respect, O immortal legislator! at the point from which you began.

To these prospects perhaps the objection will once again be repeated, "that men, delivered from the necessity of manual labor, will sink into supineness." What narrow views of the nature and capacities of mind do such objections imply! The only thing necessary to put intellect into action is motive. Are there no motives equally cogent with the prospect of hunger? Whose thoughts are most active, most rapid and unwearied, those of Newton or the plowman? When the mind is stored with prospects of intellectual greatness and utility, can it sink into torpor? . . .

No doubt man is formed for society. But there is a way for a man to lose his own existence in that of others that is eminently vicious and detrimental. Every man ought to rest upon his own centre, and consult his own understanding. Every man ought to feel his independence, that he can assert the principles of justice and truth, without being obliged treacherously to adapt them to the peculiarities of his situation, and the errors of them.

No doubt man is formed for society. But he is formed for, or, in other words, his faculties enable him to serve, the whole, and not a part. Justice obliges us to sympathize with a man of merit more fully than with an insignificant and corrupt member of society. But all partialities strictly so called tend to the injury of him who feels them, of mankind in general, and even of him who is their object. The spirit of partiality is well expressed in the memorable saying of Themistocles, "God forbid that I should sit upon a bench of justice, where my friends found no more favor than strangers!" In fact, as has been repeatedly seen in the course of this work, we sit in every action of our lives upon a

bench of justice; and play in humble imitation the part of the unjust judge, whenever we indulge the smallest atom of partiality.

Such are the limitations of the social principle. These limitations in reality tend to improve it and render its operations beneficial. It would be a miserable mistake to suppose that the principle is not of the utmost importance to mankind. All that in which the human mind differs from the intellectual principle in animals is the growth of society. All that is excellent in man is the fruit of progressive improvement, of the circumstances of one age taking advantage of the discoveries of a preceding age, and setting out from the point at which they had arrived. Without society we should be wretchedly deficient in motives to improvement. But what is most of all, without society our improvements would be nearly useless. Mind without benevolence is a barren and a cold existence. It is in seeking the good of others, in embracing a great and expansive sphere of action, in forgetting our own individual interests, that we find our true element.

From «An Inquiry concerning Political Justice,» Book VIII.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(1749–1832)

GOETHE wrote few essays in essay form, but, though these are worthy of the genius which made him easily the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, he is more at home in the informal style of semi-dialogue which characterizes his celebrated Shakespearean criticisms in "Wilhelm Meister." His prose often illustrates the same mental habit which shapes the second part of "Faust," —a result of images and ideas crowding upon him beyond his ability to control them. His is the Gothic intellect at its greatest, released by its own necessities from the severe canons of the Greek writers and expressing itself under its own laws. He is a scientist and a philosopher, as well as a poet, and in everything he does he shows the masterly quality of his genius. It was, however, in art in all its forms as a mode of expression for the higher intellect, that he took the greatest delight, and his essays on art have been even more highly valued by his countrymen than the scientific writings to which he himself attached great importance. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28th, 1749. His father was an imperial councilor, and by all his associations he was bound socially and morally to the higher aristocracy of Germany. Intellectually, however, he knew neither class nor country He felt himself a "world-poet," limited neither by time nor place. During the whole period of "storm and stress," from the French Revolution to the close of the Napoleonic wars, he worked tranquilly at his task of cultivating his genius and giving it the fullest possible expression. This was his life work, and after having determined to devote himself to it, he did not allow the greatest wars and revolutions of modern times to distract his attention from it. From 1775 to his death, March 22d, 1832, he lived and worked at the court of his friend and admirer, Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who "ennobled" him and made him "President of the Ducal Chamber." Goethe's "Faust" is universally accepted as his greatest work. It ranks with "Hamlet" as the greatest metaphysical and psychological drama of modern Europe, and it does not suffer by comparison with the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, the only drama of the classical epoch which can be classed with it. Among "world-poets" Goethe is usually named with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, leaving Milton, Æschylus, and Virgil unmentioned.

Perhaps, however, he might be more properly classed with Shakespeare, Dante, and Æschylus than with Homer,—the only poet who has adequately expressed a sublime philosophy of the conduct of life by the free action of his heroes rather than by using them as mouthpieces, charged with the responsibility of delivering his message to the world in their set speeches.

W. V. B.

UPON THE LAOCOON

A TRUE work of art, like a work of nature, never ceases to open boundlessly before the mind. We examine,—we are impressed with it,—it produces its effect; but it can never be all comprehended, still less can its essence, its value, be expressed in words. In the present remarks concerning the Laocoon, our object is by no means to say all that can be said on the subject; we shall rather make this admirable work the occasion, than the subject, of what we have to say. May it soon be placed once more in a situation where all lovers of art may be able to enjoy, and speak of it, each in his own way.

We can hardly speak adequately of a high work of art, without also speaking of art in general; since all art is comprehended in it, and each one is able, according to his powers, to develop the universal, out of such a special case. We will, therefore, preface with some remarks of a general nature.

All high works of art are expressions of humanity. Plastic art relates particularly to the human form; it is of this we are now speaking. Art has many steps, in all of which there have been admirable artists; but a perfect work of art embraces all the particulars that are elsewhere encountered separately.

The highest works of art that we know exhibit to us—

Living, highly organized natures. We look, in the first place, for a knowledge of the human body, in its parts and masses, inward and outward adaptation, its forms and motions generally.

Character. Knowledge of the varieties in form and action of their parts; peculiarities are discriminated, and separately set forth. Out of this results character, through which an important relation may be established among separate works; and, in like manner, when a work is put together, its parts may hold an analogous relation to each other. The subject may be—

At rest, or in motion. A work, or its parts, may either be self-centred, simply showing its character in a state of rest, or it may be exhibited in movement, activity, or fullness of passionate expression.

Ideal. To the attainment of this, the artist needs a deep, well-grounded, steadfast mind, which must be accompanied by a higher sense, in order to comprehend the subject in all its bearings, to find the moment of expression, to withdraw this from the narrowness of fact, and give to it, in an ideal world, proportion, limit, reality, and dignity.

Agreeableness. The subject, and its mode of exhibition, are moreover connected with the sensible laws of art; *viz.*, harmony, comprehensibility, symmetry, contrast, etc.; whereby it becomes visibly beautiful, or agreeable, as it is called.

Beauty. Further, we find that it obeys the laws of spiritual beauty, which arises from just proportion, and to which he, who is complete in the creation or production of the beautiful, knows how to subject even the extremes.

Having now enounced the conditions which we demand of a high work of art, much will be comprised in a few words when I say that our group fulfills them all, nay, that out of them alone could it be developed.

It will be conceded by all that it exhibits acquaintance with the human form, and with what is characteristic in it, and at the same time expression and passion. In how high and ideal a way the subject is treated will presently be shown; and no one who recognizes the harmony with which the extremes of bodily and mental suffering are set forth can hesitate about calling the work beautiful.

On the other hand, many will think I am uttering a paradox when I maintain that the work is also agreeable. A word upon this point:—

Every work of art must show on the face of it that it is such; and this can be done only through what we call sensible beauty, or agreeableness. The Ancients, far from entertaining the modern notion, that a work of art must have the appearance of a work of nature, designated their works of art as such, through an intentional arrangement of parts; by means of symmetry they rendered easy for the eye an insight into relations, and thus a complicated work was made comprehensible. Through symmetry and opposition slight deviations were made productive of the

sharpest contrasts. The pains of the artist were most happily bestowed to place the masses in opposition to each other, and particularly in groups, to bring the extremities of the bodies against each other in a harmonizing position; so that every work, when we disregard its import, and look only at its general outline from a distance, strikes the eye by its ornamental air. The antique vases furnish a hundred instances of this sort of agreeable composition, and perhaps it would be possible to exhibit a series of examples of symmetrically artistic and eye-filling groupings, from the most quiet vase sculptures up to the Laocoon. I shall therefore venture to repeat the assertion that the group of Laocoon, in addition to its other acknowledged merits, is at once a model of symmetry and variety, of repose and action, of contrast and gradation, which produce an impression partly sensible, partly spiritual, agreeably stimulate the imagination by the high pathos of the representation, and by their grace and beauty temper the storm of passion and suffering.

It is a great advantage for a work of art to be self-included and complete. An object at rest, exhibiting simple being, is thus complete by and in itself. A Jupiter, the thunderbolt resting in his lap; a Juno, reposing on her majesty and feminine dignity; a Minerva, inwardly intent, are all subjects that have no impulse outwards, that rest upon, and in themselves,—the first, the most lovely subjects of sculpture. But within the noble round of the mythic circle of art, where these separate self-existent natures stand and rest, there are smaller circles, within which the figures are conceived and wrought out with reference to other figures; for example, the nine Muses, with their leader, Apollo, are each one conceived and executed separately, but they become far more interesting in their complete and diversified choir. When art attempts scenes of exalted expression, it can treat them also in the same manner; it may either present to us a circle of figures holding a passionate relation to each other, like the Niobe and her children, pursued by Apollo and Diana, or exhibit in the same piece the action and the motive; we have now in mind such groups as the graceful boy extracting the thorn from his foot, the wrestler, two groups of fauns and nymphs in Dresden, and the noble and passionate group of Laocoon.

Sculpture is justly entitled to the high rank it holds, because it can and must carry expression to its highest point of perfection, from the fact that it leaves man only the absolutely essen-

tial. Thus, in the present group, Laocoon is a bare name; the artists have stripped him of his priesthood, his Trojan nationality, of every poetical or mythological attribute; there remains nothing of all that fable had clothed him with; he is a father with his two sons, in danger of destruction from two fierce animals. In like manner, we see no messenger of the gods, but two plain, natural serpents, powerful enough to overcome a man, but by no means, either in form or treatment, supernatural and avenging ministers of wrath. They glide in, as it is their nature to do, twine around, knot together, and one, being irritated, bites. If I had to describe this work without knowing the further intent of it, I should say it were a tragic idyl. A father was sleeping, with his two sons beside him; two serpents twined about them, and now, waking, they struggle to free themselves from the living net.

The expression of the moment is, in this work, of the highest importance. When it is intended that a work of art shall move before the eye, a passing moment must, of course, be chosen; but a moment ago, not a single part of the whole was to be found in the position it now holds, and in another instant all will be changed again; so that it presents a fresh, living image to a million beholders.

In order to conceive rightly the intention of the Laocoon, let a man place himself before it at a proper distance, with his eyes shut; then let him open his eyes, and shut them again instantly. By this means, he will see the whole marble in motion; he will fear lest he will find the whole group changed, when he opens his eyes again. It might be said that, as it stands, it is a flash of lightning fixed, a wave petrified in the moment it rushes towards the shore. This same effect is produced by the contemplation of the group by torchlight.

The situations of the three figures are represented with a wise gradation. In the oldest son, only the extremities are entangled; the second is encumbered with more folds, and especially by the knot around his breast; he endeavors to get breath by the motion of his right arm; with the left he gently holds back the serpent's head, to prevent him from taking another turn round his breast. The serpent is in the act of slipping under the hand, but does not bite. The father, on the other hand, tries to set himself and the children free by force; he grasps the other serpent, which, exasperated, bites him in the hip.

The best way to understand the position of the father, both in the whole and in detail, seems to me to be to take the sudden anguish of the wound as the moving cause of the whole action. The serpent has not bitten, but is just now biting, and in a sensitive part, above and just behind the hip. The position of the restored head of the serpent does not represent the bite correctly; fortunately, the remains of the two jaws may yet be seen, on the hinder part of the statue, if indeed these important vestiges have not been removed in the course of the present paltry alterations. The serpent inflicts a wound upon the unhappy man, in a part where we are excessively sensitive to any irritation, where even a little tickling is able to produce the action which in this case is caused by the wound. The figure starts away towards the opposite side, the body is drawn in, the shoulder forced down, the breast thrust out, the head sinks towards the wounded side; the secondary portion of the situation or treatment appears in the imprisoned feet and the struggling arms; and thus from the contrast of struggle and flight, of action and suffering, of energy and failing strength, results a harmonious action that would perhaps be impossible under other conditions. We are lost in astonishment at the sagacity of the artist; if we try to place the bite in some different position the whole action is changed, and we find it impossible to conceive one more fitting. It is morever important to remark that as the artist exhibits a sensible effect, he also gives a sensible cause. I repeat it, the situation of the bite renders necessary the present action of the limbs. The movement of the lower part of the figure, as if to fly, the drawing in of the body, the downward action of the shoulders and the head, the breast forced out, nay, the expression of each feature of the face, all are determined by this instant, sharp, unlooked-for irritation.

Far be it from me to destroy the unity of human nature, to deny the sympathetic action of the spiritual powers of this nobly complete man, to misconceive the action and suffering of a great nature. I see also anguish, fear, horror, a father's anxiety pervading those veins, swelling this breast, furrowing this brow. I freely admit that the highest state of mental as well as bodily anguish is here represented; only let us not transfer the effect the work produces on us too hastily to the piece itself; and, above all, let us not be looking for the effect of poison in a body which the serpent's fang has but just reached. Let us not

fancy we see a death struggle in a noble, resisting, uninjured, or but slightly wounded frame. Here let me have leave to make an observation of importance in art: The highest pathetic expression that can be given by art hovers in the transition from one state or condition to another. You see a lively child, running with all the energy and joy of life, bounding, and full of delight; he is unexpectedly struck somewhat roughly by a playmate, or is otherwise morally or physically hurt. This new sensation thrills like an electric shock through all the limbs, and this transition is in the highest degree pathetic; it is a revulsion of which one can form no idea without having seen it. In this case plainly the spiritual as well as the physical man is in action. If during the transition there still remain evident traces of the previous state, the result is the noblest subject for plastic art, as is the case in the Laocoon, where action and suffering are shown in the same instant. Thus, for instance, Eurydice, bitten in the heel by the snake she has trodden on, as she goes joyfully through the meadow with the flowers she has collected, would make a pathetic statue, because the twofold state, the joyful advance and its painful arrest, might be expressed, not only by the flowers that she lets fall, but by the direction of her limbs, and the doubtful fluttering of her dress.

Having now a clear conception, in this respect, of the main figure, we shall be enabled to give a free and secure glance over the relations, contrasts, and gradations of the collective parts of the whole.

The choice of subject is one of the happiest that can be imagined: — men struggling with dangerous animals, and animals that do not act as a mass of concentrated force, but with divided powers; that do not rush in at one side, nor offer a combined resistance, but capable by their prolonged organization of paralyzing without injuring them, three men, or more or less. From the action of this numbing force, results, consistently with the most violent action, a pervading unity and repose throughout the whole. The different action of the serpents is exhibited in gradation. The one is simply twined around its victims, the other becomes irritated and bites its antagonist. The three figures are in like manner most wisely selected; a strong, well-developed man, but evidently past the age of greatest energy, and therefore less able to endure pain and suffering. Substitute in his place a robust young man, and the charm of the group vanishes. Joined with him in his

suffering are two boys, small in proportion to his figure, but still two natures susceptible of pain.

The struggles of the youngest are powerless; he is tortured, but uninjured. The father struggles powerfully, but ineffectually; his efforts have rather the effect to exasperate the opposed force. His opponent, becoming irritated, wounds him. The eldest son is least encumbered. He suffers neither pressure nor pain; he is terrified by the sudden wounding of his father, and his movement thereupon; he cries out, at the same moment endeavoring to free his foot from the serpent's fold. Here then is spectator, witness, and accessory to the fact; and thus the work is completed.

Let me here repeat what I alluded to above, *viz.*, that all three figures exhibit a twofold treatment, and thus the greatest variety of interests is produced. The youngest son strives to get breath by raising his right arm, and with his left hand keeps back the serpent's head; he is striving to alleviate the present, and avert the impending, evil,— the highest degree of action he can attain in his present imprisoned condition. The father is striving to shake off the serpent, while he endeavors instinctively to fly from the bite. The eldest son is terrified by his father's starting, and seeks at the same time to free himself from the lightly twined serpent.

The choice of the highest moment of expression has been already spoken of as a great advantage possessed by the work,— into which consideration let us enter more deeply.

We supposed the case, that mere natural serpents have twined about a father sleeping by his sons, in order that, by consideration of separate moments, we may have a succession of interest before us. The first moments of the serpents winding about them are portentous, but not adapted to art. We might perhaps imagine an infant Hercules asleep, with a serpent twined about him; but in this case the form in repose would show us what we were to expect when he waked.

Let us now proceed, and figure to ourselves a father, with his children, when first — let it have happened how it may — he discovers the serpents wound about him. We have now a moment of the highest interest; one of the figures paralyzed by the pressure, the second paralyzed and wounded too, the third still retaining the hope of escape. In the first condition is the younger son; in the second, the father; in the third, the eldest son. Seek now to find another equal moment! Try to change the order of the *dramatis personæ!*

If we consider now the treatment from the beginning, we must acknowledge that it has reached the highest point; and in like manner, if we reflect upon the succeeding moments, we shall perceive that the whole group must necessarily be changed, and that no moment can be found equal to this in artistic significance. The youngest son will either be suffocated by the pressure of the serpent, or should he in his helpless condition exasperate it, he must be bitten. Neither alternative could we endure, since they suppose an extremity unsuitable for representation. As to the father, he would either be bitten by the serpent in other places, whereby the position of the body would be entirely changed, and the previous wounds would either be lost to the beholder, or, if made evident, would be loathsome; or the serpent might turn about and assail the eldest son, whose attention would then be turned to himself,—the scene loses its participators, the last glimpse of hope disappears from the group, the situation is no longer tragical, it becomes fearful. The figure of the father, which is now self-centred in its greatness and its suffering, would in that case be turned towards the son, and become a sympathizing subordinate.

Man has, for his own and others' sufferings, only three sorts of sensations,—apprehension, terror, and compassion; the anxious foreseeing of an approaching evil, the unexpected realization of present pain, and sympathy with existing or past suffering; all three are excited by and exhibited in the present work, and in the truest gradation.

Plastic art, laboring always for a single point of time, in choosing a pathetic subject seizes one that awakens terror; while, on the other hand, poetry prefers such as excite apprehension and compassion. In the group of Laocoon the suffering of the father awakens terror,—and that in the highest degree. Sculpture has done her utmost for him, but, partly to run through the circle of human sensations, partly to soften the effect of so much of the terrible, it excites pity for the younger son, and apprehension for the elder, through the hope that still exists for him. Thus, by means of variety, the artists have introduced a certain balance into their work, have softened and heightened action by other action, and completed at once a spiritual and sensible whole.

In a word, we dare strongly affirm that this work exhausts its subject, and happily fulfills all the conditions of art. It teaches

us that if the master can infuse his feeling of beauty into reposing and simple subjects, the same can also be exhibited in the highest energy and worth, when it manifests itself in the creation of varied character, and knows how, by artistic imitation, to temper and control the passionate outbreak of human feeling. We shall give in the sequel, a full account of the statues known by the name of the family of Niobe, as well as the group of the Farnesian Bull; they belong to the few pathetic representations that remain to us out of the antique sculptures.

It has been the usual fate of the Moderns, to blunder in their choice of subjects of this sort. When Milo, with both hands fast in the cleft of a tree, is attacked by a lion, art in vain endeavors to create a work that will excite a sincere sympathy. A twofold suffering, a fruitless struggle, a helpless state, a certain defeat, can only excite horror, if they do not leave us cold.

Finally, a word concerning this subject in its connection with poetry: —

It is doing Virgil and the poetic art a great injustice to compare even for a moment this completest achievement of sculpture with the episodical treatment of the subject in the "Æneid." As soon as the unhappy wanderer Æneas has to recount how he and his fellow-citizens were guilty of the unpardonable folly of bringing the famous horse into their city, the poet must hit upon some way to provide a motive for his treatment. This is the origin of the whole, and the story of Laocoon stands here as a rhetorical argument, to justify an exaggeration which is essential to the design. Two monstrous serpents are brought out of the sea with crested heads; they rush upon the children of the priest who had injured the horse, encircle them, bite them, slaver them, twist and twine about the breast and head of the father, as he hastens to their assistance, and hold up their heads high in triumph, while the victims, inclosed in their folds, scream in vain for help; the people are horror-struck, and fly at once; no one dares to be a patriot longer, and the hearer, satiated with the horror of the strange and dreadful story, is willing to let the horse be brought into the city.

Thus, in Virgil, the story of Laocoon serves only as a step to a higher aim, and it is a great question whether the occurrence be in itself a poetic subject.

THE PROGRESS OF ART

THE history of art can be based only on the highest and most complete conception of art; only through an acquaintance with the most perfect that man has ever been able to produce can the chronological and psychological progress of mankind in art, as in other departments, be displayed; in which at first a limited activity occupied itself in a dry and dismal imitation of the insignificant, as well as the significant. Then a more delicate and agreeable feeling of nature was developed. Afterwards, accompanied by knowledge, regularity, strength, and earnestness, aided by favorable circumstances, art rose to the highest point, until, at last, it became possible for the fortunate genius who found himself surrounded by all these auxiliaries, to produce the enchanting, the perfect.

Unfortunately, works of art, which give themselves forth with such facility, which make men feel themselves so agreeably, which inspire men with clearness and freedom, suggest to the artist who would emulate them the notion of facility in their production. The last achievement of art and genius being an appearance of ease and lightness, the imitator is tempted to make it easy for himself and to labor at this appearance.

Thus, by degrees, art declines from its high estate, in the whole, as well as in details. But if we would form to ourselves a true conception of art, we must descend to details of details,—an occupation by no means always agreeable and alluring, but which richly indemnifies us from time to time with a glance of certainty over the whole.

If we secure to ourselves certain maxims, through the examination of ancient and later works of art, we shall find them particularly needful in our judgment concerning new and late productions; for in forming an estimate of living or lately deceased artists, personal considerations, regard or dislike for individuals, attraction or repulsion of party, are so easily mixed up, that we are still more in need of principles, in order to express a judgment of our contemporaries. The examination is thus doubly aided. The influence of authority is diminished, the cause is brought into a higher court. An opportunity is afforded for proving the principles themselves, as well as their application, and even where we cannot agree the point in dispute is clearly and certainly ascertained.

We especially desire that living artists, about whose works we may perhaps have something to say, should make trial of our judgments in this way. For every one who deserves this name is in our time called upon to form, out of his own experience and reflections, if not a theory, at least a certain set of receipts, by the use of which he finds himself aided in various cases. But it must have been frequently remarked how apt a man is, by proceeding in this way, to advance as principles certain maxims which are commensurate with his talents, his inclinations, his convenience. He is subject to the common lot of mankind. How many in other departments follow the same course. But we do not add to our culture when we simply set in motion without trouble or difficulty what already existed in us. Every artist, like every man, is only a partial being, and will always abide by one side; and therefore a man should take in to himself, as far as possible, that which is theoretically and practically opposed to him. The lively should look about for strength and earnestness, the severe should keep in view the light and agreeable, the strong should look for loveliness, the delicate for strength, and each will thus best cultivate his peculiar nature, while he seems to be going most out of himself. Each art demands the whole man, the highest step of art all humanity.

The practice of the imitative arts is mechanical, and the cultivation of the artist begins naturally, in his earliest years, with the mechanical. The rest of his education is often slighted, whereas it should be far more carefully attended to than that of others, who have the opportunity of learning from life itself. Society soon civilizes the unpolished, a life of business makes the most open circumspect. Literary labors, that by means of the press come before the great public, find resistance and correction on all hands; while the artist is for the most part confined to a narrow studio, and has few dealings save with those who pay for his works, with a public that is often guided only by a certain sickly feeling, with connoisseurs who worry him, with auctioneers who receive anything new with formulas of praise and estimation that would not be too high for the most perfect.

But it is time to bring this Introduction to an end, lest instead of prefacing this work, it anticipate and forestall it. We have now at least indicated the point from which we mean to start, to what extent we can and may expatiate, we shall gradually come to see. We hope soon to occupy ourselves with the theory and criticism

of the poetic art; we shall not exclude any illustrations from life in general, from travel, from the occurrences of the day, when suggested by the significant prompting of the moment.

The locality of works of art has always been of great importance to the civilization of artists, as well as the enjoyment of the friends of art. There was a time in which, with few exceptions, they remained for the most part in their proper place and setting; now a great change has been wrought, which cannot fail to have grave consequences for art in general and in detail.

Perhaps now, more than ever, Italy should be regarded as that great storehouse of art which it was until lately. If it be possible to give a general view of it, we shall be able to show what the world has lost in the tearing away so many parts from that great and ancient whole.

How much has been destroyed in the act of spoliation will forever remain a secret. It will be possible by and by to give an insight into that new body of art that has been formed in Paris; we shall also consider how the artist or amateur may derive most advantage from France and Italy, whereupon a fair and weighty question arises, *viz.*, what other nations, and especially Germany and England are to do, at this time of scattering and spoliation, in a true cosmopolitan feeling, which can be nowhere more at home than in matters of art and science, with a view to making the treasures of art which lie scattered abroad generally useful; thus helping to form an ideal body of art, that may happily indemnify us for what the present moment tears away or destroys.

From Goethe's Introduction to the «Propylæum.»

«THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND WONDERFUL OF ALL WRITERS»

WILHELM had scarcely finished a few of Shakespeare's plays, before he became so much affected by them that he could not continue their perusal. His whole soul was in a state of excitement. He thereupon sought an opportunity to speak with Jarno, and he could not adequately express his gratitude for the pleasure to which he had introduced him.

«I foresaw plainly,» observed Jarno, «that you could not remain indifferent to the excellence of the most extraordinary and wonderful of all writers.»

«Yes,» exclaimed Wilhelm, «I do not think that any book, any man, or any occurrence of life has ever produced so strong an effect upon me as the precious works to which, by your kindness, I have been introduced. They appear to be the productions of a heavenly genius who has descended to the abodes of men, to render them, by the gentlest lessons, acquainted with themselves. They are not mere poems. One might think during their perusal that he stood before the opened, solemn books of destiny, through which the whirlwind of impassioned life is breathing, whilst the leaves are agitated to and fro. I have been so astonished and overcome by the strength and tenderness, the power and repose of these works, that I long for the time when I shall be able to continue their perusal.»

«Bravo,» said Jarno, holding out his hand to Wilhelm, and pressing his in return, «I knew it would be so, and the results which I anticipate are sure to follow.»

«I wish,» observed Wilhelm, «that I could explain to you all my present sensations. Every dream which I have ever indulged respecting man and his destiny, every idea I have ever entertained upon such subjects within my own secret soul, I find unfolded and complete in the compositions of Shakespeare. It appears as if he had unraveled to us the mystery of all our enigmas, even though we cannot explain wherein lies the actual word of solution. His men seem to be human beings, and yet they are not so. These wonderful and complicated creations of nature act like watches that are inclosed in crystal dial plates and cases, which whilst they indicate the course of the hours, display the machinery and wheels by which they are set in motion. The few glances which I have cast into the world of Shakespeare impel me irresistibly to march forward with hasty strides into the world of active life, to mingle in the flood of destiny which courses through it, and, finally, to fill a few goblets from the deep tide of true nature, and distribute them from the stage to the thirsty inhabitants of my native land.»

From Goethe's «Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,»
Book III., Chap. xi.

WILHELM MEISTER ON HAMLET

For the first time since a long period, Wilhelm found himself once more in his proper element. Of late his conversation had been listened to by those who were attentive by compulsion, but now he had the happiness of speaking with critics and artists, who not only fully comprehended him, but whose conversation was instructive in return. With eager rapidity they spoke of all the latest pieces and pronounced judgment upon them with decision. They knew how to try and estimate the judgment of the public, and they speedily explained their mutual opinions.

In deference to Wilhelm's love for Shakespeare, their conversation soon turned upon that author. He assured Serlo that he looked forward with the fondest hopes to the epoch which would arise in Germany from his incomparable productions, and he soon introduced the character of Hamlet, with which he had been much occupied of late.

Serlo declared that if it had been possible, he would long since have performed that celebrated piece, and that he himself would willingly have played the character of Polonius. And then he added with a smile, « We should have been able to find an Ophelia, had we only been provided with a Prince. »

Wilhelm did not observe that Aurelia seemed a little displeased at her brother's raillery. In accordance with his usual habit, he was becoming talkative and instructive, and he wished to explain how he would have « Hamlet » performed. He stated in detail the result of his reflections upon the subject, and was at much pains to render his opinions acceptable, notwithstanding Serlo's doubts as to the correctness of his views. « But, » exclaimed the latter at length, « supposing we admit all that you have said, what further explanation have you to add? »

« I have much to add, » replied Wilhelm. « Picture to yourself a prince, such as I have described him, whose father has died suddenly. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions which inspire him. He would have been satisfied with knowing that he was the offspring of a king. But now he is compelled for the first time to notice the difference between a monarch and a subject. His right to the throne was not hereditary, yet his father's longer life would have strengthened the claims of his only son, and secured his hopes of the crown. But he now sees him-

self excluded by his uncle, perhaps forever, in spite of all his specious promises. Destitute of all things and of favor, he is a stranger in the very place which from his youth he had considered as his own possession. At this point his disposition takes the first tinge of melancholy. He feels that now he is not more, but rather less, than a private nobleman. He becomes the servant of every one, and yet he is not courteous nor condescending, but degraded and needy.

"His past condition appears to him like a vanished dream. In vain does his uncle seek to console him and to display his prospects in another light. The consciousness of his nothingness will not abandon him.

"The second blow that struck him inflicted a deeper wound, and bowed him to the earth. It was the marriage of his mother. After the death of his father, the true and tender son had yet a mother left, and he hoped that in the company of this noble parent he might honor the heroic form of his deceased father; but he lost her also, and that by a more cruel fate than if he had been deprived of her by death. The hopeful picture which an affectionate child loves to form of his parents has forever vanished. The dead can afford him no assistance, and in the living he finds no constancy. She too is a woman and owns the frailty which belongs to all her sex.

"He feels for the first time that he is forsaken, that he is an orphan, and that no worldly happiness can restore to him what he has lost. Naturally, neither sorrowful nor reflective, sorrow and reflection now become to him a grievous burden. Thus it is that he appears before us. I do not think I have introduced into the character anything that does not belong to it, or that I have exaggerated it in any respect."

Serlo looked at his sister and observed, "Have I given you a false account of our friend? He has begun well, and he will continue to inform and to persuade us."

Wilhelm declared loudly that he did not wish to persuade, but to convince; and he asked for another moment's patience.

"Think of this youth," he exclaimed; "think of this prince vividly; reflect upon his condition and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit has appeared. Accompany him during that fearful night when the venerable ghost addresses him, A shuddering horror seizes him; he speaks to the mysterious form; it beckons to him,—he follows and listens. The dreadful

accusation of his uncle echoes in his ears; the injunction to revenge, and the imploring supplication again and again repeated, 'Remember me!'

"And when the ghost has vanished, whom do we see standing before us? A young hero panting for revenge? A prince by birth who feels proud that he is enjoined to punish the usurper of his crown? No! astonishment and perplexity confound the solitary youth; he vents the bitterness of his soul against smiling villains, swears never to forget his father's departed spirit, and concludes with the expression of deep regret that:—

'The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!'

"It seems to me that in these words will be found the key to Hamlet's whole course of conduct, and it is evident that Shakespeare meant to describe a great duty imposed upon a soul unable to perform it. And in this sense I find that the whole play is conceived and worked out. An oak tree is planted in a costly vase, which should only have borne beautiful flowers in its bosom; the roots expand and the vase is shattered.

"A lovely, pure, noble, and highly moral being, without the strength of mind which forms a hero, sinks beneath a load which it cannot bear and must not renounce. He views every duty as holy, but this one is too much for him. He is called upon to do what is impossible; not impossible in itself, but impossible to him. And as he turns and winds and torments himself, still advancing and retreating, ever reminded and remembering his purpose, he almost loses sight of it completely, without ever recovering his happiness."

"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,"
Book IV., Chap. xiii.

GROWTH BY EXCHANGE OF IDEAS

When several persons live together in friendly intercourse, at the same time that they have a common interest to advance their culture, and keep in view separate, closely united aims, they feel that they are coming in contact in the greatest possible variety of ways, and that even a direction that seems to lead to their separation will soon happily reunite them.

Who has not felt what profit, in such cases, results from conversation? But conversation has no permanence; and though we do not lose any portion of the results of a mutual interchange of acquisition, the memory of the means by which they were arrived at disappears.

The steps of such a common progress are better preserved by means of a correspondence by letter. Each moment of growth is thus fixed, and while our attainment gives us a feeling of satisfaction, we shall derive advantage from a backward look at the process of growth, which gives us reason to hope for ceaseless future progress.

Brief notes, in which we set down from time to time our thoughts, convictions, and wishes, in order to return and converse with ourselves after an interval of time, are also an excellent means of aiding our own culture, and that of others; a means that no one should neglect, when we consider the short space of time allotted to life, and the many hindrances we meet with in the way of advancement.

It will be seen that we are now speaking of an interchange of ideas among friends, who have a common aim of artistic and scientific cultivation. At the same time, so great an advantage ought not to be neglected in a life of action in the world.

But in matters of art and science, a limited connection of this sort is not sufficient; to stand in some relation to the public is equally agreeable and necessary. Whatever a man does or thinks, of general concern, belongs to the world, which in time brings to maturity whatever it can appropriate of the efforts of individuals. The desire for applause which the writer feels is an instinct that nature has implanted in him, to draw him on to something higher. He thinks he has achieved the laurel, but soon perceives that a more laborious cultivation of all his faculties is necessary, to hold fast the public favor, which through fortune and accident may be retained for a few short moments.

In early times the writer perceived this significance in his relation to the public, and even in later days he cannot dispense with it. However little he may seem called to give instruction, he still feels the need of imparting to others with whom he has a sympathy, but who are scattered up and down in the world. He wishes by this means to renew his relations with old friends, to strengthen those friendships now existing, and to acquire others in the new generation for the remainder of his term of life. He

wishes to spare the young those circuitous ways in which he wandered up and down, and whilst he observes and profits by the advantages of the present time, preserves the recollection of earlier and more meritorious endeavors.

From Goethe's Introduction to the «Propylæum.»

LIFE AS AN APPRENTICESHIP

ART is long, life short; judgment difficult, occasion transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished, his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force; the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts rightly; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens up the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

From «Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.»

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

A PROTESTANT country-clergyman is, perhaps, the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl; he appears, like Melchizedek, as priest and king in one person. In the most innocent situation which can be imagined in the world, that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united to his people by similar occupations, as well as by similar family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus a perfect member of the community. On this pure, beautiful, earthly foundation, reposes his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care for their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and, if present consolation is not sufficient, he calls up before them the hope and firm assurance of a happier future. Imagine to yourself such a man, with feelings of pure humanity, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the many, of whom one can expect neither purity nor firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity which is even passionate, for he neglects no moment for doing good,—and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only labor on in a small circle, but may also, perchance, pass over to a smaller; grant him good-nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from so decided a character, and over all this a serene condescension and a smiling forbearance towards his own failings and those of others; so will you have put together pretty well the image of our excellent Wakefield.

The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, and the ever-increasing interest of the plot, by the combination of what is quite natural with the strange and the wonderful, make this romance one of the best which has ever been written; besides this, it has the great superiority of being quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian, for it represents the reward of good intentions and perseverance in the right, it strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and asserts the final triumph of good over evil, and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these

by an elevation of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by reason of which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has without question great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but, at the same time, he may thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages which his country and his nation afforded him. The family, with whose delineation he has here busied himself, stands upon one of the lowest steps of citizen-comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, extends its influence into the great world through the natural and common course of things; this little skiff floats full on the agitated waves of English life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

I may suppose that my readers know this work and remember it; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me.

From Goethe's «Autobiography.»

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728–1774)

GOLDSMITH began his life in London by persistent work as an essayist, writing in what was still the dominant style of Addison and Steele. He wrote essays of this kind for the Critical Review, the British Magazine, the Lady's Magazine, the Busybody, the Bee, and the Citizen of the World. Much of the work he did at this period has been lost, but in the Bee and the Citizen of the World he wrote a very considerable collection of essays, many of which would be valued even were they not known to be his. The Citizen of the World is a record of the observations of a supposititious Chinese philosopher, traveling in England and writing home to "Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin." Goldsmith was born in County Longford, Ireland, November 10th, 1728. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1749. After studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh in 1752, he traveled on foot through western and southern Europe, supporting himself by playing the flute. Returning penniless to London, he attempted to practice medicine, but being obliged to write to support himself, he was forced by his necessities into immortality. After much work of an ephemeral character done for London publishers, he published "The Traveler" in 1765, "The Vicar of Wakefield" in 1766, and his comedy of "The Good-Natured Man" in 1768. Each of these is a masterpiece sufficient of itself to have made his reputation permanent, but in 1770 he followed them with his "Deserted Village," no doubt his best poem, as it is certainly one of the best ever written. His greatest comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was not produced until 1773, the year before his death. The list of his other works is a long one, and while many of them have been criticized as the hasty work of a "potboiler," all are unquestionably the work of a man of high and fine genius, worthy of the age and company of Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

NORTH PORCH OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

After a Recent Photograph.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS

ANIMALS in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities they lose all their spirit of industry and testify but a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious; and its actions, to me who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft, pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread, coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from its first point, as it recedes the thread

lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with his claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house spider. I perceived about four years ago a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could per-

ceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time. When a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till by ineffectual and impo-

tent struggles the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand; and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defense or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood, in their forceps, away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their paternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites: but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

Complete. From the Bee.

A CHINESE VIEW OF LONDON

(From Lien Chi Altangi, to the care of Fipsihi, resident in Moscow, to be forwarded by the Russian caravan to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China)

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth! that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The further I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but, instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination. I consider myself here as a newly-created being introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination, still unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me: it seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I been never from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long traveling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs powdered with red earth; and the Calmuck beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheepskin, appeared highly ridiculous: but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure therefore in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character: it is possible they only endeavor to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eyebrow-pluckers would all want bread should their neighbors want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbors and clap it like a bush on his own; the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown, and then with a composition of meal and hog's lard plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin; thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China: the Europeans have quite a different idea of beauty from us. When I reflect on the

small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfew. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth! the snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful; Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking!

Yet uncivil as Nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colors, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished the map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country. "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company. The first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other put on to please strangers abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough, but the outdoor one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toadeater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day."

I can't ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without, and I have seen a lady, who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked in the streets. Farewell

Letter III. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

THE FALL OF THE KINGDOM OF LAO

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam)

I WAS some days ago in company with a politician, who very pathetically declaimed upon the miserable situation of his country; he assured me that the whole political machine was moving in a wrong track, and that scarcely even abilities like his own could ever set it right again. "What have we," said he, "to do with the wars on the continent? We are a commercial nation; we have only to cultivate commerce, like our neighbors the Dutch; it is our business to increase trade by settling new colonies; riches are the strength of a nation; and for the rest, our ships alone will protect us." I found it vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those of a man who thought himself wise enough to direct even the ministry. I fancied, however, that I saw with more certainty, because I reasoned without prejudice; I therefore begged leave, instead of argument, to relate a short history. He gave me a smile at once of condescension and contempt, and I proceeded as follows to describe the rise and declension of the kingdom of Lao:—

Northward of China, and in one of the doublings of the great wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed its liberty, and a peculiar government of its own. As the inhabitants were on all sides surrounded by the wall, they feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars; and being each possessed of property, they were zealous in its defense.

The natural consequence of security and affluence in any country is a love of pleasure; when the wants of nature are supplied, we seek after the conveniences; when possessed of these, we desire the luxuries of life; and when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition takes up the man, and leaves him still something to wish for: the inhabitants of the country, from primitive simplicity, soon began to aim at elegance, and from elegance proceeded to refinement. It was now found absolutely requisite, for the good of the state, that the people should be divided. Formerly, the same hand that was employed in tilling the ground, or in dressing up the manufactures, was also, in time of need, a soldier; but the custom was now changed; for it was perceived that a man bred up from childhood to the arts of either peace or war, became more eminent by this means in his respective

profession. The inhabitants were, therefore, now distinguished into artisans and soldiers; and while those improved the luxuries of life, these watched for the security of the people.

A country possessed of freedom has always two sorts of enemies to fear: foreign foes, who attack its existence from without; and internal miscreants, who betray its liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to guard against both. A country of artisans were most likely to preserve internal liberty; and a nation of soldiers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence naturally rose a division of opinion between the artisans and soldiers of the kingdom. The artisans, ever complaining that freedom was threatened by an armed internal force, were for disbanding the soldiers, and insisted that their walls, their walls alone, were sufficient to repel the most formidable invasion; the warriors, on the contrary, represented the power of the neighboring kings, the combinations formed against their state, and the weakness of the wall, which every earthquake might overturn. While this altercation continued, the kingdom might be justly said to enjoy its greatest share of vigor; every order in the state, by being watchful over each other, contributed to diffuse happiness equally, and balanced the state. The arts of peace flourished, nor were those of war neglected; the neighboring powers, who had nothing to apprehend from the ambition of men whom they only saw solicitous, not for riches, but freedom, were contented to traffic with them: they sent their goods to be manufactured in Lao, and paid a large price for them upon their return.

By these means, this people at length became moderately rich, and their opulence naturally invited the invader: a Tartar prince led an immense army against them and they as bravely stood up in their own defense; they were still inspired with a love of their country; they fought the barbarous enemy with fortitude, and gained a complete victory.

From this moment, which they regarded as the completion of their glory, historians date their downfall. They had risen in strength by a love of their country, and fell by indulging ambition. The country, possessed by the invading Tartars, seemed to them a prize that would not only render them more formidable for the future, but which would increase their opulence for the present; it was unanimously resolved, therefore, both by soldiers and artisans, that those desolate regions should be peopled by colonies from Lao. When a trading nation begins to act the

conqueror, it is then perfectly undone; it subsists in some measure by the support of its neighbors: while they continue to regard it without envy or apprehension, trade may flourish; but when once it presumes to assert as its right what is only enjoyed as a favor, each country reclaims that part of commerce which it has power to take back, and turns it into some other channel more honorable, though perhaps less convenient.

Every neighbor now began to regard with jealous eyes this ambitious commonwealth, and forbade their subjects any future intercourse with them. The inhabitants of Lao, however, still pursued the same ambitious maxims: it was from their colonies alone they expected riches; and riches, said they, are strength, and strength is security. Numberless were the migrations of the desperate and enterprising of this country, to people the desolate dominions lately possessed by the Tartar. Between these colonies and the mother country a very advantageous traffic was at first carried on: the republic sent their colonies large quantities of the manufactures of the country, and they in return provided the republic with an equivalent in ivory and ginseng. By this means the inhabitants became immensely rich, and this produced an equal degree of voluptuousness; for men who have much money will always find some fantastical modes of enjoyment. How shall I mark the steps by which they declined? Every colony in process of time spreads over the whole country where it first was planted. As it grows more populous, it becomes more polite; and those manufactures for which it was in the beginning obliged to others, it learns to dress up itself: such was the case with the colonies of Lao; they, in less than a century, became a powerful and a polite people, and the more polite they grew the less advantageous was the commerce which still subsisted between them and others. By this means the mother country, being abridged in its commerce, grew poorer, but not less luxurious. Their former wealth had introduced luxury; and wherever luxury once fixes, no art can either lessen or remove it. Their commerce with their neighbors was totally destroyed, and that with their colonies was every day naturally and necessarily declining; they still, however, preserved the insolence of wealth, without a power to support it, and persevered in being luxurious, while contemptible from poverty. In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness.

Their former opulence only rendered them more impotent, as those individuals who are reduced from riches to poverty are, of all men, the most unfortunate and helpless. They had imagined, because their colonies tended to make them rich upon the first acquisition, they would still continue to do so; they now found, however, that on themselves alone they should have depended for support; that colonies ever afforded but temporary affluence, and when cultivated and polite, are no longer useful. From such a concurrence of circumstances they soon became contemptible. The Emperor Honti invaded them with a powerful army. Historians do not say whether their colonies were too remote to lend assistance, or else were desirous of shaking off their dependence; but certain it is, they scarcely made any resistance: their walls were now found but a weak defense, and they at length were obliged to acknowledge subjection to the empire of China.

Happy, very happy, might they have been, had they known when to bound their riches and their glory; had they known that extending empire is often diminishing power; that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful; that colonies, by draining away the brave and enterprising, leave the country in the hands of the timid and avaricious; that walls give little protection, unless manned with resolution; that too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and that there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire. Adieu.

Letter XXV. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam)

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit, inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the

midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king, who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection." "It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice." "What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or

three battles, or the taking half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?" "Gaining battles, or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege." "This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?" "No, sir," replied my guide, "the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself." "Pray tell me, then, in a word," said I peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?" "Remarkable, sir!" said my companion; "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey." "But, head my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?" "I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the Poet's Corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton." "Drayton!" I replied; "I never heard of him before: but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?" "It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet." "Strange," cried I, "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?" "Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure

themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce, and Scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candor; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and, in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I. "Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money he may buy reputation from your book answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancor of malevolent dullness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish. Thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honor of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honor? "As for your questions," replied the gate keeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but, as for that there threepence, I farm it from one,—who rents it from another,—who hires it from a third, —who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all

must live." I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armor, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. Look ye there, gentlemen, says he, pointing to an old oak chair, there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned: you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's Pillow. I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armor, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armor," said he, "belonged to General Monk." "Very surprising that a general should wear armor." "And pray," added he, "observe this cap, this is General Monk's cap." "Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompense truly," said I. "Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! still more money!" "Every gentleman gives something, sir." "I'll give thee nothing," returned I; "the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show

me the gate; if I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings in order to ruminate over what was great and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

Letter XIII. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

LIBERTY IN ENGLAND

(From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam)

Ask an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers, his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for, in this particular, several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burdened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state in Europe.

How, then, are the English more free (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy, with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution.

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an effective power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community.

But in all those governments where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence, but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is

feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband, who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one, subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form any idea: here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions; others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

There is scarcely an Englishman who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and happy for the people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offenses to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government: every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, and burdened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus, the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigor. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigors of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would, in fact, impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free, so it is possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king, who, through good-nature or age, should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people; if there should come a minister of merit and popularity — but I have room for no more. Adieu.

Letter L. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

THE LOVE OF «FREAKS»

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam)

THOUGH the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest, this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money; no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning, by locking them up close, and showing for money, they soon become prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a waxwork figure behind a glass door at a puppet show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face, and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frighted several ladies and children with amazing success. In this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in waxwork: thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from gaol, he was now grown wiser, and, instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ;* nay, it has been reported that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rareties; but this the

learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope, and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity; he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but, to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aërial genius, might starve; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made forever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighborhood, who was bred a habit maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin made her fortune here: she now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures stopped at one with peculiar admiration; there, cried he, is an inestimable piece. I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection: I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. Sir, cries he, the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the

whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes; I bought it at a very great price, for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show the best imitation of nature that was ever seen, they all live in luxury. A singing woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another who jingles several bells fixed to his cap is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labors of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times. Here, says he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed! Prithee, young man, says I to him, are you ignorant that in so large a city as this it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society? Can you leap up, and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground? No, sir. Can you flatter a man of quality? No, sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? No, sir. Can you swallow a penknife? I can do none of these tricks. Why then, cried I, there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription.

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture masters, or showmen have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia, which is now sent to Italy and France, in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures as well as the condescension of our dancing girls; and the ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fireworks. What an agreeable surprise would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's

face, without singeing her hair, or melting her pomatum. Perhaps, when the first surprise was over, she might then grow familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with intrepidity.

But of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and I should fancy the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning: while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded that among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery, nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private than in any other bauble imported from China, though ever so expensive or amusing.

Letter XLV. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

OBJECTS OF PITY AS A DIET

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam)

THE better sort here pretend to the utmost compassion for animals of every kind; to hear them speak, a stranger would be apt to imagine they could hardly hurt the gnat that stung them; they seem so tender and so full of pity, that one would take them for the harmless friends of the whole creation; the protectors of the meanest insect or reptile that was privileged with existence. And yet (would you believe it?) I have seen the very men who have thus boasted of their tenderness, at the same time devouring the flesh of six different animals tossed

up in a fricassee. Strange contrariety of conduct! they pity, and they eat the objects of their compassion! The lion roars with terror over its captive; the tiger sends forth its hideous shriek to intimidate its prey; no creature shows any fondness for its short-lived prisoner, except a man and a cat.

Man was born to live with innocence and simplicity, but he has deviated from nature; he was born to share the bounties of heaven, but he has monopolized them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he is become their tyrant. If an epicure now shall happen to surfeit on his last night's feast, twenty animals the next day are to undergo the most exquisite tortures, in order to provoke his appetite to another guilty meal. Hail, O ye simple, honest Brahmins of the East; ye inoffensive friends of all that were born to happiness as well as you; you never sought a short-lived pleasure from the miseries of other creatures! You never studied the tormenting arts of ingenious refinement; you never surfeited upon a guilty meal! How much more purified and refined are all your sensations than ours! you distinguish every element with the utmost precision; a stream untasted before is new luxury, a change of air is a new banquet, too refined for Western imaginations to conceive.

Though the Europeans do not hold the transmigration of souls, yet one of their doctors has, with great force of argument, and great plausibility of reasoning, endeavored to prove that the bodies of animals are the habitations of demons and wicked spirits, which are obliged to reside in these prisons till the resurrection pronounces their everlasting punishment; but are previously condemned to suffer all the pains and hardships inflicted upon them by man, or by each other, here. If this be the case, it may frequently happen that while we whip pigs to death, or boil live lobsters, we are putting some old acquaintance, some near relation, to excruciating tortures, and are serving him up to the very table where he was once the most welcome companion.

"Kabul," says the "Zend-Avesta," "was born on the rushy banks of the river Mawra; his possessions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune; he hated the harmless Brahmins, and despised their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the flesh of a hundred different animals, and his cooks had a hundred different ways of dressing it, to solicit even satiety.

"Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age; he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance: upon this, his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed his judges.

"He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant; he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. 'Does he not remember,' cries the angry boar, 'to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of a hog, which in life he most resembled.'

"'I am rather,' cries a sheep upon the bench, 'for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb; we may then send him through four or five transmigrations in the space of a month.' 'Were my voice of any weight in the assembly,' cries a calf, 'he should rather assume such a form as mine; I was bled every day in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy.' 'Would it not be wiser,' cries a hen, 'to cram him in the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served?' The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion. 'I am informed,' says this counselor, 'that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepit, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and all about him. What say you, then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity?' The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth; and his soul in the body of his own son passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease."

Letter XV. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

THE WORSHIP OF PINCHBECK HEROES

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam)

IN READING the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. "These," say the gazettes, "are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages." Let me see — forty-six great men in half a year amount just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people, in future times will have any other business to mind but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech, he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his commonplace book into a folio, he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme, he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted by a second and a third assault to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China; but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. "Heavens," thought I, "this man pretends to know China even better than myself!" I looked round to see who was on my side; but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man: I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to speak and to act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple: here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are despatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment,—by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his

life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair.

In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense. Adieu.

Letter LXXIV. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

WHANG AND HIS DREAM OF DIAMONDS

(From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow)

THE Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you

see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire: when people say, Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there, take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang, in our books of Chinese learning,—he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine: but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him: but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced

him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

Letter LXX. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

THE LOVE OF QUACK MEDICINES

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by leveling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with dropsy; does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever; or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must; otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die, though they might have

purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescription, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigor to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed here every day: a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at threescore. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy or a residence in jail have called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East,— where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretend to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches his horse. If the patient live, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he die, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that, "as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable."

Letter XXIV. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

PREFACES TO «THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY»

MY BOOKSELLER having informed me that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, I thought a few hours spent in making a proper selection would not be ill bestowed.

Compilations of this kind are chiefly designed for such as either want leisure, skill, or fortune to choose for themselves; for persons whose professions turn them to different pursuits, or who, not yet arrived at sufficient maturity, require a guide to direct their application. To our youth, particularly, a publication of this sort may be useful, since, if compiled with any share of judgment, it may at once unite precept and example, show them what is beautiful, and inform them why it is so. I therefore offer this, to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has as yet appeared; though, as tastes are various, numbers will be of a very different opinion. Many, perhaps, may wish to see it in the poems of their favorite authors, others may wish that I had selected from works less generally read, and others still may wish that I had selected from their own. But my design was to give a useful, unaffected compilation; one that might tend to advance the reader's taste, and not impress him with exalted ideas of mine. Nothing is so common, and yet so absurd, as affectation in criticism. The desire of being thought to have a more discerning taste than others has often led writers to labor after error, and to be foremost in promoting deformity.

In this compilation I run but few risks of that kind; every poem here is well known, and possessed, or the public has been long mistaken, of peculiar merit; every poem has, as Aristotle expresses it, a beginning, a middle, and an end, in which, however trifling the rule may seem, most of the poetry in our language is deficient. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious, for in all languages best productions are most easily found. As to the short introductory criticisms to each poem, they are rather designed for boys than men; for it will be seen that I declined all refinement, satisfied with being obvious and sincere. In short, if this work be useful in schools, or amusing in the closet, the merit all belongs to others; I have nothing to boast, and at best can expect, not applause, but pardon.

Complete. 1767.

"The Rape of the Lock"

This seems to be Mr. Pope's most finished production, and is, perhaps, the most perfect in our language. It exhibits stronger powers of imagination, more harmony of numbers, and a greater knowledge of the world than any other of this poet's works; and it is probable, if our country were called upon to show a specimen of its genius to foreigners, this would be the work fixed upon.

Complete.

"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"

This is a very fine poem, but overloaded with epithet. The heroic measure, with alternate rhyme, is very properly adapted to the solemnity of the subject, as it is the slowest movement that our language admits of. The latter part of the poem is pathetic and interesting.

Complete.

"Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal"

This poem of Mr. Johnson is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language, being possessed of all the force and satirical resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the Ancients than even translation could do.

Complete.

"The Schoolmistress"

This poem is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit; and, though I dislike the imitations of our old English poets in general, yet, on this minute subject, the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous solemnity.

Complete.

"Cooper's Hill"

This poem by Denham, though it may have been exceeded by later attempts in description, yet deserves the highest applause, as it far surpasses all that went before it; the concluding part, though a little too much crowded, is very masterly.

Complete.

"Eloisa to Abélard"

The harmony of numbers in this poem is very fine. It is rather drawn out to too tedious a length, although the passions vary with great judgment. It may be considered as superior to anything in the epistolary way; and the many translations which have been made of it into the modern languages are in some measure a proof of this.

Complete.

"The Tears of Scotland"

This ode, by Dr. Smollett, does rather more honor to the author's feelings than to his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as so short a work as this requires; but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza but one, is exquisitely fine.

Complete.

"On the Death of the Lord Protector"

Our poetry was not quite harmonized in Waller's time; so that this, which would be now looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was, with respect to the times in which it was written, almost a prodigy of harmony. A modern reader will chiefly be struck with the strength of thinking, and the turn of the compliments bestowed upon the usurper. Everybody has heard the answer our poet made Charles II. who asked him how his poem upon Cromwell came to be finer than his panegyric upon himself? "Your Majesty," replied Waller, "knows that poets always succeed best in fiction."

Complete.

Young's "Night Thoughts" and "Satires"

These seem to be the best of the collection; from whence only the first two are taken. They are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt, as the reader's disposition is either turned to mirth or melancholy.

Young's "Satires" were in higher reputation when published than they stand in at present. He seems fonder of dazzling than pleasing; of raising our admiration for his wit than our dislike of the follies he ridicules

Complete.

HAPPINESS AND GOOD-NATURE

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I can not avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night," or "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen."

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a ridiculous or pleasing

light will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress,—he persuaded himself that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick

fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah, father!" cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah, father!" cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author, who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general, who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good-humor in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; the only method to come off victorious is by running away.

Complete. From the Bee.

NIGHT IN THE CITY

THE clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence; had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility, or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

Letter CXVII. complete. From the Citizen of the World.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE

(1849–)

AS AN essayist, Edmund Gosse shows the same delicacy of touch and subtlety of thought which made him a special favorite among the "parlor poets" of nineteenth-century England. He was born in London, September 21st, 1849, and began his professional career as a newspaper writer. The publication of his "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets" in 1870 suggested the great ability he has since demonstrated, not only in his "New Poems" and "English Odes," but in his essays,—a volume of which entitled "Seventeenth-Century Studies" was published in 1883. He became Clark lecturer at Cambridge University, and his lectures delivered there were collected and published in 1885 in a volume entitled, "From Shakespeare to Pope." He is a favorite contributor to English reviews, and many of his best essays have appeared in them.

THE TYRANNY OF THE NOVEL

A PARISIAN Hebraist has been attracting a moment's attention to his paradoxical and learned self by announcing that strong-hearted and strong-brained nations do not produce novels. This gentleman's soul goes back, no doubt, in longing and despair to the heart of Babylon and the brain of Gath. But if he looks for a modern nation that does not cultivate the novel, he must, I am afraid, go far afield. Finland and Roumania are certainly tainted; Bohemia lies in the bond of naturalism. Probably Montenegro is the one European nation which this criterion would leave strong in heart and brain. The amusing absurdity of this whim of a pedant may serve to remind us how universal is now the reign of prose fiction. In Scandinavia the drama may claim an equal prominence, but no more. In all other countries the novel takes the largest place, claims and obtains the widest popular attention, is the admitted tyrant of the whole family of literature.

This is so universally acknowledged nowadays that we scarcely stop to ask ourselves whether it is a heaven-appointed condition of things, existing from the earliest times, or whether it is an innovation. As a matter of fact, the predominance of the novel is a very recent event. Most other classes of literature are as old as the art of verbal expression: lyrical and narrative poetry, drama, history, philosophy,—all these have flourished since the sunrise of the world's intelligence. But the novel is a creation of the late afternoon of civilization. In the true sense, though not the pedantic one, the novel began in France with "La Princesse de Clèves," and in England with "Pamela,"—that is to say, in 1677 and in 1740 respectively. Compared with the dates of the beginning of philosophy and of poetry, these are as yesterday and the day before yesterday. Once started, however, the sapling of prose fiction grew and spread mightily. It took but a few generations to overshadow all the ancient oaks and cedars around it, and with its monstrous foliage to dominate the forest.

It would not be uninteresting, if we had space to do so here, to mark in detail the progress of this astonishing growth. It would be found that, in England at least, it has not been by any means regularly sustained. The original magnificent outburst of the English novel lasted for exactly a quarter of a century, and closed with the publication of "Humphrey Clinker." During this period of excessive fertility in a hitherto unworked field, the novel produced one masterpiece after another, positively pushing itself to the front and securing the best attention of the public at a moment when such men as Gray, Butler, Hume, and Warburton were putting forth contributions to the old and long-established sections of literature. Nay, such was the force of the new kind of writing that the gravity of Johnson and the grace of Goldsmith were seduced into participating in its facile triumphs.

But, at the very moment when the novel seemed about to sweep everything before it, the wave subsided and almost disappeared. For nearly forty years, only one novel of the very highest class was produced in England; and it might well seem as though prose fiction, after its brief victory, had exhausted its resources, and had sunken forever into obscurity. During the close of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth, no novel, except "Evelina," could pretend to disturb the laurels of Burke, of Gibbon, of Cowper, of Crabbe. The publication of

"Caleb Williams" is a poor event to set against that of the "Lyrical Ballads"; even "Thalaba the Destroyer" seemed a more impressive phenomenon than the "Monk." But the second great bourgeoning of the novel was at hand. Like the tender ash, it delayed to clothe itself when all the woods of romanticism were green. But in 1811 came "Sense and Sensibility," in 1814 "Waverley"; and the novel was once more at the head of the literary movement of the time.

It cannot be said to have stayed there very long. Miss Austen's brief and brilliant career closed in 1817. Sir Walter Scott continued to be not far below his best until about ten years later. But a period of two decades included not only the work of these two great novelists, but the best books also of Galt, of Mary Ferrier, of Maturin, of Lockhart, of Banim. It saw the publication of "Hajji Baba," of "Frankenstein," of "Anastatius." Then, for the second time, prose fiction ceased for a while to hold a position of high predominance. But Bulwer Lytton was already at hand; and five or six years of comparative obscurity prepared the way for Dickens, Lever, and Lover. Since the memorable year 1837 the novel has reigned in English literature; and its tyranny was never more irresistible than it is to-day. The Victorian has been peculiarly the age of the triumph of fiction.

. . . . . .

We have but to look around us at this very moment to see how complete the tyranny of the novel is. If one hundred educated and grown men — not, of course, themselves the authors of other books — were to be asked which are the three most notable works published in London during the present season, would not ninety and nine be constrained to answer, with a parrot uniformity, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "David Grieve," "The Little Minister?" These are the books which have been most widely discussed, most largely bought, most vehemently praised, most venomously attacked. These are the books in which the "trade" has taken most interest, the vitality of which is most obvious and indubitable. It may be said that the conditions of the winter of 1892 were exceptional — that no books of the first class in other branches were produced. This may be true; and yet Mr. Jebb has issued a volume of his "Sophocles," Mr. William Morris a collection of the lyric poems of years, Mr. Froude his "Divorce of Catharine of Aragon," and Mr. Tyndall his "New Fragments." If the poets in chorus had blown their silver trumpets and the

philosophers their bold bassoons, the result would have been the same: they would have won some respect and a little notice for their performances; but the novelists would have carried away the money and the real human curiosity. Who shall say that Mr. Freeman was not a better historian than Robertson was? Yet did he make £4,500 by his "History of Sicily"? I wish I could believe it. To-day Mr. Swinburne may publish a new epic, Mr. Gardiner discover to us the head of Charles I. on the scaffold, Mr. Herbert Spencer explore a fresh province of sociology, or Mr. Pater analyze devils in the accents of an angel,— none of these important occurrences will successfully compete, for more than a few moments, among educated people, with the publication of what is called, in publishers' advertisements, "the new popular and original novel of the hour." We are accustomed to this state of things, and we bow to it. But we may, perhaps, remind ourselves that it is a comparatively recent condition. It was not so in 1730, nor in 1800, nor even in 1835. . . .

I should like to ask our friends the leading novelists whether they do not see their way to enlarging a little the sphere of their labors. What is the use of this tyranny which they wield, if it does not enable them to treat life broadly and to treat it whole? The varieties of amatory intrigue form a fascinating subject, which is not even yet exhausted. But, surely, all life is not love-making. Even the youngest have to deal with other interests, although this may be the dominant one; while, as we advance in years, Venus ceases to be even the ruling divinity. Why should there not be novels written for middle-aged persons? Has the struggle for existence a charm only in its reproductive aspects? If every one of us regards his or her life seriously, with an absolute and unflinching frankness, it will be admitted that love, extended so as to include all its forms,—its sympathetic, its imaginative, its repressed, as well as its fulfilled and acknowledged forms,— takes a place far more restricted than the formulæ of the novelist would lead the inhabitant of some other planet to conjecture.

Unless the novelists do contrive to enlarge their borders, and take in more of life, that misfortune awaits them which befell their ancestors just before the death of Scott. About the year 1830 there was a sudden crash of the novel. The public found itself abandoned to Lady Blessington and Mr. Plumer Ward, and it abruptly closed its account with the novelists. The large prices

which had been, for twenty years past, paid for novels were no longer offered. The book clubs, throughout the kingdom, collapsed, or else excluded novels. When fiction reappeared, after this singular epoch of eclipse, it had learned its lesson, and the new writers were men who put into their work their best observation and ripest experience. It does not appear in the thirties that any one understood what was happening. The stuff produced by the novelists was so ridiculous and ignoble that «the nonsinse of that divil of a Bullwig» seemed positively unrivaled in its comparative sublimity, although these were the days of «Ernest Maltravers.» It never occurred to the authors when the public suddenly declined to read their books (it read «Bullwig's,» in the lack of anything else) that the fault was theirs. The same excuses were made that are made now,—«necessary to write down to a wide audience»; «obliged to supply the kind of article demanded»; «women the only readers to be catered for»; «mammas so solicitous for the purity of what is laid before their daughters.» And the crash came.

The crash will come again, if the novelists do not take care.

From the National Review of 1892.

SARAH GRAND

(Nineteenth Century)

SARAH Grand" (born Frances Elizabeth Clarke), whose novel, "The Heavenly Twins," was one of the greatest successes of 1893, has lately devoted herself to essay writing with a special view to the education and elevation of woman. She was born in Ireland, of English parents, her father being Lieut. Edward John Bellenden Clarke, of the Royal navy. At sixteen she married a surgeon in the navy and traveled for five years in China, Japan, and other eastern countries. Among her works are "Singularly Deluded," "Ideals," "The Heavenly Twins," "Our Manifold Nature," "The Beth Book," and "The Modern Man and Maid."

MARRIAGE AS A TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT

LIFE is meant to be pleasant, and would be, if it were not fo those mistaken ideas of what is pleasant, which make all the mischief. The power to appreciate what is noble and beautiful gives more delight than any quantity of champagne; and the power comes of cultivation, but the discipline is severe. As one knows more of life one perceives how, through all their confusion of mind, the fathers of the Church laid hold of an essential truth when they insisted on the necessity of subduing the flesh. The great human heart suffereth long and is kind, and its purest love is rooted in discipline,—the discipline of self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is not indulgence but self-restraint, duty, and the joys of duty—never enough extolled—that round a life make the glory of its heyday, the music of its evensong, the peace of its decline. An excuse for self-indulgence is at the bottom of all laxity of principle in social relations. Those who would make of marriage a mere fugitive arrangement may deceive themselves in regard to their motives; but it is pretty certain that they are, for the most part, people to whom the recurrent excitement of passion is as dram drinking to the dipsomaniac, as dear a delight and as disastrous. This is shown in their attitude

toward each other, first of all, and then toward the children. With regard to each other, they are prepared from the first to change their minds, for change of feeling begins from the moment that we admit the possibility; with regard to the children, they are abominable. They would relegate the most humanizing influence in our lives to public institutions! The proposition comes well to show us the worth of their theories from the humanitarian point of view, just now when the terrible result of barrack Schools for children is occupying public attention, and even boards of guardians are being moved by pity to put the pauper children out to board in families, that they may escape the brutalizing effect of being herded together and uncared for in so far as their affections are concerned. Men and women who do not delight in "the sweet trouble that the children give" are not agreeable either to know or to think about; but one would just like to ask what these people propose to do with the time that should be given to the little ones? They cannot all be occupied in arts and crafts making masterpieces.

And the children themselves. Occasionally a child in a family is misunderstood; one knows what happens then: but that is the exception. What would it be though in the state nurseries? And what would be the future of the wee creatures who had never known a mother's good-night kiss, never ridden on a father's knee; who had no sweet memories of winter evenings by the fireside when Daddy told tales, of frosty mornings when he took them out to feed the birds,—of any of those tender recollections which remain through life, latent, it may be, most of the time, but still within reach; hallowing influences which resume their sway at critical moments, and save us from the enemy? And as age came on, what would become of the parents themselves? Fathers, whom no son or daughter loved; mothers, without an arm to lean upon. Those who do honestly believe that we should be happier if the discipline of marriage were relaxed must be totally blind to all consequences but the one that would immediately result.

The introduction of a few examples of the working of special facilities for divorce, and the practical outcome of retrograde ideas in regard to the relations of the sexes, would add to the value of the next edition of Miss Chapman's book. An illustration is always worth more than an argument. The woman whose heart does not melt with tenderness merely at the thought of little

arms stretched out to her in the first dumb recognition of her love should be spoken of compassionately as one who is grievously afflicted, one who has been deprived of the greatest good in life. The delight of a young pair in their children is one of the most heavenly things on earth, but these "reformers" would rob us of the spectacle. And all for what? An extra number of lovers if we like!

Great good has been done from personal motives, and, therefore, the personal does not necessarily imply the petty or the pernicious; still it is well to know the origin of people's opinions before we allow ourselves to be influenced. You cannot take a man or woman seriously whose whole attitude is determined by one little personal experience, like a certain well-known scientific gentleman who was making a crusade against the monstrous pretensions of women, and influenced some of us considerably, until it leaked out that the poor man was under the thumb of a terrible little termagant of a wife at home, whom even the cook did not dare to oppose.

The history of man as a proprietor does not inspire confidence in his disinterestedness, and women would do well to be wary when their interests are under discussion. Any argument which does not recognize the spiritual aspiration of the human race is not worth considering. The tendency of divorce is to degrade marriage to the physical plane entirely, and there "the true heart's seraph yearning for better things" finds no satisfaction. Greater facility for divorce means more self-indulgence for those who are that way inclined, and more misery for the rest,— especially the women and children. I have recently seen some piteous letters from a place where it is becoming the rule for husbands to divorce elderly wives, and without making adequate provision for them either, in order to marry younger women. At a public dinner the toast of the guest of the evening, a married man, was coupled with the hope that the "obstacle" to his union with the girl of his heart might soon be removed, and was drunk with cheers. It seems incredible, yet the statement was made by one who spoke in the tone of an earnest person. We must have more information on the subject. But, in the meantime, in view of what is happening around us, and of what may happen, Miss Chapman's work is one to study. The temptation is to quote from it; but taking solitary passages is unsatisfactory, for however much one quotes, short of the whole, there is always more one would like to

mention. It is, as I said before, a book to possess, especially for young people who would arrive at the highest ideal of marriage, parenthood, and citizenship; for teachers, and for open-minded people who would know the trend of the times, and see for themselves in what direction our much-maligned modern women are steering. Miss Chapman strikes the new note of the day, even if she does not play the whole tune, and it is impossible to read her essays without having one's moral education helped on enormously. In embracing her principles one feels that one has struggled up from a lower to a higher stage of being.

From a review of Miss Chapman's «Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction.»

HORACE GREELEY

(1811–1872)

HORACE GREELEY, the first great journalist of the United States, may be taken as a type of the American newspaper essayists whose "editorials" did so much to direct events during the first half of the nineteenth century. Without the smoothness of his pupil, Charles A. Dana, he had an extraordinary force of direct statement, due rather to his earnestness than to any study of the graces of style. The selections here given represent his manner both as an editorial essayist and as a correspondent. He was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3d, 1811. His early education was largely an incident of his work at the printer's case. His whole life was devoted to newspaper work in one way or another. In New York city, where he began his newspaper career in 1831, he founded or edited successively the Morning Post (on a cash capital of $150), the New Yorker, the Jeffersonian, the Log Cabin, and in 1841 the Tribune. He served a term in Congress (1848–49) and was a candidate for President against Grant in 1872, but his greatest successes in life were achieved always in his own field of journalism rather than in politics. In journalism he stood for the power of a strong individual conscience, asserting rectitude as the first law of good business and the supreme law of "good politics." He may have been mistaken in many things, but his whole life vindicates him as an exponent of this idea. He died November 29th, 1872, a victim of the overstrain of the presidential campaign of that year.

NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE

WITHIN the last fifty years, a new power — infantile, inefficient, and disregarded through the previous century; unknown to all former time — has arisen to accelerate the onward march of human improvement and influence, vitally, the destinies of the world. Under its potent sway has been established the great tribunal of public opinion, to which the haughtiest despot feels himself amenable — before which the most insidious, the most daring, and the most impregnable enemy of the liber-

ties and the happiness of man, is made to tremble. This power is that of the press,—and pre-eminently that of the periodical press. We do not say that the amount of truths actually disseminated and inculcated through the medium of periodicals is greater than through books. That may, or may not be. But the diffusion of intelligence through books is irregular and casual, while through periodicals it is systematic and certain. The despot in his cabinet, engaged in forging new fetters for his subjects—the military chief, who dares contemplate employing the arms of his soldiery for the subversion of his country's liberties —the demagogue in the midst of his cabal, who, while fawning on and caressing the dear people, is seeking to abuse their confidence to the gratification of his own base ambition, or baser rapacity—all alike with the humbler enemies of social order, and the supremacy of law, have an instinctive terror of a free, virtuous, able, and independent press.

They feel that its eye is inflexibly upon them,—that it is attracting toward them the stern gaze of the millions, whom they would fain make their dupes and their victims,—that the result of its scrutiny will be evinced, but transiently in astonishment, and then in indignant hostility and resolute defiance. They know that the hollowness of their professions, the selfishness of their designs, will be certainly discovered, and unsparingly exposed by this potent champion of truth and right. Knowing all this, they often seek, when they cannot suppress, to turn this mighty power against its natural alliance with the many, and to render it the supple instrument of their purposes,—the dispenser of darkness instead of light. In this they are but partially and transiently successful; and the attempt is a reluctant and indirect tribute to the innate power of the press. Of the many important truths which the last half-century has established, we regard none as more settled or indubitable than this,—that not only is it morally impossible that a government should remain essentially despotic or wholly corrupt in any country where a free press is sustained and cherished, but it is just as impossible to maintain a truly Republican government, or any considerable extent of territory in the absence of such a press. Intelligence is the lifeblood of liberty; and intelligence will be diffused efficiently, and certainly, only through known and appropriate channels. The most powerful tyrants have ever most dreaded the influence of a free press. Napoleon, when he resisted the demand of Lafayette, that the press should

be unshackled, did so, expressly on the ground that a compliance would expel him from France. Did such a fear ever darken the mind of Washington?

Thus far, we have spoken of the press only as the great ally of human liberty, and of each of them as dependent on the other for its healthful, beneficial, and secure existence. Can we err in the moral we would deduce therefrom, that it behooves the friends and supporters of liberty, as a first duty to the good cause, to their country, themselves, and their children, to cherish and sustain the public press,—to elevate its character and extend the sphere of its usefulness? Can there be a doubt of the correctness of this general proposition? If not, let us proceed to its practical application.

It is the duty of every citizen of a free country, who is entitled to exercise the inestimable right of suffrage, to take regularly and read thoroughly, at least one public journal. This is due, first to his country, which has imposed on him a vitally important duty, for the maintenance of the public liberties, and of good government in the just expectation that he will qualify himself for its faithful and proper discharge. This, it would seem needless to say, he cannot do without an accurate acquaintance with the politics and events of the day, so far at least as their general features are regarded.

He cannot safely or honorably calculate on acquiring this knowledge from an occasional glance at a newspaper in a barroom, nor by taxing altogether the good-will of his neighbor. He owes it to himself, also, to take a paper, since, without the information which can only be surely acquired from the public journals, he will speedily fall behind his neighbors and townsmen in intelligence, in influence, in their respect, and—if he be not vastly self-conceited—in his own. He is liable to daily imposition, not only from the falsehoods and misrepresentations of demagogues, but his ignorance of the fluctuations of prices, in money matters, of the prospects of crops, of war, etc., places him at the mercy of every knave to profit by his infatuation. He must be innocent, indeed, if he flatters himself that none will have the heart to do it.

But the man of family rests under a still further obligation. The education of his children is among the most sacred of his duties. We need not here expatiate on the variety and extent of acquirements which in our day are properly comprehended in the

term Education. No man now supposes that a mere ability to read and write endurably, with a smattering of two or three other branches of school instruction, is the thing. When we speak of an education, we mean simply the inculcation of such fundamental truth as is necessary to enable a youth to discharge properly and creditably the duties pertaining to his position in life,—no matter whether it be that of a farmer, a blacksmith, a miller, or a lawyer. Whatever avocation he may choose for a livelihood, he is by birthright a free man—a judge over the actions of the rulers of the land—an integral portion of the governing power. This is a precious inheritance, and involves mighty responsibilities. We shall not institute a comparison between the instruction obtained in schools and that derived from an acquaintance with the events and the interests of the day. Both are indispensable. We will say, however, that, while the father who starves the intellects of his children in order to leave them a few hundred dollars more wealth at his death, is justly regarded as the most mistaken of misers, we must also regard him who pays twenty dollars a year for the instruction of his children, yet grudges to expend half that sum in such periodicals as would excite their interest, enlarge their information, and elevate their tastes, as actuated by a most miserable and inconsistent parsimony.

We have labored to prove that it is the interest and duty, as it should be the pleasure, of every man who is able to work, or in any way to live without dependence on public charity, to take at least one public journal. What its character should be must depend much on his own taste; though if he should prefer a sheet surcharged with calumny, scurrility, and malignity,—the mere instrument of faction and the offspring of low ambition,—he will give us leave to wonder rather than admire. There are hundreds of newspapers printed in this country (and the case is still worse in England and elsewhere), which habitually violate all the decencies of life, and indulge in language and temper which cannot be thrown in the way of children without injury to their manners, their morals, and their principles. These errors and excesses, like the beacons which point out dangers to the mariner, will rather guide the course of the careful and well-disposed head of a family than discourage him altogether.

Great as is still the number of viciously conducted journals, their proportion to the deserving is far less than formerly, and

the improvement is still in progress. We will only say, then, that he who can afford to take but one paper should take the very best one which his means will command, taking care that it embodies, as far as possible, that kind of information which is essential to the discharge of his own responsibilities.

But there is another, and we trust a much larger, class in this country who are able to minister to their intellectual wants more considerably and to do something for the encouragement and support of the public press. We say a larger class, for in this we include all who are not bankrupt, and who can procure a week's physical subsistence for their families with the proceeds of five days' labor. We believe that no man whose yearly income amounts to five hundred dollars, and who can live comfortably on four-fifths of it, can invest a quarter of the surplus so advantageously to himself and family, as in well-selected books and periodicals. For any man whose yearly income exceeds one thousand dollars a year, the appropriation of one-tenth of his annual income to purposes of education and of mental gratification and improvement would be little enough. That mind must be a paltry one, indeed, which is not worth one-tenth of the expense incurred in the sustenance and pampering of the body. And yet, how many there are who complain of the tax imposed by education and by "taking so many newspapers," who do not expend for both so much as they have wasted in a single week's amusement or dissipation! "I take so many newspapers that I have neither time to read them, nor money to pay for them," is the language of many a man who spends in injurious indulgences and in idle company twice the time and money which would be required for reading and paying for the whole of them. Is this rational? Is it just to himself? Is it the example he would set before his children?

Complete. From the Jeffersonian of March, 1838.

IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

THE night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a

fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail.

As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted; but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on these had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting; and thus floundering slowly to the bottom.

By steady effort we descended the three miles (four thousand feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Mercede.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least four thousand feet high, probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs, which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty reputed, was at once renewed. And looking up the valley we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water courses (mainly dry at this season) of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclosing the river, to the furthest limit of vision. . . .

The Fall of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Mercede River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Mercede enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over the Falls of 600 and 250 feet.

But a river thrice as large as the Mercede at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions.

I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite Fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty.

At present, the little streams that leap down the Yosemite, and are all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, look more like a tapeline let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss.

The Yosemite Valley (or gorge) is the most unique and majestic of nature's marvels; but the Yosemite Fall is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

We traversed the valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serves to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation.

Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without having the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

I shall not multiply details, not waste paper in noting all the foolish names which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet above the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!"

Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical?

"The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Mercede and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters of its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite, nearly or quite a mile high.

Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley; and

a biscuit, tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still further.

I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no single wonder of nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from three thousand to four thousand feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or cañon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite, from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

Correspondence of the Tribune 1859.

CROMWELL AND HIS MEN.

After the Painting by R. Smirke, R. A. Engraved by Joseph Thompson.

ROBERT SMIRKE, a noted painter and illustrator of the eighteenth century, was born near Carlisle, England, in 1752. He died at London, January 5th, 1845. Sir Robert Smirke, the architect who designed the British Museum, was his son.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

(1837–1883)

GREEN'S «Short History of the English People» carries close to its highest possible perfection a style of essay in which Clarendon was an apt imitator of the great classical historians. In character sketches and «parallels,» Greek and Roman historians and biographers often show their highest literary skill, and Green is a pupil worthy of such masters. His «Short History of the English People» has hardly been equaled in its own field, and its highest successes are largely due to his success in developing through the methods of the essayist the meaning of great events and the relations of famous historical characters to the age in which they lived. He was born at Oxford, England, in December, 1837. After graduating from the university of his native town, he began life as a curate in London (1860). In 1869 he became librarian at Lambeth, and published his «Short History» five years later. Among his other works are «The Making of England» and «The Conquest of England.» He died at Mentone, March 7th, 1883.

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

(This character sketch was regarded by Mr. Green himself as the best passage in his «Short History of the English People»)

ELIZABETH was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could «rub up her rusty Greek» at need to bandy pedantry with a vice-chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French

as fluently as her mother tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. Even amidst the affectation and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the "Faery Queene," and found a smile for "Master Spenser" when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper, stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gayety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her; "the lack of her was hell." She would play with her rings, that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto, that the French embassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests, gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escurial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The willfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn, played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counselors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council board than those who gathered round the council board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counselors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was

unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the keyboard, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No war, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council board, "No war!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manœuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks,—freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She reveled in "byways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it, as we do, through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equaled by the cynical indifference with which she met the

exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had, at any rate, the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we trace Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper, indeed, tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. «Her Majesty counts much on Fortune,» Walsingham wrote bitterly; «I wish she would trust more in Almighty God.» The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censure at the next her «obstinacy,» her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. «This woman,» Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, «this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils.» To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her manœuvres and retreats, of her «byways» and «crooked ways,» she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of

bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims were equaled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success indeed in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests, above all, on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration, which finds its most perfect expression in the "Faery Queene," throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and, above all, by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in

her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favor. In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of Poor Laws. She lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and her statue in the centre of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all, there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home, in fact, was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. «Nothing,» she said to her first Parliament, in words of unwonted fire, «nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects.» And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

She clung perhaps to her popularity the more passionately that it hid in some measure from her the terrible loneliness of her life. She was the last of the Tudors, the last of Henry's

children; and her nearest relatives were Mary Stuart and the House of Suffolk, one the avowed, the other the secret claimant of her throne. Among her mother's kindred she found but a single cousin. Whatever womanly tenderness she had, wrapped itself around Leicester; but a marriage with Leicester was impossible, and every other union, could she even have bent to one, was denied to her by the political difficulties of her position. The one cry of bitterness which burst from Elizabeth revealed her terrible sense of the solitude of her life: "The Queen of Scots," she cried at the birth of James, "has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." But the loneliness of her position only reflected the loneliness of her nature. She stood utterly apart from the world around her, sometimes above it, sometimes below it, but never of it. It was only on its intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. It was a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people, when honor and enthusiasm took colors of poetic beauty, and religion became a chivalry. But the finer sentiments of the men around her touched Elizabeth simply as the fair tints of a picture would have touched her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives were only counters on her board. She was the one soul in her realm whom the news of St. Bartholomew stirred to no thirst for vengeance; and while England was thrilling with its triumph over the Armada, its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost, and making her profit out of the spoiled provisions she had ordered for the fleet that saved her. To the voice of gratitude, indeed, she was, for the most part, deaf. She accepted services such as were never rendered to any other English sovereign, without a thought of return. Walsingham spent his fortune in saving her life and her throne, and she left him to die a beggar. But, as if by a strange irony, it was to this very want of sympathy that she owed some of the grander features of her character. If she was without love, she was without hate. She cherished no petty resentments; she never stooped to envy or suspicion of the men who served her. She was indifferent to abuse. Her good-humor was never ruffled by the charges of wantonness and cruelty with which the Jesuits filled every court

in Europe. She was insensible to fear. Her life became at last the mark for assassin after assassin, but the thought of peril was the one hardest to bring home to her. Even when the Catholic plots broke out in her very household, she would listen to no proposals for the removal of Catholics from her court.

From «A Short History of the English People.»

CROMWELL AND HIS MEN

THE quarrel of Cromwell with Lord Manchester at Newbury was destined to give a new color and direction to the war. Pym, in fact, had hardly been borne to his grave in Westminster Abbey before England instinctively recognized a successor of yet greater genius in the victor of Marston Moor. Born in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign, the child of a cadet of the great house of the Cromwells of Hinchinbrook, and connected through his mother with Hampden and St. John, Oliver had been recalled by his father's death from a short stay at Cambridge to the little family estate at Huntingdon, which he quitted for a farm at St. Ives. We have already seen his mood during the years of tyranny, as he dwelt in «prolonging» and «blackness,» amid fancies of coming death, the melancholy which formed the ground of his nature feeding itself on the inaction of the time. But his energy made itself felt the moment the tyranny was over. His father had sat, with three of his uncles, in the later parliaments of Elizabeth. Oliver had himself been returned to that of 1628, and the town of Cambridge sent him as its representative to the Short Parliament as to the Long. It is in the latter that a courtier, Sir Philip Warwick, gives us our first glimpse of his actual appearance: «I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood was upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor.» He was already «much

hearkened unto," but his power was to assert itself in deeds rather than in words. He appeared at the head of a troop of his own raising at Edgehill; but with the eye of a born soldier he at once saw the blot in the army of Essex. "A set of poor tapsters and town apprentices," he warned Hampden, "would never fight against men of honor"; and he pointed to religious enthusiasm as the one weapon which could meet and turn the chivalry of the cavalier. Even to Hampden the plan seemed impracticable; but the regiment of a thousand men which Cromwell raised for the Association of the Eastern Counties, and which soon became known as his Ironsides, was formed strictly of "men of religion." He spent his fortune freely on the task he set himself. "The business . . . hath had of me in money between eleven and twelve hundred pounds, therefore my private estate can do little to help the public. . . . I have little money of my own (left) to help my soldiers." But they were "a lovely company," he tells his friends with soldierly pride. No blasphemy, drinking, disorder, or impiety were suffered in their ranks. "Not a man swears but he pays his twelvepence." Nor was his choice of "men of religion" the only innovation Cromwell introduced into his new regiment. The social conditions which restricted command to men of birth were disregarded. "It may be," he wrote, in answer to complaints from the committee of the Association, "it provokes your spirit to see such plain men made captains of horse. It had been well that men of honor and birth had entered into their employments; but why do they not appear? But seeing it is necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none; but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment, and such, I hope, these will approve themselves." The words paint Cromwell's temper accurately enough: he is far more of the practical soldier than of the theological reformer; though his genius already breaks in upon his aristocratic and conservative sympathies, and catches glimpses of the social revolution to which the war was drifting. "I had rather," he once burst out impatiently, "have a plain russet-coated captain, that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman, and is nothing else. I honor a gentleman that is so, indeed," he ends, with a characteristic return to his more common mood of feeling. The same practical temper broke out in an innovation which had more immediate results. Bitter as had been his hatred of the bishops,

and strenuously as he had worked to bring about a change in Church government, Cromwell, like most of the parliamentary leaders, seems to have been content with the new Presbyterianism, and the Presbyterians were more than content with him. Lord Manchester «suffered him to guide the army at his pleasure.» «The man, Cromwell,» writes the Scotchman Baillie, «is a very wise and active head, universally well beloved as religious and stout.» But against dissidents from their own system, the Presbyterians were as bitter as Laud himself; and, as we shall see, Nonconformity was now rising every day into larger proportions, while the new claim of liberty of worship was becoming one of the problems of the time. Cromwell met the problem in his unspeculative fashion. He wanted good soldiers and good men; and, if they were these, the Independent, the Baptist, the Leveler found entry among his Ironsides. «You would respect them, did you see them,» he answered the panic-stricken Presbyterians, who charged them with «Anabaptistry» and revolutionary aims; «they are no Anabaptists; they are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used as men.» He was soon to be driven — as in the social change we noticed before — to a far larger and grander point of view. «The State,» he boldly laid down at last, «in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.» But as yet he was busier with his new regiment than with theories; and the Ironsides were no sooner in action than they proved themselves such soldiers as the war had never seen yet. «Truly they were never beaten at all,» their leader said proudly at its close. At Winceby fight they charged «singing Psalms,» cleared Lincolnshire of the Cavendishes, and freed the Eastern Counties from all danger from Newcastle's part. At Marston Moor they faced and routed Rupert's chivalry. At Newbury it was only Manchester's reluctance that hindered them from completing the ruin of Charles.

Cromwell had shown his capacity for organization in the creation of the Ironsides; his military genius had displayed itself at Marston Moor. Newbury first raised him into a political leader. «Without a more speedy, vigorous, and effective prosecution of the war,» he said to the Commons after his quarrel with Manchester, «casting off all lingering proceedings, like those of soldiers of fortune beyond sea to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament.» But under the leaders who at present conducted it, a vigorous conduct of the war

was hopeless. They were, in Cromwell's plain words, "afraid to conquer." They desired not to crush Charles, but to force him back, with as much of his old strength remaining as might be, to the position of a constitutional King. The old loyalty, too, clogged their enterprise; they shrank from the taint of treason. "If the King be beaten," Manchester urged at Newbury, "he will still be King; if he beat us, he will hang us all for traitors." To a mood like this Cromwell's reply seemed horrible: "If I met the King in battle, I would fire my pistol at the King as at another." The army, too, as he long ago urged at Edgehill, was not an army to conquer with. Now, as then, he urged that till the whole force was new modeled, and placed under a stricter discipline, "they must not expect any notable success in anything they went about." But the first step in such a reorganization must be a change of officers. The army was led and officered by members of the two Houses, and the Self-Renouncing Ordinance, which was introduced by Cromwell and Vane, declared the tenure of civil or military offices incompatible with a seat in either. In spite of a long and bitter resistance, which was justified at a later time by the political results which followed this rupture of the tie which had hitherto bound the army to the Parliament, the drift of public opinion was too strong to be withstood. The passage of the Ordinance brought about the retirement of Essex, Manchester, and Waller; and the new organization of the army went rapidly on under a new commander in chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, the hero of the long contest in Yorkshire, and who had been raised into fame by his victory at Nantwich and his bravery at Marston Moor. The principles on which Cromwell had formed his Ironsides were carried out on a larger scale in the New Model. The one aim was to get together twenty thousand "honest" men. "Be careful," Cromwell wrote, "what captains of horse you choose, what men be mounted. A few honest men are better than numbers. If you choose godly, honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them." The result was a curious medley of men of different ranks among the officers of the New Model. The bulk of those in high command remained men of noble or gentle blood — Montagues, Pickerings, Fortescues, Sheffields, Sidneys, and the like. But side by side with these, though in far smaller proportion, were seen officers like Ewer, who had been a serving man; like Okey, who had been a drayman; or Rainsborough, who had been a "skipper at sea." Equally strange was the mixture of religions in its ranks.

A clause in the Act for new modeling the army had enabled Fairfax to dispense with the signature of the Covenant in the case of "godly men"; and among the farmers from the eastern counties, who formed the bulk of its privates, dissidence of every type had gained a firm foothold. A result hardly less notable, though less foreseen, was the youth of the officers. Among those in high command there were few who, like Cromwell, had passed middle age. Fairfax was but thirty-three, and most of his colonels were even younger. Of the political aspect of the New Model we shall have to speak at a later time; but as yet its energy was directed solely to "the speedy and vigorous prosecution of the war." The efforts of the peace party were frustrated, at the very moment when Fairfax was ready for action, by the policy of the King. From the moment when Newbury marked the breach between the peace and war parties in the Parliament, the Scotch commissioners had been backed by the former in pressing for fresh negotiations with Charles. These were opened at Uxbridge, and prolonged for six months; but the hopes of concession which Charles had held out through the winter were suddenly withdrawn in the spring. He saw, as he thought, the Parliamentary army dissolved and ruined by the new modeling, at the instant when news came from Scotland of fresh successes on the part of Montrose, and of his overthrow of the Marquis of Argyle's troops in the victory of Inverlochy. "Before the end of the summer," wrote the conqueror, "I shall be in a position to come to your Majesty's aid with a brave army." The negotiations at Uxbridge were at once broken off, and a few months later the King opened his campaign by a march to the north, where he hoped to form a junction with Montrose. Leicester was stormed, the blockade of Chester raised, and the Eastern Counties threatened, until Fairfax, who had hoped to draw Charles back again by a blockade of Oxford, hurried at last on his track. Cromwell, who had been suffered by the House to retain his command for a few days, joined Fairfax as he drew near the King, and his arrival was greeted by loud shouts of welcome from the troops. The two armies met near Naseby, to the northwest of Northampton. The King was eager to fight. "Never have my affairs been in as good a state," he cried; and Prince Rupert was as impatient as his uncle. On the other side, even Cromwell doubted the success of the new experiment. "I can say this of Naseby," he wrote soon after, "that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we, a company of

poor ignorant men, to seek to order our battle, the general having commanded me to order all the horse, I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it." The battle began with a furious charge of Rupert uphill, which routed the wing opposed to him under Ireton; while the Royalist foot, after a single discharge, clubbed their muskets and fell on the centre under Fairfax so hotly that it slowly and stubbornly gave way. But the Ironsides were conquerors on the left. A single charge broke the northern horse under Langdale, who had already fled before them at Marston Moor; and, holding his troops firmly in hand, Cromwell fell with them on the flank of the Royalist foot in the very crisis of its success. A panic of the Royal reserve, and its flight from the field, aided his efforts: it was in vain that Rupert returned with forces exhausted by pursuit, that Charles, in a passion of despair, called on his troopers for "one charge more." The battle was over: artillery, baggage, even the Royal papers, fell into the conqueror's hands; five thousand men surrendered; only two thousand followed the King in his headlong flight upon the west. The war was ended at a blow. While Charles wandered helplessly in search of fresh forces, Fairfax marched rapidly into Somersetshire, routed the Royal forces at Langport, and in three weeks was master of the west. A victory at Kilsyth, which gave Scotland for the moment to Montrose, threw a transient gleam over the darkening fortunes of his master's cause; but the surrender of Bristol, and the dispersion of the last force Charles could collect in an attempt to relieve Chester, was followed by news of the crushing and irretrievable defeat of the "Great Marquis" at Philiphaugh. In the wreck of the Royal cause we may pause for a moment over an incident which brings out in relief the best temper of both sides. Cromwell "spent much time with God in prayer before the storm" of Basing House, where the Marquis of Winchester had held stoutly out through the war for the King. The storm ended its resistance, and the brave old Royalist was brought in a prisoner with his house flaming around him. He "broke out," reports a Puritan bystander, "and said 'that if the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure it as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost,' comforting himself in this matter 'that Basing House was called Loyalty.'" Of loy-

alty such as this Charles was utterly unworthy. The seizure of his papers at Naseby had hardly disclosed his intrigues with the Irish Catholics, when the Parliament was able to reveal to England a fresh treaty with them, which purchased no longer their neutrality, but their aid, by the simple concession of every demand they had made. The shame was without profit, for whatever aid Ireland might have given came too late to be of service. The spring of the following year saw the few troops who still clung to Charles surrounded and routed at Stow. «You have done your work now,» their leader, Sir Jacob Astley, said bitterly to his conquerors, «and may go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves.»

From «A Short History of the English People.»

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD

(1815–1857)

AS EDITOR of Graham's Magazine, of the "Poets and Poetry of America," and of the "Prose Writers of America," Griswold rendered important services to American literature during its formative period. He was born in Rutland County, Vermont, February 15th, 1815. Beginning life as a Baptist clergyman, he left the pulpit for the uncertainties of literature in New York city. His career was a successful one, however. As the editor of Graham's Magazine he patronized Poe, and after the poet's death Griswold's theory of his character became the subject of much literary controversy. In 1853 a New York publishing house issued an edition of D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," edited by Griswold, with a supplement of essays on the same style on American subjects. These, perhaps, are his best work. He died in New York city, August 27th, 1857.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND HIS CONTROVERSIES

ROGER WILLIAMS was on many accounts the most remarkable man among the Puritans. He was the first legislator who fully recognized the rights of conscience, and this of itself should make his name immortal. He was eccentric in conduct as well as in opinion, but, nevertheless, a man of genius and virtue, of firmness, courage, disinterestedness, and benevolence. The notice of Williams and his writings by Dr. Verplanck is so just and comprehensive that we quote it without abridgment. He emigrated to New England from Wales in 1630. He was then, says Verplanck, a man of austere life and popular manners, full of reading, skilled in controversy, and gifted with a rapid, copious, and vehement eloquence. The writers of those days represent him as being full of turbulent and singular opinions, "and the whole country," saith the quaint Cotton Mather, "was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of this one man." The heresy which appeared most grievous to his brethren was his zeal for unqualified religious liberty. In the

warmth of his charity, he contended for "freedom of conscience, even to Papists and Arminians, with security of civil peace to all," a doctrine that filled the Massachusetts clergy with horror and alarm. "He violently urged," says Cotton Mather, "that the civil magistrate might not punish breaches of the first table of commandments, which utterly took away from the authority all capacity to prevent the land which they had purchased on purpose for a recess from such things from becoming such a sink of abomination as would have been the reproach and ruin of Christianity in these parts of the world."

In addition to these "most disturbant and offensive doctrines," Mather charges him with preaching against the Royal Charter of the colony, "on an insignificant pretense of wrong therein done unto the Indians." To his fervent zeal for liberty and opinion, this singular man united an equal degree of tenacity to every article of his own narrow creed. He objected to the custom of returning thanks after meat, as, in some manner or other, involving a corruption of primitive and pure worship; he refused to join any of the churches in Boston, unless they would first make a public and solemn declaration of their repentance for having formerly communed with the Church of England; and when his doctrines of religious liberty were condemned by the clergy, he wrote to his own church at Salem "that if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England as of Old, he would separate from them."

All his peculiar opinions, whether true or erroneous, were alike offensive to his Puritan brethren, and controversy soon waxed warm. Some logicians, more tolerant or politic than the rest, attempted to reconcile the disputants by a whimsical, and not very intelligible, sophism. They approved not, said they, of persecuting men for conscience' sake, but solely for correcting them for sinning against conscience; and so not persecuting, but punishing heretics. Williams was not a man who could be imposed upon by words, or intimidated by threats; and he accordingly persevered in inculcating his doctrines publicly and vehemently. The clergy, after having in vain endeavored to shake him by argument and remonstrance, at last determined to call in the aid of the civil authority; and the general court, after due consideration of the case, passed sentence of banishment upon him, or, as they phrased it, "ordered his removal out of the jurisdiction of the court." Some of the men in power had

determined that he should be sent to England; but when they sent to take him, they found that, with his usual spirit of resolute independence, he had already departed, no one knew whither, accompanied by a few of his people, who, to use their own language, had gone with their beloved pastor "to seek their providences." After some wanderings, he pitched his tent at a place to which he gave the name of Providence, and there became the founder and legislator of the colony of Rhode Island. There he continued to rule, sometimes as the governor, and always as the guide and father of the settlement, for forty-eight years, employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies, affording relief to the distressed, and offering an asylum to the persecuted. The government of his colony was formed on his favorite principle, that in matters of faith and worship every citizen should walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate. During a visit which Williams made to England, in 1643, he published a formal and labored vindication of this doctrine, under the title of "The Bloody Tenet; or, a Dialogue between Truth and Peace." In this work, written with his usual boldness and decision, he anticipated most of the arguments which, fifty years after, attracted so much attention when they were brought forward by Locke. His own conduct in power was in perfect accordance with his speculative opinions; and when, in his old age, the order of his little community was disturbed by an irruption of Quaker preachers, he combated them only in pamphlets and public disputations, and contented himself with overwhelming their doctrines with a torrent of learning, sarcasms, syllogisms, and puns.

It should also be remembered, to the honor of Roger Williams, that no one of the early colonists, without excepting William Penn himself, equaled him in justice and benevolence towards the Indians. He labored incessantly, and with much success, to enlighten and conciliate them, and by this means acquired a personal influence among them, which he had frequently the enviable satisfaction of exerting in behalf of those who had banished him. It is not the least remarkable or characteristic incident of his varied life, that within one year after his exile, and while he was yet hot with controversy and indignant at his wrongs, his first interference with the affairs of his former colony was to protect its frontier settlements from an Indian massacre. From that time forward, though he was never permitted to return to

Massachusetts, he was frequently employed by the government of that province in negotiations with the Indians, and on other business of the highest importance. Even Cotton Mather, in spite of his steadfast abhorrence of Williams's heresy, seems to have been touched with the magnanimity and kindness of the man; and after having stigmatized him as "the infamous Korah of New England," he confesses a little reluctantly that "for the forty years after his exile he acquitted himself so laudably that many judicious people judged him to have had the root of the matter in him during the long winter of his retirement."

Complete. From "Curiosities of American Literature."

WILLIAM PENN AND JOHN LOCKE

With all his goodness and gentleness, the founder of Pennsylvania was not free from that spirit of bitter controversy which prevailed before his arrival in this country in New England; and the titles of some of his tracts are as quaint and intemperate as those of Mather and Williams, as for example: "A Brief Reply to a Mere Rhapsody of Lies, Folly, and Slander," "An Answer to a False and Foolish Libel," etc. The great name of Locke, says Verplanck, is associated with that of William Penn by a double tie; by his celebrated constitution of the Carolinas, which enrolls him among the earliest legislators of America, and by one of those anecdotes of private friendship and magnanimity, upon which the mind gladly reposes, after wandering among the cold and dreary generalities of history. During the short period of Penn's influence at the court of James II., he obtained from the king the promise of a pardon for Locke, who had fled to Holland from the persecution of the dominant party. Locke, though grateful to Penn for this unsolicited kindness, replied with a firmness worthy of the man who was destined to become the most formidable adversary of tyranny in all its shapes, "that he could not accept a pardon when he had not been guilty of any crime." Three years after this occurrence, the Stuarts were driven from the throne of England; Locke then returned in triumph. At the same time, the champions of English liberty, to serve some party object, proclaimed Penn a traitor, without the slightest ground; and all his rights as an English-

man, and his chartered privileges, were shamelessly violated by the very statesmen who had drafted the Act of Toleration and the Bill of Rights. In this season of distress and desertion, Penn was unexpectedly gratified by the grateful remembrance of Locke, who now, in his turn, interceded to procure a pardon from the new sovereign. In the pride of slandered innocence Penn answered, as Locke had formerly done, "that he had never been guilty of any crime, and could not, therefore, rest satisfied with a mode of liberation which would ever appear as a standing monument of his guilt." The genius of Locke has been described by Dr. Watts, with equal elegance and truth, as being "wide as the sea, calm as the night, bright as the day"; still his mind appears to have been deficient in that practical sagacity which so happily tempered the enthusiasm of William Penn. The code of government and laws which Locke formed for the Carolinas contained many excellent provisions; but it was embarrassed by numerous and discordant subdivisions of power, was perplexed by some impracticable refinements in the administration of justice, and was, in all respects, unnecessarily artificial and complicated. Nevertheless, it is, remarks Verplanck, a legitimate subject of national pride that we can thus number this virtuous and profound philosopher among those original legislators of this country who gave to our political character its first impulse and direction.

Complete. From "Curiosities of American Literature."

EPITAPHS AND ANAGRAMS OF THE PURITANS

NOTHING more admirably illustrates the character of the founders of New England than their epitaphs, elegies, anagrams, and other portraitures of each other. Grave doctors of divinity — men more learned in classical literature and scholastic theology than any since their time — prided themselves upon the excellence of their puns and epigrams, and the cleverness shown by a few celebrated persons in their species of fashionable trifling constituted their principal claim to immortality. In the "Magnalia Christi Americana," Thomas Shepard, a minister of Charlestown, is described as "the greatest anagrammatizer since the days of Lycophron," and the pastoral care of the renowned

Cotton Mather himself is characteristically described as distinguished for

> "Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
> By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and — anagrams!"

One of the anagrams upon the name of Mather makes out of Cottonus Matherus, *Tu tantum Conors es*, another *Tuos tecum ornasti*, etc.; and on the death of the Rev. John Wilson, Shepard wrote: —

> "JOHN WILSON, Anagr. JOHN WILSON
>
> O change it not! no sweeter name or thing
> Throughout the world within our ears shall ring!"

We have collected a few specimens of the epitaphs of our first century, which, from their ingenuity or quaintness, cannot fail to amuse the reader. The first is on Samuel Danforth, a minister of Roxbury, who died in 1674, a few days after the completion of a new meetinghouse, and was written by Thomas Welde, a poet of considerable reputation in his day: —

> "Our new-built church now suffers by this —
> Larger its Windows, but its Lights one less."

Thomas Dudley, who came to Massachusetts in 1630 as deputy governor, was subsequently chief magistrate of the colony for several years. He died on the last day of July, 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was buried in Roxbury, where, in the records of the Congregational Church, is preserved an anagram said to have been sent to him by some anonymous writer, in 1645.

> "THOMAS DUDLEY, Anagr.
>
> "Ah, old must dye!
> A death's head on your hand you need not weare —
> A dying head you on your shoulders beare.
> You need not one to mynd you you must dye —
> You in your name may spell mortalitye.
> Young men may dye, but old men, they dye must,
> 'Twill not be long before you turn to dust.
> Before you turn to dust! Ah! must old dye? —
> What shall young doe, when old in dust doe lye?
> When old in dust lye, what New England doe?
> When old in dust doe lye, it's best dye too."

The following was found in his pocket after his death:—

"On Himself — by Thomas Dudley

"Farewell, dear wife, children, and friends!
Hate heresy, make blessed ends,
Bear povertye, live with good men,
So shall we live with joy agen.
Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as doe a Toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's — I dyed no Libertyne!"

This is characteristic of the Puritans. The reader should, however, understand that the old meaning of the word Libertine was tolerant or liberal, so that the governor merely designed to enjoin conformity to his doctrines. Dudley was a narrow-minded man, as much distinguished for his miserly propensities as for his bigotry. Among the epitaphs proposed for his monument was one by Governor Belcher:—

"Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud —
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good!"

Donne nor Cowley ever produced anything more full of quaint conceits, antitheses, and puns, than the elegy written by Benjamin Woodbridge, in 1654, on John Cotton:—

"Here lies magnanimous humility,
Majesty, meekness, Christian apathy,
On soft affections; liberty, in thrall —
A simple serpent, or serpentine dove.—
Neatness embroidered with itself alone,
And devils canonized in a gown,—
A living, breathing Bible; table where
Both covenants at large engraven are;
Gospel and law, in's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name's a title-page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh, what a monument of glorious worth,
Where, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without errata, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity."

The celebrated epitaph of Dr. Franklin is supposed to have been suggested by this; but the lines of Joseph Capen, a minister of Topsfield, on Mr. John Foster, an ingenious mathematician and printer, bear to it a still closer resemblance:—

"Thy body which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside, like an old almanack;
But for the present only's out of date;
'Twill have at length a far more active state;
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth.
Free from errata, new in heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when he saith Imprimatur."

One of the most poetical of the epitaphs of this period is that by Cotton Mather on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, before mentioned, who died in 1649:—

"Heare lies intombed a heavenly orator,
From the great King of kings Ambassador—
Mirrour of virtues, magazine of artes,
Crown to our heads, and loadstone to our heartes."

The following lines are from the monument of the Rev. Richard Mather, who died in Dorchester, in 1669, aged seventy-three:

"*Richardus hic dormit Matherus,*
Sed nec totus nec mora diu tuma,
Lætatus genuisse pares.
Incertum est utrum doctior an melior
Anima et gloria non queunt humani."
(*sic*)

"Divinely rich and learned Richard Mather,
Sons like him, prophets great, rejoiced his father.
Short time his sleeping dust here's cover'd down;
Nor his ascended spirit or renown."

The Rev. Edward Thompson, a preacher of considerable reputation in his day, died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1705. His epitaph is preserved by Alden:—

"Here, in a tyrant's hand, doth captive lye
A rare synopsis of divinitye.
Old patriarchs, prophets, gospel bishop meet
Under deep silence in their winding sheet.

All rest awhile, in hopes and full intent,
When their King calls, to sit in Parliament."

Governor Theophilus Eaton, of New Haven, died at an advanced age, on the seventh of January, 1657. His son-in-law, Deputy-Governor William Jones, and his daughter, are buried near him, and are alluded to in the lines upon the monument erected to his memory: —

"Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just —
The phœnix of our world — here lies in dust.
His name forget New England never must.
T' attend you syr, undr these framed stones
Are come yr honrd son and daughter Jones,
On each hand to repose yr weary bones."

The next is from an old monument in Dorchester: —

"Heare lyes our captaine, who major
Of Suffolk was withall,
A goodly magistrate was he,
And major generall!
Two troops of horse with him here come,
Such worth his love did crave,
Ten companyes of foot, also,
Mourning marcht to his grave.
Let all who read be sure to keep
The faith as he has don;
With Christ he now lives crown'd; his name
Was Humphrey Atherton.
He died the 16th of November, 1661."

In the same cemetery "lies the body of James Humfrey, one of the ruling elders of Dorchester, who departed this life May 12th, 1686, in the seventy-eighth year of his age." His epitaph, like many of that period, is in the form of an acrostic: —

"Inclosed within this shrine is precious dust,
And only waits the rising of the just;
Most useful while he lived, adorn'd his station,
Even to old age he served his generation;
Since his decease, thought of with veneration.

How great a blessing this ruling elder, he
Unto this church and town, and pastors three;
Mather the first did by him help receive,
Flint he did next his burden much relieve.

Renowned Danforth did he assist with skill;
Esteemed high by all, bearing fruit until
Yielding to death, his glorious seat did fill."

The most ingenious of the Puritan poets was the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, whose "Day of Doom" is the most remarkable curiosity in American literature. "He was as skilled," says one of his biographers, "in physic and surgery as in diviner things," and when he could neither preach nor prescribe for the physical sufferings of his neighbors,—

"In costly verse, and most laborious rhymes,
He dish'd up truths right worthy our regard."

He was buried in Malden, near Boston, and his epitaph was written by Mather:—

"THE EXCELLENT MICHAEL WIGGLEWORTH

"Remembered by some good tokens

"His pen did once meat from the eater fetch;
And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
His body, once so thin, was next to none;
From hence he's to unbodied spirits flown.
Once his rare skill did all diseases heal;
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
He to his Paradise is joyful come,
And waits with joy to see his 'Day of Doom.'"

The last epitaph we shall give is from the monument of Dr. Clark, a grandson of the celebrated Dr. John Clark, who came to New England in 1630:—

"He who among physicians shone so late,
And by his wise prescriptions conquer'd Fate,
Now lies extended in the silent grave,
Nor him alive would his vast merit save.
But still his fame shall last, his virtues live,
And all sepulchral monuments survive.
Still flourish shall his name; nor shall this stone
Long as his piety and love be known."

Many of the elegies preserved in the "Magnalia," Morton's "New England Memorial," and other works of the time, are not less curious than the briefer tributes engraven upon the tombstones of the Pilgrims.

From "Curiosities of American Literature."

GEORGE GROTE

(1794–1871)

GEORGE GROTE was the son of an English banker, and after leaving the Charterhouse school at the age of sixteen, he entered his father's bank and devoted himself to a business career,—with a reservation, however, which soon appeared in a course of private study, systematically pursued in the early morning and late evening. He studied Greek and Roman history and philosophy, metaphysics, and political economy. One of his early friends was David Ricardo, the celebrated economist, who seems to have done much to stimulate his energies and confirm him in his hopes of literary usefulness. His first writing consisted largely of political essays and criticisms of such strength that he was drawn into public life and elected to Parliament, where he served three terms. Retiring from politics at the age of forty-six, he spent the next fifteen years of his life in writing his "History of Greece," the last volume of which appeared in 1856. "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates," which appeared in 1865, was intended as a sequel to the "History." His "Minor Works," including a number of important essays, were collected and published in 1873, two years after his death, which occurred at London, June 18th, 1871. He was a man of the most elevated moral character, and it was in keeping with it that when Gladstone offered him a peerage, he paid a worthy tribute to the dignity of the historian's office by declining it.

BYRON AND THE GROWTH OF HISTORY FROM MYTH

DISTRIBUTING all the accredited narratives which float in society into three classes,—accurate matter of fact; exaggerated matter of fact; and entire, though plausible, fiction,—the last class will be found to embrace a very considerable proportion of the whole. They are tales which grow out of, and are accommodated to, the prevalent emotions of the public among whom they circulate; they exemplify and illustrate the partialities or antipathies, the hopes or fears, the religious or political senti-

ments of a given audience. There is no other evidence to certify them, indeed, except their plausibility; but that title is amply sufficient: the man who recounts what seems to fill up gaps or solve pre-existing difficulties in the minds of his hearers runs little risk of being called upon to name an *auctor secundus* for his story. The love of new plausibility is as common as the love of genuine and ascertained truth is rare; questions of positive evidence are irksome to almost every one; and the historian who desires general circulation casts all such discussions into an appendix, of which he knows that the leaves will remain uncut. What is worse still — when one of these *verisimilia* has once been comfortably domiciled in a man's mind, if you proceed to apply to it the test of positive evidence, in all probability he will refuse to listen to you; but should you unhappily succeed in showing that the story includes some chronological or geographical inconsistencies which no subtlety can evade, be assured that he will look upon you with emotions not very different from those which he contemplates the dentist — if he be not ready "to bite you outright" (to use the homely phrase of Socrates in Plato's "Theætetus," Chap. xxii), he will at least alter his course the next time he sees you afar off in the street.

To illustrate what we have just laid down, — the genesis of this specious and plausible fiction, so radically distinct from exaggerated or misreported reality, — we will cite an example having reference to a celebrated genius, not very long deceased. In the works of Lord Byron, published by Mr. Moore (Vol. xi., p. 72), we find the "Manfred" of the great English poet criticized by one greater than himself — by a person no less than Goethe. A portion of that criticism runs as follows: —

"We find thus, in this tragedy, the quintessence of the most astonishing talent born to be its own tormentor. The character of Lord Byron's life and poetry hardly permits a just and equitable appreciation. He has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms forever haunt him, and which (we cite the translation as we find it) in this piece also, perform principal parts: one under the name of Astarté; the other without form or presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place at the former, the following is related: When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night

found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems.»

Such is Goethe's criticism; now come the remarks of Mr. Moore, the biographer and personal friend of Lord Byron:—

«The grave confidence with which the venerable critic [Goethe] traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as in his poetry. To these exaggerated, or wholly false, notions of him, the numerous fictions palmed upon the world of his romantic tours and wonderful adventures in places he never saw, and with persons that never existed, have no doubt considerably contributed; and the consequence is, so utterly out of truth and nature are the representations of his life and character long current on the Continent, that it may be questioned whether the real 'flesh and blood' hero of these pages — the social, practical-minded, and, with all his faults and eccentricities, English Lord Byron — may not, to the over-exalted imaginations of most of his foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, unromantic, and prosaic personage.»

Here we have specimens of genuine legend or mythus, such as Hekatæus, Herodotus, and Thucydides found so largely in possession of the Grecian mind, and such as even now, in the age of Blue Books and Statistical Societies, holds divided empire with reality — pullulating anew and in unexpected corners, as fast as the old plants are stifled by the legitimate seeds of history. It is not often that we have the opportunity of confronting thus nakedly the mythographer with the autoptic historian; and of demonstrating by so clear an example, that even where the mythical subject is indisputably real, the mythical predicates bear no resemblance to reality, but have their root in something generically different from actual matter of fact. Even with regard to places and persons in these narratives, the places were such as Byron had never seen, the persons such as had never existed.

Our readers, however, will not require to be told that the mythus differs essentially from accurate and well-ascertained history. What we wish to enforce upon them is, that it differs not

less essentially from inaccurate and ill-ascertained history; and the case just cited brings out the distinction forcibly. The story which Goethe relates of the intrigue and double murder at Florence is not a misreported fact; it is a pure and absolute fiction. It is not a story of which one part is true and another part false, nor in which you can hope, by removing ever so much of superficial exaggeration, to reach at last a subsoil of reality. All is alike untrue, the basis as well as the details. In the mind of the original inventor, the legend derived its birth, not from any erroneous description which had reached his ears respecting adventures of the real Lord Byron, but from the profound and vehement impression which Lord Byron's poetry had made both upon him and upon all others around him. The poet appeared to be breathing out his own soul and sufferings in the character of his heroes,—we ought rather to say of his hero,—he seemed like one struck down, as well as inspired, by some strange visitation of destiny. In what manner, and from what cause, had the Eumenides been induced thus to single him out as their victim? A large circle of deeply moved readers, and amongst them the greatest of all German authors, cannot rest until this problem be solved; either a fact must be discovered, or a fiction invented, for the solution. The minds of all being perplexed by the same mystery and athirst for the same explanation, nothing is wanted except a *prima vox;* some one, more forward or more felicitous than the rest, imagines and proclaims the tragical narrative of the Florentine married couple. So happily does the story fit in, that the inventor seems only to have given clear utterance to that which others were dimly shadowing out in their minds; the lacerated feelings of the poet are no longer an enigma; the die which has stamped upon his verses their peculiar impress has been discovered and exhibited to view. If, indeed, we ask what is the authority for the tale, to speak in the Homeric language, it has been suggested by some god, or by the airy tongued Ossa, the bearer of encouragement and intelligence from omnipotent Zeus; to express the same idea in homely and infantine English, it has been whispered by a little bird. But we may be pretty well assured that few of the audience will raise questions about authority; the story drops into its place like the keystone of an arch, and exactly fills the painful vacancy in their minds; it seems to carry with it the same sort of evidence as the key which imparts meaning to a manuscript in cypher, and they are

too well pleased with the acquisition to be very nice as to the title. Nay, we may go further and say that the man who demonstrates its falsehood will be the most unwelcome of all instructors; so that we trust, for the comfort of Goethe's last years, that he was spared the pain of seeing his interesting mythus about Lord Byron contemptuously blotted out by Mr. Moore.

It argues no great discernment in Mr. Moore's criticism, that he passes with disdain from these German legends to some majestic sentences extracted from Lord Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Review, as the more worthy encomiasts of Byron. Now, the legends themselves shall be rational or absurd, as you will; but the glory of the poet consists in his having planted in so many intellectual minds, Goethe included, the *æstrus* for creating and the appetite for believing them. In our view, this is a more unequivocal proof of his potent influence over the emotions, and a far higher compliment to his genius, than the most splendid article ever turned out in the blue and yellow clothing.

Father Malebranche, in discussing the theory of morals, has observed that our passions all justify themselves; that is, they suggest to us reasons for justifying them. He might with equal justice have remarked, and it is the point which we have sought to illustrate by the preceding remarks on the Byronian legends, that all our strong emotions, when shared in common by a circle of individuals or a community, will not only sanctify fallacious reasonings, but also call into being, and stamp with credibility, abundance of narratives purely fictitious. Whether the feeling be religious, or political, or æsthetic,—love, hatred, terror, gratitude, or admiration,—it will find or break a way to expand and particularize itself in appropriate anecdotes; it serves at once both as demand and supply; it both emboldens the speaker to invent, and disposes the hearers to believe him without any further warrant. Such anecdotes are fictions from beginning to end, but they are specious and impressive fictions; they boast no acknowledged parentage, but they are the adopted children of the whole community; they are embraced with an intensity of conviction quite equivalent to the best authenticated facts. And let it be always recollected — we once more repeat — that they are radically distinct from half-truths or misreported matters of fact; for upon this distinction will depend the different mode which we shall presently propose of dealing with them in reference to Grecian history.

In no point is the superiority of modern times over ancient so remarkable,— we may add the superiority of the present time over all preceding,— as in the multiplication and improvement of exact means of information as to matters of fact, physical as well as social. In former days the Florentine intrigue, and the other stories noticed by Mr. Moore, would have obtained undisputed currency as authentic materials for the life of Lord Byron; then would have succeeded rationalizing historians, who, treating the stories as true at the bottom, would have proceeded to discriminate the basis of truth from the accessories of fiction. One man would have disbelieved the supposed murder of the wife, another that of the husband; a third would have said that the intrigue having been discovered, the husband and wife had both retired into convents, the one under feelings of deep distress, the other in bitter repentance, and that, the fleshly lusts having been thus killed, it was hence erroneously stated that the husband and wife had themselves been killed. If the reader be not familiar with the Greek scholiasts, we are compelled to assure him that the last explanation would have found much favor in their eyes, inasmuch as it saves the necessity of giving the direct lie to any one, or of saying that any portion of the narrative is absolutely unfounded. The misfortune is, that though the story would thus be divested of all its salient features and softened down into something very sober and colorless, perhaps even edifying,— yet it would not be one whit nearer to actual matter of fact. Something very like what we have been describing, however, would infallibly have taken place, had we not been protected by a well-informed biographer, and by the copious memoranda of a positive age.

Taking the age as it now stands, and with reference to contemporary matters, we have already said that we consider the judgment of the public, which presumes some foundation in fact for every current statement, to be in the majority of cases a just one. Fiction, though still powerful and active, is in a minority, —on the whole, in a declining minority. In her old time-honored castles, she does indeed preserve unshaken authority; but her new conquests, if not difficult to be made, are at least difficult to be maintained.

So much with reference to the present age. But when we transport ourselves back to ancient times,— to the early dawn of Grecian history,— the above presumption becomes directly and violently reversed.

Here we find mythus omnipotent; positive knowledge and recorded matter of fact scarcely exist, even in the dreams of the wisest individuals. With what consistency can you require that a community which either does not command the means, or has not learned the necessity, of registering the phenomena of its present, should possess any knowledge of the phenomena of its past? We say advisedly knowledge, traceable to some competent and trustworthy source, and deducible by some reasonable chain of collated evidence. The mental processes, upon which the verification of positive matter of fact depends, are of slow growth and painful acquisition; men only apply them to the past after having previously applied them to the present, and at the dawn of Grecian history, say at the commencement of the Olympiads in 776 B. C., they were as much untrodden ground as the propositions of geometry.

Knowledge with respect to the past, we have said, a community so circumstanced will neither possess nor desire; but feelings with respect to the past they doubtless will possess,—feelings both fervent and unanimous. And these feelings will provide abundant substitutes for knowledge; they will pour themselves out in legends or myths requiring no evidence beyond their own intrinsic beauty and plausibility; so that the mythopœic propensity thus exhibits a past time of its own, suitably colored and peopled, and thoroughly satisfactory to the popular religious and patriotic faith, though the actual past with its commonplace realities be altogether buried and forgotten. Such tales are embraced and welcomed from their entire harmony with all the general sentiments and belief; if there be no positive evidence to sustain them, there is none to contradict them; they work upon the convictions of an unrecording age with the irresistible force of authenticated truth. Add to this the presence of individual bards and poets, endowed with a genius adequate to the occasion, and nothing more is wanting to bring into existence a body of historical mythus or mythical history, something which is not degenerated matter of fact, but legitimate and genuine fiction, though accepted and believed as history.

From the Westminster Review 1843.

HUGO GROTIUS

(1583–1645)

HUGO GROTIUS, one of the greatest jurists of modern times, was born at Delft, in the Netherlands, April 10th, 1583. His great work, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," which founded the science of international law, appeared in 1625. He is now chiefly remembered by it, but he wrote many other works of law and theology as well as poems and tragedies. He was no exception to the rule under which greatness must expect persecution. He was sentenced to life imprisonment for political reasons in 1619, but he escaped two years later and, taking refuge in Sweden, was treated with great respect. From 1635 to 1645, he represented the king of Sweden as embassador at the court of France, dying August 28th of the latter year. His work on "The Law of War and Peace" shows profound learning and a strong faculty of analysis which carries him almost to the central principle of civilization,—that it is the fundamental right of every man to be allowed undisturbed to express all the goodness he has in him and that the same right is fundamental with all communities and countries.

WHAT IS LAW?

NATURAL Law is the Dictate of Right Reason, indicating that any act, from its agreement or disagreement with the rational (and social) nature (of man) has in it a moral turpitude or a moral necessity; and, consequently, that such act is forbidden or commanded by God, the author of nature.

Acts concerning which there is such a Dictate are obligatory (morally necessary), or are unlawful in themselves, and are therefore understood as necessarily commanded or forbidden by God; and in this character Natural Law differs, not only from Human Law, but from Positive Divine Law, which does not forbid or command acts which, in themselves and by their own nature, are either obligatory or unlawful; but by forbidding them, makes them unlawful, by commanding them make them obligatory.

In order to understand Natural Law, we must remark that some things are said to be according to Natural Law, which are not so properly, but, as the schools love to speak, reductively, Natural Law not opposing them; as we have said that some things are called just, which are not unjust. And again, by an abuse of expression, some things are said to be according to Natural Law which reason shows to be decent, or better than their opposites, though obligatory. (As monogamy is better, though we cannot strictly say that polygamy is contrary to Natural Law.)

It is to be remarked also that Natural Law deals not only with things made by Nature herself, but with things produced by the act of man. Thus property, as it now exists, is the result of human will; but being once introduced, Natural Law itself shows that it is unlawful for me to take what is yours against your will. And thus Paulus says that theft is prohibited *naturali jure;* Ulpian says that it is *natura turpe*, bad by nature; Euripides says it is displeasing to God.

Natural Law is so immutable that it cannot be changed by God himself. For though the power of God be immense, there are some things to which it does not extend: because if we speak of those things being done, the words are mere words, and have no meaning, being self-contradictory. Thus God himself cannot make twice two not be four; and, in like manner, he cannot make that which is intrinsically bad, not be bad. For as the essence of things, when they exist, and by which they exist, does not depend on anything else, so is it with the properties which follow that essence: and such a property is the baseness of certain actions, when compared with the nature of rational beings. And God himself allows himself to be judged of by this rule.

Yet sometimes, in acts directed by Natural Law, there is a seeming of change, which may mislead the unwary; when in fact it is not Natural Law which is changed, but the thing about which that Law is concerned. Thus, if a creditor give me a receipt for my debt, I am no longer bound to pay him; not that Natural Law has ceased to command me to pay what I owe, but because I have ceased to owe it. So if God command any one to be slain or his goods to be taken, this does not make lawful homicide or theft, which words involve crime: but the act will no longer be homicide or theft, being authorized by the supreme Lord of life and of goods. Further, some things are according to Natural Law, not simply, but in a certain state of things.

Thus a community in the use of things was natural till property was established; and the right of getting possession of one's own by force existed before instituted law.

What the Roman law books say of a law of nature which we have in common with animals, which they call more peculiarly *jus naturæ*, besides the natural law which we have in common with men, which they often call *jus gentium*, is of little or no use. For no creature is properly capable of *Jus*, which does not by nature use general precepts: as has been remarked by Hesiod, Cicero, Lactantius, Polybius.

If we ever assign justice to brute animals, it is improperly, when we see in them some shadow or vestige of reason. There are acts which we have in common with brutes, as the rearing of offspring; and others which are peculiar to us, as the worship of God, but this has no bearing on the nature of *Jus*.

That there is such a thing as Natural Law is commonly proved both *a priori* and *a posteriori;* the former of the more subtle, the latter the more popular proof. It is proved *a priori* by showing the agreement or disagreement of anything with the rational and social nature of man. It is proved *a posteriori* when by certain or very probable accounts we find anything accepted as Natural Law among all nations, or at least the more civilized. For a universal effect requires a universal cause: now such a universal belief can hardly have any cause except the common sense of mankind.

Hesiod, Heraclitus, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Quintilian, agree that the consent of all nations is evidence of the truth. And Porphyry, Andronicus of Rhodes, Plutarch, Aristotle, agree that the more savage nations are of less weight in such an estimate.

Thus much of Natural Law; next of Positive or Instituted Law. And this is either Human or Divine.

Of Human Law, first, as more widely known.

This is either the Civil Law (that is, the National Law), or Law in a narrower, or in a wider sphere.

The Civil Law is that which governs the State.

The State (*Civitas*) is a perfect (that is, independent) collection of free men, associated for the sake of enjoying the advantages of *jus*, and for common utility.

Law in a narrow sphere, and not derived from the State, though subject to it, is various, as paternal precepts, the commands of a master, and the like.

Law in a wider sphere is *Jus Gentium*, the Law of Nations, that Law, which has received an obligatory force from the will of all nations, or of many.

I have added "or of many," because scarce any Law is found, except Natural Law (which also is called *Jus Gentium*), common to all nations. Indeed, that is often *Jus Gentium* in one part of the world which is not so in another; as we shall show when we come to speak of captivity and of postliminium.

This *Jus Gentium*, Law of Nations, is proved in the same manner as the unwritten Civil Law, by constant usage, and the testimony of those who have made it their study. It is, as Dio Chrysostom says, the invention of life and time. And here the best historians are a great help to us.

What is Divine (instituted) Law is sufficiently apparent from the term itself; namely, that which has its origin from the Divine Will; by which character it is distinguished from Natural Law, which also may be called Divine (but which is independent). In such Law it may be said, but with reserve, that God did not command the act because it was just, but that it was just because God commanded it.

This Law is given either to the whole human race, or to one nation. To the human race, the Law has thrice been given by God: at the Creation, immediately after the Deluge, and at the coming of Christ. These three sets of Laws oblige all men, as soon as they acquire a sufficient knowledge of them.

From Chapter i. of "De Jure Belli et Pacis."

RESTRAINTS RESPECTING CONQUEST

EQUITY, which is required, and humanity, which is praised, towards individuals, are the more requisite and praiseworthy, towards nations and parts of nations, inasmuch as the injury of kindness is greater with the number. Now as other things may be acquired in a just war, so may imperial authority over a people, and the right which the people itself has in the government: but only so far as is limited, either by the nature of a penalty arising from delict, or by the nature of some other debt. To which is to be added the reason of averting extreme danger. This last cause is commonly mixed up with others; but is, in reality, to be much regarded for its own sake, both in estab-

lishing peace and in using victory. For other things may be remitted out of compassion; but in a public danger a disregard of the danger which goes beyond the just limit is want of compassion. Isocrates tells Philip that he must master the barbarians so as to place his own territory in security.

Sallust says of the old Romans: Our ancestors, the most religious of men, took from the vanquished nothing but the license of wrongdoing; words worthy of having been said by a Christian: and with them agrees what is also said by the same writer: Wise men bear labor in the hope of rest, and make war for the sake of peace. So Aristotle also says, and so Cicero in several places.

To the same effect is the teaching of Christian theologians, that the end of war is to remove the hindrances to peace. Before the time of Ninus, as we before said, following Trogos, it was rather the habit to defend than to extend the boundaries of empires: every one's rule ended with his own country; kings did not seek empire for themselves, but glory for their peoples, and, content with victory, abstained from empire. And to this point Augustine brings us back, when he says: Let them consider that it is not the part of good men to rejoice in the extent of empire; and again: It is a greater felicity to have a good neighbor at peace than to conquer a bad neighbor in war. The prophet Amos severely rebukes the Ammonites who had committed atrocities that they might enlarge their border.

To this pattern of ancient innocence, the nearest approach was made in the prudent moderation of the old Romans. What would our empire be at this day, says Seneca, except a wholesome prudence had mixed the conquered with the conquerors? And, Our founder, Romulus, Claudius says in Tacitus, carried his wisdom so far, that most of the people with whom he had to do were, on the same day, first his enemies and then his citizens. He adds that nothing was more destructive to the Lacedæmonians and Athenians than that they treated as strangers those they conquered. So Livy says that the Roman power was increased by taking enemies into the composition of the State. There are, in history, the examples of the Sabines, Albans, Latins, and others in Italy: until at last Cæsar triumphed over the Gauls; and he who did this gave them votes. Cerialis says, in his oration to the Gauls, in Tacitus: You yourselves for the most part command our legions; you govern those provinces; nothing is kept from you or barred against you; and further, Do you then further and culti-

vate peace and safety which we conquerors and conquered alike hold by the same right. At last, by a very remarkable law of the Emperor Antonine, all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire were made Roman citizens, as Ulpian tells us; and so, as Modestinus says, Rome was the common country of all.

Another kind of moderated victory is to leave conquered kings or peoples the authority which they had. So Hercules professes, in Seneca, to have done to Priam; so he gave Neleus the kingdom of his father Nestor; so the Persian kings let conquered kings keep their kingdoms; so Alexander did to Porus. Seneca praises this taking from conquered kings nothing but glory. And Polybius celebrates the goodness of Antigonus, who, having Sparta in his power, left them the constitution and liberty of their forefathers; and on this account obtained great praise through all Greece.

So the Romans allowed the Cappadocians to have what constitution they liked; so Carthage was left free; so Pompey left some conquered nations free. And Quintius, when the Etolians said that peace could not be lasting except Philip were deprived of his kingdom, told them they forgot the Roman habit of sparing the vanquished; and added that great men were mild to conquered enemies. So Zorsines is treated in Tacitus.

Sometimes, while authority to govern is granted, provision is made for the security of the conquered. So Quintius restored Corinth to the Achæans, but with the reservation that there should be a garrison in Acrocorinthus: and that Chalcis and Demetrias should be kept till the anxiety about Antiochus was past.

The imposition of a tribute often has reference not so much to the restitution of the expenses incurred as to the future security both of the victor and the vanquished. So Cicero says of the cities of Asia, that they owe their security to the Roman Empire, and ought to be content to pay taxes for its support, as the price of peace and ease. So Cerialis, in Tacitus, tells the Gauls that the Romans, though so often provoked, had only taken the means of keeping peace: for there is no quiet among nations without armies; no armies without pay; no pay without taxes. To this pertains what we have elsewhere said of unequal leagues, where one party gives up fleets, fortresses, etc.

That the vanquished should retain their power of governing is often not only a measure of humanity, but of prudence. Numa directed that the rites of Terminus should not include blood in

their celebration,— implying that to keep our own boundaries is the way to live in peace. So Florus says: It is more difficult to retain provinces than to make them; they are gained by force, they are kept by right. So Livy: It is easier to gain them one by one than to keep all. And so, the saying of Augustus in Plutarch; that ordering a great government is a greater work than acquiring it. So the embassadors of Darius to Alexander.

This was what Calanus, and before him Œbarus, expressed by the similitude of a dried hide, which rises in one part, when you tread down another; and T. Quinctius, in Livy, by the comparison of a tortoise, which is secure against blows when gathered within its shell, but exposed and tender when it puts out any member. So Plato applies Hesiod's half greater than the whole. And Appian notes that many peoples, which wished to be under the Roman Empire, were rejected: while others had kings set over them. At the time of Scipio Africanus, in his judgment, the possessions of Rome were so wide that it was greedy to wish for more; and happy if they lost nothing. And he altered the lustral lay which was sung on the taking of each census, and which prayed the gods to make Rome's fortunes better and greater; so that the prayer was made to be that they might be kept ever free from harm.

The Lacedæmonians, and at first the Athenians, claimed no authority over the cities which they conquered: only they required them to have a constitution like their own; the Lacedæmonians an aristocracy, the Athenians a democracy, as we learn from Thucydides, Isocrates, Demosthenes, and Aristotle. Of these two characters who constantly disturbed Greece, Aristocracy and Democracy, an old comedian, Heniochus, speaks as women. So Artabanus, in Tacitus, established an aristocracy at Seleucia. Whether such changes add to the victor's security is not matter for our consideration.

In the cases in which it is not safe to abstain from all authority over the conquered, still the portion assumed may be limited, so that some authority may be left to them, or their kings. Tacitus speaks of it as the custom of the Romans to have kings as the instruments of their rule, and calls Antiochus the richest of subject kings. So Musonius, Strabo, Lucan. So among the Jews, the sceptre remained in the Sanhedrim, even after the confiscation of Archelaus. So Evagoras of Cyprus was willing to obey the Persian king, as one king another. And after Darius

was conquered, for some time Alexander offered him the condition that he should govern others and obey Alexander. We have spoken elsewhere of mixed empire. In some cases a part of the kingdom is left to the vanquished, as a part of the lands to the old possessors.

Even when all authority is taken from the vanquished, they may be allowed to retain their own laws with regard to public and private property, their own customs and magistrates. So in Bithynia, which was a proconsular province, Apamea had the privilege of governing itself in its own way,—as we learn from Pliny: The Bithynians have their own magistrates, their own senate. So the Amiseni in Pontus, by the good office of Lucullus. The Goths left to the conquered Romans the Roman law.

It is a part of this indulgence, to permit the use of their own religion to the conquered, except so far as they are persuaded to change. And that this is both a great boon to the conquered, and no harm to the conqueror, is proved in the oration of Agrippa to Caius, given by Philo. And both Josephus and Titus object to the rebellious Jews, that they were allowed the practice of their own religion, so far as to be authorized to exclude strangers from the temple, even on pain of death.

But if the vanquished profess a false religion, the victor will do well to take care that the true religion be not subjected to oppression; which Constantine did when he had broken the party of Licinius; and after this, the Frank kings and others.

The last caution is this: that even in the most absolute and despotic government, the conquered are treated with clemency, so that their utility be joined with the utility of the victor. So Cyrus told the conquered Assyrians to be of good cheer, for they had only changed their king, and would keep all their rights and property, and be protected therein. So Sallust, of the Roman treatment of those they vanquished. So Tacitus says that the Britons in his time paid their tribute readily, if no injury was added to it; they would be subjects, but not slaves.

The Privernate embassador, when asked what peace the Romans might expect from them, answered: If you give us a good one, you will have a faithful and perpetual one; if a bad one, a short one. And the reason was added, that nobody will stay longer than he can help in a condition which he thinks bad. So Camillus said that the firmest government was that which the subjects were glad to obey. The Scythians told Alexander that

between master and slave there is no friendship; even in peace, the rights of war are kept up. Hermocratus says: The glorious thing is, not to conquer, but to use victory clemently. The maxim of Tacitus is wholesome with reference to the use of victory: Those endings of wars are to be admired which are brought about by granting pardon. In the epistle of the Dictator Cæsar, we read: "Be this a new way of conquering; to protect ourselves with mercy and liberality."

Chapter xv. complete. From "De Jure Belli et Pacis."

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT

(1787–1874)

GUIZOT'S best work as an essayist belongs to the undefined middle ground between the essay proper and the oration. His greatest book, "The History of Civilization in Europe," is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne (1828–39), each treating a distinct phase of the larger subject in such a way as to awaken in the mind of the hearer the sense of satisfaction incident to the idea of completeness. Some of the best essays of the nineteenth century, including not a few of the most noted of Emerson, Carlyle, and Ruskin, were developed thus by the demands of the lecture platform.

Guizot was born at Nîmes, France, October 4th, 1787. During his long life of eighty-seven years, he was not less active in politics than in literature. For eight years he was Prime Minister of France. After his fall from power, February 23d, 1848, he lived in retirement until his death, September 12th, 1874. Among his works are "The History of Civilization in Europe," "The History of Civilization in France," "Democracy in France," "A Discourse on the History of the English Revolution," "Meditations and Moral Studies," "Love in Marriage," "Shakespeare and His Times," and several volumes of miscellaneous essays and studies.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION

WHEN we look at the civilizations which have preceded that of modern Europe, whether in Asia or elsewhere, including even those of Greece and Rome, it is impossible not to be struck with the unity of character which reigns among them. Each appears as though it had emanated from a single fact, from a single idea. One might almost assert that society was under the influence of one single principle, which universally prevailed and determined the character of its institutions, its manners, its opinions,—in a word, all its developments.

In Egypt, for example, it was the theocratic principle that took possession of society, and showed itself in its manners, in its

monuments, and in all that has come down to us of Egyptian civilization. In India the same phenomenon occurs — it is still a repetition of the almost exclusively prevailing influence of theocracy. In other regions a different organization may be observed — perhaps the domination of a conquering caste: and where such is the case, the principle of force takes entire possession of society, imposing upon it its laws and its character. In another place, perhaps, we discover society under the entire influence of the democratic principle; such was the case in the commercial republics which covered the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria — in Ionia and Phœnicia. In a word, whenever we contemplate the civilizations of the Ancients, we find them all impressed with one ever-prevailing character of unity, visible in their institutions, their ideas, and manners — one sole, or at least one very preponderating influence, seems to govern and determine all things.

I do not mean to aver that this overpowering influence of one single principle, of one single form, prevailed without any exception in the civilization of those states. If we go back to their earliest history, we shall find that the various powers which dwelt in the bosom of these societies frequently struggled for mastery. Thus among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, even among the Greeks and others, we may observe the warrior caste struggling against that of the priests. In other places we find the spirit of clanship struggling against the spirit of free association, the spirit of aristocracy against popular rights. These struggles, however, mostly took place in periods beyond the reach of history, and no evidence of them is left beyond a vague tradition.

Sometimes, indeed, these early struggles broke out afresh at a later period in the history of the nations; but in almost every case they were quickly terminated by the victory of one of the powers which sought to prevail, and which then took sole possession of society. The war always ended by the domination of some special principle, which, if not exclusive, at least greatly preponderated. The coexistence and strife of various principles among these nations were no more than a passing, an accidental circumstance.

From this cause a remarkable unity characterizes most of the civilizations of antiquity, the results of which, however, were very different. In one nation, as in Greece, the unity of the social principle led to a development of wonderful rapidity; no other people ever ran so brilliant a career in so short a time. But

Greece had hardly become glorious, before she appeared worn out; her decline, if not quite so rapid as her rise, was strangely sudden. It seems as if the principle which called Greek civilization into life was exhausted. No other came to invigorate it, or supply its place.

In other states, say, for example, in India and Egypt, where again only one principle of civilization prevailed, the result was different. Society here became stationary; simplicity produced monotony; the country was not destroyed; society continued to exist; but there was no progression; it remained torpid and inactive.

To this same cause must be attributed that character of tyranny which prevailed, under various names, and the most opposite forms, in all the civilizations of antiquity. Society belonged to one exclusive power, which could bear with no other. Every principle of a different tendency was proscribed. The governing principle would nowhere suffer by its side the manifestation and influence of a rival principle.

This character of simplicity, of unity, in their civilization, is equally impressed upon their literature and intellectual productions. Who that has run over the monuments of Hindoo literature lately introduced into Europe, but has seen that they are all struck from the same die? They all seem the result of one same fact; the expression of one same idea. Religious and moral treatises, historical traditions, dramatic poetry, epics, all bear the same physiognomy. The same character of unity and monotony shines out in these works of mind and fancy, as we discover in their life and institutions. Even in Greece, notwithstanding the immense stores of knowledge and intellect which it poured forth, a wonderful unity still prevailed in all relating to literature and the arts.

How different to all this is the case as respects the civilization of modern Europe! Take ever so rapid a glance at this, and it strikes you at once as diversified, confused, and stormy. All the principles of social organization are found existing together within it; powers temporal, powers spiritual, the theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, all classes of society, all the social situations, are jumbled together, and visible within it; as well as infinite gradations of liberty, of wealth, and of influence. These various powers, too, are found here in a state of continual struggle among themselves, without any one

having sufficient force to master the others, and take sole possession of society. Among the Ancients, at every great epoch, all communities seem cast in the same mold: it was now pure monarchy, now theocracy or democracy, that became the reigning principle, each in its turn reigning absolutely. But modern Europe contains examples of all these systems, of all the attempts at social organization; pure and mixed monarchies, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic, all live in common, side by side, at one and the same time; yet, notwithstanding their diversity, they all bear a certain resemblance to each other, a kind of family likeness, which it is impossible to mistake, and which shows them to be essentially European.

In the moral character, in the notions and sentiments of Europe, we find the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratical opinions, monarchical opinions, aristocratic opinions, democratic opinions, cross and jostle, struggle, become interwoven, limit, and modify each other. Open the boldest treatises of the Middle Ages: in none of them is an opinion carried to its final consequences. The advocates of absolute power flinch, almost unconsciously, from the results to which their doctrine would carry them. We see that the ideas and influences around them frighten them from pushing it to its uttermost point. Democracy felt the same control. That imperturbable boldness, so striking in ancient civilizations, nowhere found a place in the European system. In sentiments we discover the same contrasts, the same variety; an indomitable taste for independence dwelling by the side of the greatest aptness for submission; a singular fidelity between man and man, and at the same time an imperious desire in each to do his own will, to shake off all restraint, to live alone, without troubling himself with the rest of the world. Minds were as much diversified as society.

The same characteristic is observable in literature. It cannot be denied that in what relates to the form and beauty of art, modern Europe is very inferior to antiquity; but if we look at her literature as regards depth of feeling and ideas, it will be found more powerful and rich. The human mind has been employed upon a greater number of objects, its labors have been more diversified, it has gone to a greater depth. Its imperfection in form is owing to this very cause. The more plenteous and rich the materials the greater is the difficulty of forcing them into a pure and simple form. That which gives beauty to a com-

position, that which in works of art we call form, is the clearness, the simplicity, the symbolical unity of the work. With the prodigious diversity of ideas and sentiments which belong to European civilization, the difficulty to attain this grand and chaste simplicity has been increased.

In every part, then, we find this character of variety to prevail in modern civilization. It has undoubtedly brought with it this inconvenience, that when we consider separately any particular development of the human mind in literature, in the arts, in any of the ways in which human intelligence may go forward, we shall generally find it inferior to the corresponding development in the civilization of antiquity; but, as a set-off to this, when we regard it as a whole, European civilization appears incomparably more rich and diversified: if each particular fruit has not attained the same perfection, it has ripened an infinitely greater variety. Again, European civilization has now endured fifteen centuries, and in all that time it has been in a state of progression. It may be true that it has not advanced so rapidly as the Greek; but, catching new impulses at every step, it is still advancing. An unbounded career is open before it; and from day to day it presses forward to the race with increasing rapidity, because increased freedom attends upon all its movements. While in other civilizations the exclusive domination, or at least the excessive preponderance of a single principle, of a single form, led to tyranny, in modern Europe the diversity of the elements of social order, the incapability of any one to exclude the rest, gave birth to the liberty which now prevails. The inability of the various principles to exterminate one another compelled each to endure the others, made it necessary for them to live in common, for them to enter into a sort of mutual understanding. Each consented to have only that part of civilization which fell to its share. Thus, while everywhere else the predominance of one principle has produced tyranny, the variety of elements of European civilization, and the constant warfare in which they have been engaged, have given birth in Europe to that liberty which we prize so dearly.

It is this which gives to European civilization its real, its immense superiority — it is this which forms its essential, its distinctive character. And if, carrying our views still further, we penetrate beyond the surface into the very nature of things, we shall find that this superiority is legitimate, — that it is acknowledged by reason as well as proclaimed by facts. Quitting for a

moment European civilization, and taking a glance at the world in general, at the common course of earthly things, what is the character we find it to bear? What do we here perceive? Why just that very same diversity, that very same variety of elements, that very same struggle which is so strikingly evinced in European civilization. It is plain enough that no single principle, no particular organization, no simple idea, no special power, has ever been permitted to obtain possession of the world, to mold it into a durable form, and to drive from it every opposing tendency, so as to reign itself supreme. Various powers, principles, and systems here intermingle, modify one another, and struggle incessantly — now subduing, now subdued — never wholly conquered, never conquering. Such is apparently the general state of the world, while diversity of forms, of ideas, of principles, their struggles and their energies, all tend towards a certain unity, a certain ideal, which, though perhaps it may never be attained, mankind is constantly approaching by dint of liberty and labor. Hence European civilization is the reflected image of the world — like the course of earthly things, it is neither narrowly circumscribed, exclusive, nor stationary. For the first time, civilization appears to have divested itself of its special character: its development presents itself for the first time under as diversified, as abundant, as laborious an aspect as the great theatre of the universe itself.

European civilization has, if I may be allowed the expression, at last penetrated into the ways of eternal truth — into the scheme of Providence; — it moves in the ways which God has prescribed. This is the rational principle of its superiority.

From the second lecture on «Civilization in Modern Europe.»

SIR MATTHEW HALE

(1609–1676)

SIR MATTHEW HALE, one of the most distinguished lawyers of England, was born at Alderley, in Gloucestershire, November 1st, 1609. Entering Oxford University, and devoting himself to study for the Church, he suddenly changed his mind, left the university, joined a theatrical company, and resolved to be a soldier. A fortunate lawsuit, in which his patrimony was involved, brought him to the notice of Sergeant Glanville, who persuaded him to adopt the law as a profession. Admitted to the bar in 1637, he soon became eminent. In the quarrel between King and Parliament, he took no aggressive part. Leaning to the Royalist side, he conformed, nevertheless, to the Protector's government and became a judge in the court of common pleas under it. After the Restoration Charles II. made him Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and eleven years later, Lord Chief-Justice. He retired in February, 1676, because of failing health, and died in December of the same year. So great was his learning in the laws and customs of England, that it is said the memoranda of his commonplace books "may be considered a *corpus juris*, embracing and methodizing all that an English lawyer in any emergency could desire to know." Among his miscellaneous writings his "Advice to His Children and Grandchildren" is of greatest general interest; but he wrote also "An Essay Touching the Gravitation and Nongravitation of Fluid Bodies," "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," "Difficiles Nugæ," and the "Primitive Organization of Man." He presided at trials for witchcraft held in 1664, and almost the only reproach ever brought against him is that he sentenced to death two unfortunate women on their conviction for that imaginary offense. This, however, merely shows how hard it is for even the greatest mind to free itself wholly from the influence of the average intellect of its generation.

THE PRINCIPLES OF A HAPPY LIFE

(Addressed to his children)

Dear Children: —

I THANK God I came well to Farrington this day about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate people do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with, and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and, in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relate strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion require you to declare an opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know make you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived or abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing or jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression, and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches: they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain."

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practice them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Be kind and lov-